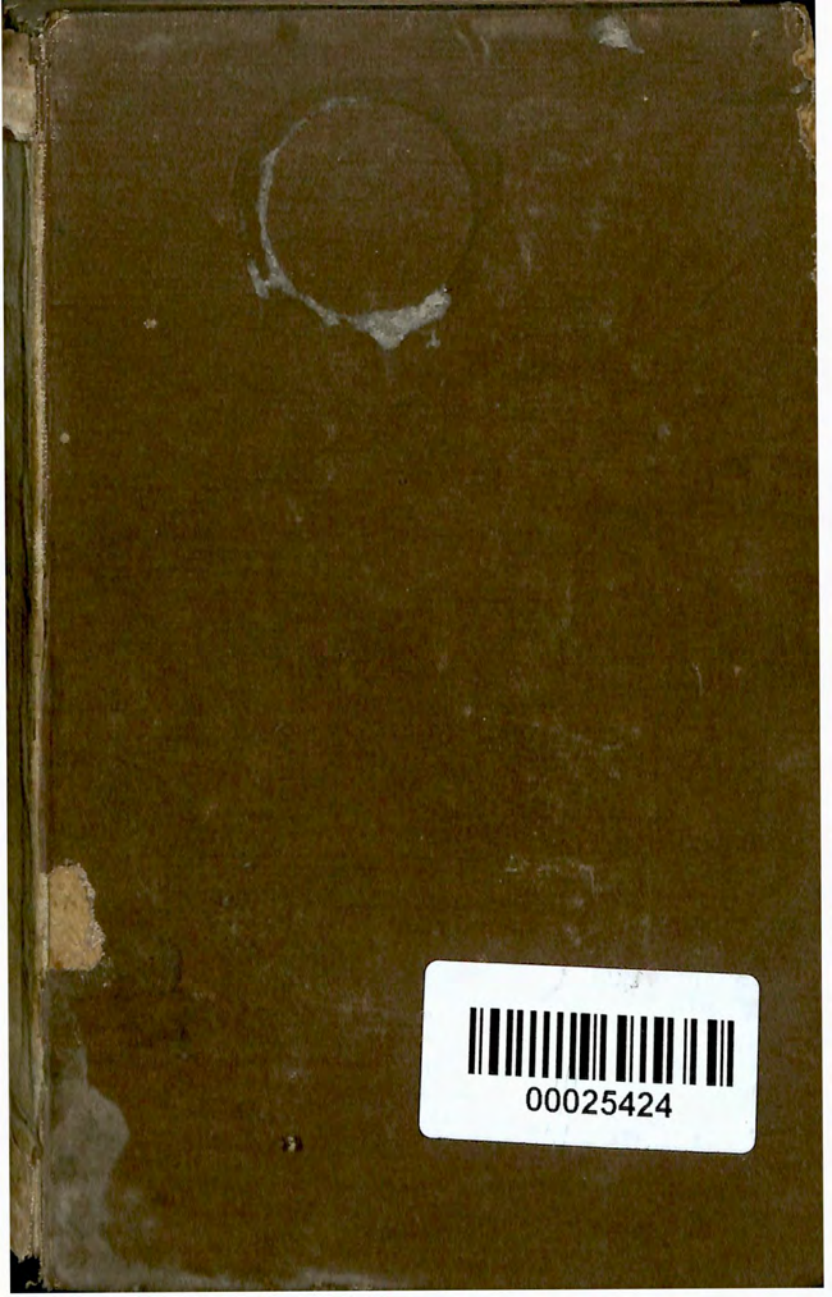
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SCHILLER'S LIFE AND WORKS

BY

EMIL PALLESKE

TRANSLATED BY LADY WALLACE

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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

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IN TWO VOLS.

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BOOK VI.

THE BOND.

April 1785 to July 1787.

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LEIPZIG.

The four Portraits, Huber, Dora, Minna, Körner. — Schiller's Arrival. — Literary Circumstances at Leipzig. — Schiller resolves to go to Göhlis, and proposes Marriage to Margarethe Schwan.

THE four crayon portraits which once on a time hung over Schiller's writing table are only delicate profiles, but they are full of expression; even their slight outlines clearly indicate nobility of soul, fresh youthful spirit, and joyous enthusiasm.

This is not singular, as two loving couples sat for these portraits—one of whom stood on the threshold of domestic felicity, and the other at least cherished the hope of enjoying the same happiness at no distant day. Let us make their nearer acquaintance.

First we see a tall and rather shy young man, whose name is Ludwig Ferdinand Huber, the son of Michael Huber, a professor in Leipzig. It is easy to censure Ferdinand Huber, and his friends themselves have not scrupled to do so; but his descent, his education, and those very friends, plead his cause. Born in Paris, and the son of a Parisian lady, even now, at the age of twenty, the maternal hand weighed so heavily on him that a servant was frequently sent to watch his movements, and the poor youth was not even allowed pocket money. This latter hardship he contrived to remedy by the aid of his clever pen. He was already known as the translator of an

English drama, printed by Joachim Göschen, a young and enterprising publisher; but it was not so easy for him to vanquish other obstacles. Being a Catholic, Huber was virtually excluded from all Saxon colleges. The prospect of a diplomatic career, and the training adapted to that profession, did not tend to promote sound and manly independence of character. His friends, too, and above all his betrothed bride, were eminently calculated to confirm his want of decision; for the latter, who was the eldest daughter of the engraver Stock, was a singularly resolute, talented, and clever girl. Johanna Dorothea (such was Dora's real name) was five years older, and at least ten years more prudent than Huber. Always bewitching, even in her caprices, she was a second Beatrice, constantly exercising a war of wit, whimsical, and full of freaks; indeed, if we may believe report, not unfrequently so provoking as to be utterly intolerable, rallying Ferdinand on his weak points, his timid disposition, and his dislike to dancing, which she highly disapproved of. But it did not escape her observant eye, that when, at a game of forfeits, an opportunity was offered to win a kiss by a witty improvisation, Ferdinand Huber displayed no deficiency of talent. His susceptible nature easily kindled into enthusiasm, and his consistent love for all that was admirable, especially for dramatic art, in which he hoped himself at some future day to excel, outweighed so entirely in Dora's eyes all other considerations, that she rejected the addresses of a very opulent man, in order to hazard her future fate on Huber's fidelity.

The bride alone of the second couple was at present in Leipzig, Dora's youngest sister, who in the correspondence with Schiller had exchanged her own name of Anna Maria, for that of Minna. Dora's profile displays more life and vivacity, but the sketch of Minna is singularly lovely; an expressive eye and a graceful figure render this portrait peculiarly attractive. Though no artist, like Dora, she painted well in sepia,

and embroidered beautifully. Both sisters (natives of the intellectual city of Nürnberg) were cultivated and musical, and they possessed a quality often appertaining to plastic artists—their nature was so thoroughly realistic, that it did not admit of any disposition to enthusiasm.

Minna's bridegroom resided in Dresden. Christian Gottfried Körner — for this was his name — belongs to the number of those admirable beings who, in defiance of a despicable government, and a perverted state of society, become free men by the aid of philosophy and art; and as a country can only be truly served by such men, and not by slaves, they imperceptibly atone by their virtues for the sins of others. His first letter to Schiller might appear a mere ebullition of enthusiasm, but his earliest development proves that he must quickly have felt his soul akin to that of Schiller. Born at Leipzig on the 2nd of July, 1756, the son of a Lutheran Superintendent, by whom he was most carefully educated, he imbibed in his paternal home the stern piety of the age, as well as a strict sense of duty, and, emanating from these qualities, a puritanical contempt for the fine arts, to which, however, his natural inclination and tastes strongly disposed him. When he commenced his studies, he corrected these previous prejudices. He was educated as a theologian, but Garve's "Moral Philosophy," which had exercised so powerful an influence on Schiller, made the "slavery of a symbolical system" thoroughly distasteful to him. He eagerly studied both ancient and modern languages; his choice of a profession fluctuated through the four Faculties, till at last he eventually decided in favour of the Juristic Department. Shortly after he settled in Leipzig as a private teacher. After various journeys, during which he observed more than he wrote, he was appointed in 1781 Consistorial Advocate, and in 1783 was transferred to Dresden as a Rath of the Consistorium, and subsequently

became Assessor of Land Economy and Deputy of Commerce. Having inherited some property by the death of his father (on the 5th of January, 1785), he could at length, after an engagement of several years' duration, begin to think of an establishment of his own. But, however delightful this prospect appeared, it did not induce him to disregard the voice in his heart urging him to press forwards. Körner possessed a great variety of knowledge, and it was no dead store. He closely studied Kant's "Philosophy;" in spite of the severe tenets of his youth, he always retained a kindly toleration for the faith of others, and was indulgent even towards those views with which neither his reason nor his inclination sympathised. The captivating combination of fire and tranquillity which Schiller commends in Körner's disposition, is no where more forcibly displayed than by his equally devoted love for the most abstruse science, and likewise for music; but, indeed, much that lay between these opposite extremes excited his warm interest. Though sufficiently advanced in philosophy to be bold enough to propose amending Kant and Fichte, and with such knowledge of music that he produced various compositions, yet even the duets that he sung with Minna did not cause him to neglect his profession, in which he found much to admire. To speak of Körner's heart, must be superfluous in any biography of Schiller. His clear, bright blue eyes, his marked features radiant with health, his fine bass voice which has been so often praised, his full expressive lips, his finely developed chest, are in strict keeping with his pure clear life, and his brief, concise style of writing. Graff's master-hand has thus depicted the admirable son of the Lutheran Superintendent.*

Such were the four persons to whom Schiller was journeying,

* These four profiles are in the possession of Frei Frau Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm. Körner's portrait by Graff is in that of Director Kunze, in Leipzig.

full of hope and eager friendship, through snow, morasses, and floods in the middle of April, 1785. And this hope proved no delusion, although not fully realized in all its perfection at the moment.

He arrived in Leipzig on the 17th of April. A year later, he still retained a grateful remembrance of the day when he saw the sisters for the first time. Körner was detained in Dresden by his professional duties. Schiller, indeed, found in Huber an enthusiastic admirer, but not the auxiliary he had expected. Moreover, there was little prospect for the moment, of the close intimacy which had been projected. The tumult of the fair, though not equal to the description which had been given to Schiller by Reiche, was still sufficient to absorb all social and kindly intercourse. Schiller had no alternative but to mingle with the concourse of men in Richter's coffee house, not unfrequently annoyed by being stared at like some strange outlandish animal; for next to the theatre of monkeys and the menagerie of wild beasts, the author of "The Robbers" was considered one of the greatest marvels of the fair. "Many," he writes, "cannot comprehend that a man who has written 'The Robbers' can look like other human beings. They expect at all events to see close cropped hair, jack boots, and a hunting whip."

A stranger contrast could scarcely exist than between Schiller, and the literary Leipzig of that day; the birthplace of a Leibnitz and a Thomasius, where Garve and Ernesti had taught, it now reposed on its ancient laurels, and was averse to bestowing new ones. After the glorious epoch of Gottsched and Neuberin, nothing struck root in this soil but the most shallow doctrines and the most superficial criticisms. This was the appropriate atmosphere for moral weekly papers, and instructive comedies "with the charming simplicity of house-maids." Nothing free or noble could possibly succeed here.

The original dispositions of the Saxons inclined more to pedantry and criticism than to poetry. Körner, whose family had been transplanted from Weimar, expressed his disgust at "the pedagogue nature of the worthy Leipzigers, who, though too indolent themselves to work, thought that they were entitled to place before their tribunal all the works of others." Huber, who had been earnestly studying "Fiesko," and striving to comprehend and unravel the web of the great master, had considerable difficulty in defending this drama from the superficial criticisms of the petty great wits of this city, and Schiller makes the river Pleisse, which runs through Leipzig, sing thus: —

> "So fierce the thirst of poesy and prose,—
> By my flat banks, my streamlet scarcely flows."

In the course of eight days he made acquaintance with these thirsty souls: the most thirsty of all being Christian Felix Weisse, a tax gatherer, who, though often applying for counsel to his great countryman Lessing, composed numbers of tragedies in Alexandrines, and comedies, songs, and operettas innumerable, and of little value.

Weisse the composer, the music director Hiller, the painter Oeser, the bold preacher of Moral Philosophy of the reformed community, Zollikofer, Huber's father, and some natives of Berlin, were among Schiller's earliest acquaintances, without his forming a really confidential intimacy with any one in particular. At length, in the house of a merchant, Wilhelm Kunze, an intimate friend both of Göschen and Körner, Schiller was soon on a familiar footing. If Graff's portrait of Kunze be a good likeness, he was a fine looking man, with an animated countenance, and considerable talent and knowledge of the world. Subsequent letters prove that on various occasions he was of real service to our poet.

It was only natural that in a city where, through the

medium of numerous booksellers, the small fry of literary labourers flourished so much, many an obscure genius should consider himself fully the equal of more recognised talent. Though this annoyed Schiller, yet he could not help being much amused when the manager of the theatre of monkeys, whose exhibition Schiller visited along with some friends, could not be persuaded to accept any entrance money from the author of "The Robbers," because he considered him — a colleague!

Schiller acquired a faithful friend, and an energetic fellow-labourer in the "Thalia," in Johann Friedrich Jünger, the author of various comedies; and by his means he was enticed into the very same sphere, with all its perils and attractions, from which he had so recently emancipated himself. The strongest shackles of a man are the companions with whom he associates. How could Schiller possibly avoid the theatre, especially when in Reineke it possessed as worthy and energetic a leading actor, as the circumstances of the undertaking would admit of?

Reineke played here along with a part of the Dresden company, the tendency of which is sufficiently designated by the fact of its being under the management of Bondini, an Italian, who could scarcely speak three words of German. It was entirely owing to Reineke's indefatigable endeavours that the more elevated style of Drama, which had been prohibited by the Court, was now sanctioned, in turn with operas.

Schiller here again met his friend Sophie Albrecht and her husband, and became acquainted with other members of the company, such as Hempel, Bösenberg, and Sekonda; an intercourse which, in the course of time, ripened into intimacy. Reineke, celebrated at that period for his heroic style of acting, was a devoted adherent of the Hamburg movement, in favour of a natural mode of declaiming on the stage. He brought forward Schiller's "Fiesko" for representation; and,

along with his colleagues, instigated the poet once more to tread a forsaken path; so much so, that Schiller changed into prose those scenes of "Don Carlos" which were already written in iambics, and also finished the piece in prose.

Schiller longed to leave the tumult of the fair, to take refuge in some quiet spot, where he might resume his labours undisturbed. He was told, that in summer many of the inhabitants of Leipzig went to the country, and that the Stock family were to reside in the adjacent village of Göhlis. This locality was considered attractive, on account of its many agreeable walks. On leaving the city by the Rosenthal Gate, extensive plains meet the eye; their silent, spacious surface bounded in a wide circle by forests. When a summer evening in Northern Germany chooses to show what it can achieve, moistening the vivid green of the turf, and displaying dusky masses of wood, clearly defined against the golden western sky, we can comprehend why this landscape should have had so much attraction for Schiller. To the right, along the Rosenthal—for this is the name of the valley—a pretty, umbrageous path winds along, leading to the village of Göhlis, through the premises of a noisy mill. Schiller's house was near this mill.

Before repairing thither he took a step, for which, it seems to me, he has been most unjustly censured. It is his well known offer of marriage to Margarethe Schwan; a very unworthy motive has been attributed to him. It has been alleged that Schiller's wish was to ally himself to Schwan's money. We do not require to exert our reasoning powers much in order to pronounce this accusation groundless. We know that Schiller's inclination for Margarethe Schwan had undergone many fluctuations; but the hour of farewell had proved that Margarethe wished to retain a place in his memory, and they had agreed to write to each other frequently.

Margarethe's present, a pretty pocket-book, was before his eyes, her image, rendered still more charming by their separation, remained bright in his fancy. According to his father's views she was a fitting connexion for him. He was in daily intercourse with happy couples in Leipzig, and a friend witnessing such felicity, does not like to stand alone and forsaken. The state of art in Leipzig at that time could not be otherwise than irksome to him. He wrote only once to Margarethe*, and he could not but perceive that if their correspondence were to continue, it must eventually become of a tender nature. How would that suit his views? He must necessarily return to some profession in order to provide an income; as for law, no one could tell him better than Huber, that it was slow work. Medicine? repulsive toil. But if Margarethe were to be the reward! Her image would chain him to his writing-table, every labour appear light, if it were eventually to lead to the possession of a charming wife. On the other hand, the connexion could in its present aspect be dissolved without blame to either party. His demeanour had always remained grave and reserved; it was only as a poet, or in declaiming his own works, that he had displayed any passion. The most natural and honourable proceeding was at once to make a candid confession to Margarethe's father. In a letter written on the 24th of April, 1785, he demanded her hand. He writes to his friend that it was his intention to labour assiduously at "Don Carlos" and the "Thalia," and "imperceptibly to resume his medical practice." As a pledge of his being in earnest with regard to this project, he declares his wish to secure Margarethe for life. "The free and uncon-

* Original communication from Friedrich Götz (the son of Schwan's partner) to Karoline von Wolzogen, confirmed by family letters, and the testimony of Karoline Fecht, many years a servant in Schwan's house (not hitherto made use of).

strained intimacy that I enjoyed in your family," he writes, "afforded me the opportunity of knowing your charming daughter intimately, and the generous and kind reception you were so kind as to bestow on me, incites me to form the bold wish to become your son." Encouraged by Körner's friendship, and by the favour of the Duke of Weimar, he considers himself entitled to say that his prospects are beginning to brighten; he declares that "this project has occupied his thoughts for a year past," during which time he had been vainly struggling with his passion. He concludes by saying, "It depends on your decision, which I look forward to with anxiety and dread, whether I presume to write to your daughter."

What can we find either ignoble or interested in this overture? It cannot possibly be considered a moral reproach to Schiller, that he was not so desperately in love as to induce him to elope with the daughter of his friend! Let us now hear what Schwan replied to this letter. Without referring the matter to Margarethe herself, he at once sent a decided refusal*; and he grounded it on the best of all reasons, because he did not consider the character of his daughter suitable to that of Schiller. There is little doubt that this answer of Schwan's revived in Schiller's mind the recollection of a former report which had once reached him about Margarethe, of a nature calculated to drive away all thoughts of matrimony from the heart of any young man. What could Schiller write to Margarethe when such a communication had taken place? His love had been rejected by him whose opinion was of paramount importance. The only forbearance he could now exercise towards Margarethe, was not to show her that friendship was also swept away. We shall see that he practised it

* Communication from F. Götz. The answer has not been found among Schiller's papers.

by not performing his promise of writing to her. Margarethe, ignorant of the cause of his silence, expressed freely to others her pain and regret, a proof that her sorrow was not very profound. She was neither the object who called forth "Resignation," nor was she "a victim to the egotism of genius."

CHAP. II.

JOY — BRIGHT GODLIKE SPARKS.

Schiller and Körner.— Exchange of Feelings and Convictions by Letter. — Huber's Position with regard to both. — Göschen. — Expedition to Kahnsdorf. — Schiller's Attempt to borrow Money. — Körner's generous Offer.— His Marriage, and Schiller's bridal Gifts. — Hymn to Joy. — Happiness.

It is not surprising that Schiller soon dismissed from his mind Schwan's answer, and his own April's-day's dream, for at last the most pure enjoyment of friendship beamed on him, in all its charm and strength. Hitherto Körner and Schiller had not exchanged their mutual convictions. Körner delayed doing so, until he became more thoroughly acquainted with his friend. He well knew what he was doing, when to his bond of love he added a friendship admirably fitted to be its reflected shadow. He felt that he must nourish this friendship unremittingly, from the deepest sources of his serious and faithful nature, if he wished to prevent its being scorched by the fiery rays of superior genius, or else subsiding into a miserable slavery. Thus, on the 2nd of May, he addresses his friend with the declaration, that now only he begins to live. To be thoroughly happy, he must accomplish as much good in his sphere as his powers and position admit of; and this he could henceforth effect with such a friend as Schiller by his side. He recounts in detail the whole progress his mind has hitherto made, in accordance with the sketch my readers are already acquainted with, and his bias towards energetic action. They are the self-confessions of a critical, practical, and loyal nature,

keenly alive to the calls of duty. They are dispatched to Schiller even before being entirely completed.

The latter sends an immediate answer. He indeed observed that portions of his inner convictions were somewhat at variance with those of his friend. His views were less in conformity with duty than Körner's: his ideas had undergone little modification since he quitted the academy. He still maintained the old doctrine of the perfectibility of happiness, save that Fame was now to have a share in creating this happiness.* It was Shaftesbury's wisdom which had also furnished Wieland with "a golden mirror." The highest felicity is the assimilation of souls, and this assimilation is the surest key to wisdom. "And what is there that exists within the realm of Truth," he proudly continues, "which men like ourselves, and united as we are, do not feel capable of mastering?" Schiller recognises the treasures contained in his friend's heart, which, far from being rendered weak and effeminate by happy love, resolves to acquit the debt to fortune by deeds. "May you prosper!" he exclaims to his kindred fellow pilgrim, who wishes to accompany him on the steep and rugged path of truth, fame, and happiness. By a metaphor applicable both to his past and future development, Schiller connects action arising from a sense of duty, with that caused by enthusiasm. "A thousand men," he says, "go like clocks wound up by machinery, or rather their feelings drop hydrostatically, as the blood does through veins and arteries. The body usurps a melancholy dictation over the soul, which however has the power of reclaiming its rights, and these are the moments of genius and inspiration." He places the distinctive attributes of a truly great man in his power of volition. The clock is to be made to feel that a free spirit impels its wheels; but he considers enthusiasm a sufficient source of volition. The un-

* See vol. I. pp. 78—101.

restrained impulse of an artistic soul, exhibited in these thoughts, might not unnaturally have revolted the more practical friend; but here the peculiar construction of Körner's mind becomes apparent. He replies that he has the highest appreciation and esteem for art: it is now to him a source of pleasure ennobling the soul, and in itself the most pure and exalted of all delights. He declares this, in answer to Schiller's admonition, that cold reason must never be permitted to paralyse his highest aspirations. Nay, that he feels within himself the impulse to create, but is impeded by his clear perceptions of higher aims: he does not despair of yet making progress in music. "If in early life I had devoted myself to music, I might have accomplished great things in it."

In this phrase "If I had," Körner's entire artistic capacity is declared,—and its limits. Thus earnestly and profoundly did this friendship commence, which, in accordance with Körner's eager offer, quickly assumed outwardly, as well as inwardly, the tone of brotherly love. Each measured the extent of his powers, for the purpose of ascertaining the points where the one was most calculated to sustain the strength of the other, in order to rise to the level of the great problem of the century. Here Schiller received no unconditional devotion, as in the case of Beck and Streicher; he is not to soar too high above his friend Körner, if the latter is still to consider himself a free man. There was no alliance here between simply a poet and a critic, to blazon forth his merits. Here there was an honest, confiding, and faithful heart—for such Körner's was—Northern energy, clearness and integrity, forming a friendship with genius, the character of which indeed was not as yet fully established in all its strength, but hence only the more imposing. Equally capable of great virtues as of great errors, and governed solely by ardent enthusiasm, this friendship sprung from the depths of both these kindred souls. In so far superior to a mere personal

liking, that it receives a bright national radiance. Two genuine German characters, of nearly opposite tendencies, thus uniting and working together, to accomplish one common purpose.

Huber bore a singular relation to both; he cannot be compared in character to Körner, nor does he approach in the most remote degree, the gifted nature of Schiller. "Of what use am I," was the exclamation wrung from his modest self-appreciation, "beside the poet of 'Fiesko?'" But to make something of him, and to impel him forwards to assist in the great task which the friends aimed at accomplishing, was Schiller's most anxious endeavour. If Schiller admonished his older friend never to grow cold towards the ideal of his youth, Körner in turn, exhorted Schiller to remember that *light*, as well as warmth, belongs to the highest conceptions of humanity. Schiller also strove to inspire Huber above all, with a spirit of freedom, decision, and independence. We shall soon see that this influence was extended even to Huber's outward circumstances. I must first, however, present a new person to my readers. Göschen was one of Körner's most intimate acquaintances: until the spring of 1785 he had been a bookseller in Dessau, but in consequence of some dispute with his colleague, Reiche, he had resolved to continue his business independently, in Leipzig. He therefore applied to Körner, who had already deposited a sum of money in Göschen's establishment for printing bibles, and requested him to enter into partnership with him.. Körner agreed to this proposal, and in April Göschen set off to Gotha and Weimar, where he succeeded in procuring articles for publication, from Wieland, Bode, and Musäus. Towards the end of May he returned to Leipzig, from Weimar, expatiating much on that city, and on its celebrities.* He also took up his abode at Göhlis, where

* Unpublished letters of Göschen's to Zacharias Becker; imparted by the kindness of Herr Hofrath Becker in Gotha.

his friend the engraver, Endner, Schiller, and Iünger, were already settled (according to credible testimony, Schiller resided in the same house with Endner, close to what is now known as Schiller's Cottage). Soon the lively energetic Göschen enjoyed Schiller's confidential intercourse. It was Göschen among others, who, in the course of this summer, presented to our poet the intellectual, but dissipated author of "Anton Reiser," Karl Philipp Moritz. Schiller was perfectly aware of the merciless manner in which Moritz had criticised his "Cabal and Love," in the Voss newspaper, and now called him to account for his injustice; but, however opposed Moritz's harsh rugged nature was to that of Schiller, yet they were quickly reconciled; they spent a pleasant evening, and a gay night, and even early morning found them full of enthusiasm, Schiller reading aloud to his adversary scenes from "Don Carlos," and extracts from the "Revolt of the Netherland." * A still stronger proof of the exuberance of these days, is furnished in Schiller's letter to Körner of the 3rd of July, and also the best solution of the renewal of his inner self, which was alone capable of elevating the poet of "Freethinking of Passion" and "Resignation," to that glorious production, the "Hymn to Joy."

Schiller, Göschen, Huber, some other friends, and Dora and Minna Stock met, along with Körner, on the 1st of July, at Kahnsdorf, the property of some relations of Körner's, of the name of Ernesti, about five leagues from Leipzig. The alliance of the friends seemed by this meeting to receive its full consecration. Next morning being Körner's birthday, Schiller, Göschen, and Huber, drove back together to Leipzig. Schiller has, we may say, *sung* this expedition to Körner, for his letter of the 3rd of July, can scarcely be considered a simple description of facts. "My dear Friend,—Yesterday, the 2nd of

* Klischnigg. "Continuation of Anton Reiser."

July, can never be forgotten by me so long as I live. If ministering spirits exist, whose office it is to transport and convey our moods and feelings by magic sympathy, then in the forenoon of yesterday you must have felt many pleasurable sensations. I do not know how it occurred, that we began to sketch projects for the future. My heart glowed, not with enthusiasm, but with positive philosophical certainty, which I saw developed before me in glorious perspective. With what contrition, inspiring however rather manly resolution, than depression of soul, I looked back on the past, which I have so abused and wasted. I felt the full extent of my powers, and the probably great, but hitherto unsuccessful design of nature with regard to myself. One portion has been destroyed by the unsound mode of my education and the malice of fate; but the second and largest share has been subverted by my short comings. I was deeply affected by this conviction, my dear friend, and in the agitating fiery ferment of such sensations, my head and heart united in the Herculean vow to repair the past, and steadily to commence afresh the noble race, which is to lead eventually to the highest goal. My feelings were eloquent, and vibrated with electric force in the hearts of my companions. How glorious, how godlike, is the union of two souls meeting on this heavenly path! As yet no allusion had been made to you, but in Huber's eyes I read your name, and involuntarily it rose to my lips; our looks met, and our pious purpose was cemented by sacred friendship. It was equivalent to a silent pressure of the hand, an assurance that we would remain faithful to the resolution we had just made, to assist each other in pressing onwards to our great aim; to admonish and encourage each other incessantly, until we reach those boundaries where all human greatness ends. Ah! my friend! it was reserved for the strong links which bind us together, — for thus do I view our union and that holy friendship which unites us, — to

render us great, good, and happy." Even the material enjoyments of life are etherealised in the light of this solemnised mood. The friends enter a little inn, where they find wine. Körner's health is drunk. "In silence," writes Schiller, "we looked at each other, our feelings were those of pious enthusiasm, and tears dimmed our eyes, which we in vain endeavoured to repress." And again: "Heaven has led us to each other in a singular manner, and our friendship seems to have been hallowed by a miracle; a mysterious foreboding caused me to expect much, very much, from you, at the time I decided on making the journey to Leipzig, but Providence has accomplished even more than I anticipated, and has bestowed on me a degree of felicity in our intercourse, of which till now, I had not the faintest conception. If the consciousness of this fact can give you pleasure, my dear friend, your happiness may indeed be complete."

Körner fully realised this joy, which almost bewildered him; and such was his timid reserve, that he scarcely dared to feel it in its full extent. "It is too much for a man like me," he answers; and while candidly acknowledging, that his approaching domestic happiness absorbs a large share of his thoughts, he promises the more faithfully, what he knows he can fulfil. "No alternations of vivid excitement with cold neglect, but calm and lasting enjoyment; the radiant interchange of two harmonious souls;" and Körner honestly kept his promise.

Schiller's outward circumstances were destined eventually to prove a great trial to the tenderness and stability of this connection; but here Polonius's aphorism, "Loan oft loses both itself and friend," was, in this case, brilliantly disproved. When Schiller met Körner at Kahnsdorf, he naturally avoided imparting to him the sad truth, that Huber and he were almost penniless. Göschen had still some payments to make to Huber, but as the publisher made no allusion to this debt,

the poor author felt a delicacy in refreshing his memory. Schiller now came forward with an admirable project. He alluded to Körner's share of Göschen's business, making just complaints on his behalf as to the mode in which the concern had been hitherto conducted, and suggesting that Körner should become partly an independent publisher, though still remaining a partner of Göschen's—in that case Schiller offered to furnish him with a second part of "The Robbers," in one act, also an arrangement of "Fiesko" adapted to the stage, and other compositions, to ensure a favourable commencement, finally requesting an immediate advance on the articles he proposed to contribute.

Körner clearly discovered in this scheme the words, "we are in urgent pecuniary difficulties," and his answer was, instantly sending him a sum of money, wisely and generously saving his friend from all further solicitations by the ample supply he forwarded to him, and by an offer made in the following words: "Were I a much richer person, and thus able to convince you, that to provide a subsistence for you during your whole life, would be a trifling consideration to me; still, even in that case, I could not presume to make you such an offer. I know that you are in a position well calculated to supply all your wants, so soon as you choose to work for that purpose, but you must permit me to have the happiness, for one year at least, of placing you above the necessity of labouring for an existence;" and then he proceeds to give this generous offer the appearance of a business transaction, by saying, that he will arrange the publishing affair with Göschen, but that he earnestly hopes this undertaking of his friend's will not interrupt "Don Carlos."

We do not know which to admire most, the way in which Körner bestowed this benefit, or in which Schiller received it. Schiller confessed his false pride, and while apologizing for it in a dignified manner, he acknowledged with deep emotion

that he was fairly vanquished by his friend's generosity. "The tears," he writes, "that I shed on the threshold of my new career, from the consciousness of your goodness and your noble soul, shall again be shed when that career is ended. If I one day become what I now dream of, who will rejoice more than you? Do not destroy this letter; perhaps ten years hence you will read it over with strange feelings, and even in the grave sleep more sweetly from the remembrance of it." Overwhelmed with gratitude and emotion, having got rid of such a heavy burden, he could now with a light heart enjoy life, when Körner arrived to conclude the preparations for his marriage with Minna. Körner's marriage! what an event for the bond of friends—for Schiller; for himself he had only one wish, that love should not deprive him of his friend. The wedding was fixed for the 7th of August. Schiller composed an allegory in verse to accompany his bridal gift—a couple of vases. The poet summons Virtue, Love, and Friendship, to appear in noble emulation for precedence before the throne of Zeus, and the strife is thus decided by the father of the gods, "My valiant daughter, Virtue, is to teach constancy to her sister Love, and Love to smile on no suitor who is not presented to her by Virtue. Friendship's place is between you, as a pledge of the stability of this bond."

Schiller greeted the bridal pair with this allegory on the 7th of August, adding these words, "My dear friends, on the morning of the day which is to render you so thoroughly happy, I feel that I can pray more joyously to the Almighty. I cannot wish you any further felicity, for now you possess all things," but he entreats, at least, that a side glance may be bestowed on Friendship. "Do not forget," he exclaims, "that it prays for you, sheds tears of joy for you, and dwells on the bright dream of assisting to embellish your life."

"Do not dispense with these services, they constitute your

friend's happiness, and what would remain to him, if you no longer wished to accept this devotion!" After this the poet subsided into rhythmus, and composed an Epithalamium, in which we discover some rudiments of the "Hymn to Joy," thus rendering it probable that the latter was not yet written. He says in it,—

"Waiting on each earthly joy
Is its attendant sorrow.—
How quick the sweets of pleasure cloy,—
Loath'd before the morrow!—
Doth not wary wisdom chill
The impulses we cherish?—
Ambition on his pinnacle
Of stormy shadows perish?—
Virtue strive with wantonness?—
Love alone is blessedness.—"

And again,—

"For him who hath not found it here,
Wo to his barren heart!"—

As in the "Hymn to Joy,"—

"And if there be a traitor near,
Let him from us depart."

At five o'clock in the afternoon, a circle of happy friends assembled in the summer residence of Körner's father, where a bridge now stands between the Pleissenburg and the Catholic Church, for the purpose of attending the entertainment given in honour of Körner's nuptials. Though the church registers of St. Nikolai, to which we owe this information, do not mention Schiller's deportment during the ceremony, we may take it for granted that there dwelt within his heart all the joy, love, and enthusiasm that it could possibly contain, for there is no doubt that the excitement of this auspicious event, the delights

of these happy hours and days, gave rise to the "Hymn to Joy."*

This is of considerable biographical importance, for along with his "Resignation," and "Freethinking of Passion," it forms a group; and this was seldom the case with our poet, unaccustomed to elevate each moment of life into lyric song. Thus it exhibits a great inner change, almost like that of a transfigured spirit. In Mannheim Schiller wrote that he had never yet been happy. "Resignation" is only replacing a spurious feeling by a genuine one. In my opinion, it is quite unconnected with Kant's interpretation of Virtue, as Kuno Fischer maintains it is entirely circumscribed within the limits of a refined theory of happiness. Indeed it is evident that Schiller had read the following words in a "Discussion on the Nature of Virtue," by Shaftesbury. It is said there of the pious of the earth, "If what they term resignation rest entirely on their hope of compensation to all eternity, they do not exhibit more virtue or more merit, than in any other profitable exchange or transaction." In the same manner the invisible genius disposes of the faithful in Schiller's poem. How widely different is the cold alternative which genius places between faith and fruition, from the absolute spontaneity of Kant, who represents Virtue and Enjoyment as irreconcilable foes, and virtue itself as totally unconnected with Hope or final judgment. In the "Freethinking of Passion," the right of enjoyment, which is only implied in the "Resig-

* Körner mentions that it was composed in Göhlis. Copies of it were quickly circulated. There is no doubt that Kunze was one of the first persons who saw this poem, and yet Schiller, who went to Dresden on the 11th of September, writes to Kunze, "I knew that my 'Song to Joy' would give you pleasure." An observation which leads us to imagine that he did not hear Kunze's opinion till he was in Dresden; remembering that Schiller, for more than a fortnight after Körner's departure, was in a very dejected state of spirits, and that Kunze never saw the poem till the autumn, it seems probable that it was composed when Körner was present.

nation," receives its full development. However powerful these poems may be, if Schiller had clung to such opinions, they would have impelled him to the career of a Byron or a Heine, and it is a proof of his true greatness of soul, that he did not, by repetition, constitute them a confession of faith.

He had now poured forth his sorrows to his faithful Körner, and gathered fresh strength from the confession, that he had himself been the cause of many of the tears he had shed during the spring time of his life. The avowal of these errors on his part, and his noble vow to requite nature for the glorious gifts she had bestowed on him, by employing them profitably, finally extinguished all bitterness, and every wild wish in his heart. His resolution to become great and virtuous, with the aid of his friend, made him feel happy. His impulse to love (to use the language of his own doctrine of happiness) had found a noble object in Körner. Formerly, in the "Hymn to Love," he had done homage to love as the law of the universe, and he now extolled another natural tendency of man—the propensity to happiness—and elevated the individual expression of that feeling—joy—to an essence of celestial origin, of godlike power, meekness, wisdom, endurance, and mercy, shared alike by the good and by the evil. Verse is the loftiest inspiration which the doctrine of happiness has discovered. God and his creation (a division adopted by Leibnitz) are wonderfully united in this poem; joy is represented as the mediator between God and the universe, causing the unknown and equitable Judge to bend from heaven—assured even to audacity of the existence of a loving Father, of a gracious spirit. This is a leading feature of the hymn, which is quite in the style of Kant.*

While the poet of joy demands *virtue from himself,* he bestows freedom and felicity on the oppressed, forgiveness on

* Compare the "Tugend Lehre," 1798. Introduction, p. 13.

all sinners, and (this feature is wholly his own) denies the existence of eternal punishments. Schiller in this way created in joy a goddess, securing even here an Olympus; and thus were combined the gods of the philosophical century, "the power of human intellect displayed in the mental vigour of the poet." Such a combination as this, and we shall see that it endured for a long period, may indeed have been subsequently neutralised, but its influence is ineffaceable. With the same delight in lofty aims, which can alone give wings to the compositions of a true artist, producing calm pleasure in occupation, unwearied industry in collecting imagery, love towards mankind, and the annals of history; with "Joy," not with "Resignation," the new path was entered on, which he was henceforth victoriously to tread. And whenever this celestial attribute returned in all its glory—whether in the form of happy love, of friendship, or as the bright mirror of truth, as health, paternal joys, fame, and the proud consciousness of mental vigour—then his ability and his facility in composition acquired fresh strength.

For sorrow produces fruits, but joy alone can gather them. What wonder, then, that this "Hymn to Joy," in spite of all its defects, in spite of its dogmas and heathenism, imbibed from the mixed and stormy doctrines of mysticism, should vibrate in the hearts of the people, and form the constant subject of discussion among cultivated minds.

The imprisoned Schubart, Körner, celebrated composers, such as Zumsteeg, Zelter, and Naumann, set it to music. An incident, too, has been related in connection with the composition of this wondrous "Hymn," which, even if not well founded (Karoline von Wolzogen, had it been true, would certainly not have omitted to mention it), is yet quite characteristic of the impression which this glorious strain awakened. According to this report it would appear, that Schiller saved a poor student from suicide, and by making a collec-

tion for him at the wedding feast, reconciled him once more to life. And this result was effected by his "Hymn to Joy."

One unparalleled illustration, a habitation immortal like itself, it acquired in Beethoven's ninth symphony. When the music, languishing before the loving sensations in the master's heart, struggled to find speech and expression, it could find none more powerful than "Joy, Godlike Sparks."

CHAP. III.

DRESDEN.

Schiller follows the young Couple to Dresden. — Life and Poetry at Körner's Vineyard. — Huber joins the Friends. — Five silver Goblets. — Society in Dresden. — "Der Verbrecher aus Infamie." — "The Geisterseher." — The "Thalia." — Visit to the Schwan Family. — Schiller's humorous Present on Körner's Birthday. — Gustel von Blasewitz. — Changeable Mood at an important Moment of Life. — Schröder offers a Situation in the Hamburg Theatre. — Charlotte von Kalb. — Henriette von Armin. — Quickly kindled Passion. — Betrayal. — Schiller-Tasso. — To Weimar.

THERE is a "midsummer night's dream" of friendship, in which Puck's poppy juice is as requisite as in love. Schiller's eyes had evidently been anointed with a strong portion of Puck's powerful narcotic. The new married pair at last return to Dresden. Schiller escorts them on horseback beyond Hubertsburg. On his way home he has a bad fall, and bruises his hand so severely, that for a whole fortnight he is unable to write. This does not at all distress him. Had it indeed only remained a little longer disabled, it would have "reminded him for life of Körner's joyful return to Dresden."

It is settled that he remains in Göhlis till Huber's plans are finally arranged. The delay annoys him exceedingly.

His "Fiesko" is to be given in September, but he cannot prevail on himself to wait any longer. Since the Körners are gone, all his favourite sports in the neighbourhood seem dead and dull. The soul of the landscape is departed—a magic spell attracts him to Dresden; he writes, "I must come to you; my occupations require repose, leisure, and cheerfulness. These are to be found for me in your society alone. Write

to me, my dear Körner, by the first post, if only two lines, to say whether I can and may go to you." He received Körner's answer on the evening of the 10th of September, and next day he quitted Leipzig in a hired carriage. Doctor Albrecht was his companion. The journey itself caused him the most exuberant pleasure. He greeted with the pious enthusiasm of a pilgrim all those localities in the landscape, which had made such an impression on him during his recent excursion on horseback. When he for the first time suddenly saw the Elbe flowing along at the foot of the hills, he could not suppress a cry of delight. How lovely nature here seemed to him! and what entirely captivated his whole heart was its similarity to the scenery of his native home, to the country of his early poetical childhood. He drove across the Elbe bridge in the Alt Stadt at twelve o'clock at night. In the Neustadt, where he knew Körner had got a house, he saw lights in various windows. His heart beat with emotion at the thought that one of these might be Körner's. When he saw his friend next day his warmest wishes were fulfilled, he felt as if raised to heaven.

Körner was quite the man to create a paradise for a poet, even on earth. He had arranged a residence for his friend in the Neustadt, which, besides the vicinity of the Japan palace, enjoyed the additional advantage of being close to Körner*, who was one of those sagacious mortals possessing a house in the country. Leaving this German Florence on a fine summer afternoon rowing up the stream, is one of the most agreeable excursions imaginable. Green vine-clad hills and gay summer houses rise on the left from the watery mirror, till further on a dusky forest of pines encircles the hills. At a bend of the stream is situated the village of Loschwitz. At the entrance

* He lodged with a Mad. Faust, Schiller with the court gardener Fleischmann, and latterly in the same house with Körner.

of this hamlet Körner had a vineyard with a two-storied house, commanding a glorious view of the noble river and its adjacent meadows, extending to the fragrant heights of Saxon Switzerland.

In this congenial spot, and in the bosom of scenery so similar to that of his own home, Schiller was henceforth to pass his days, with the friends he valued most. On the 13th of September, we find him seated at his writing table in this country house, pouring forth his intoxication of delight in a letter to Huber. "The happiness I now enjoy," he consolingly writes, "you will enjoy also, a few weeks hence. Look on me therefore, as the beatific mirror of your future felicity."

What satisfaction too is manifest in the following words: — "I am writing to you, in my charming little room in Körner's vineyard — above me I hear female footsteps gliding about in domestic occupations, and occasionally the tones of a piano."

These pleasing murmurs of household duties, contributed to his poetical mood. And when Körner returned at mid-day from his office, equally well disposed to soar to the spiritual heights of the poet, as Schiller was to condescend, with the utmost playfulness and good humour, to enter into all the more prosaic, and petty interests, of domestic life; then what society could equal their's? Körner's library contained many admirable books, especially in the sphere of philosophy and history; and where it proved deficient, the library of the Elector supplied what was requisite. They delighted in mutually reading works calculated to give rise to disquisitions, and one favourite subject of the poet, they frequently discussed — the motives of human actions, the discrepancy between virtue and greatness. Körner was the richer of the two in knowledge and information: he had already taken the first step in Kant, and agreed with this great and profound thinker, in considering metaphysics to have been hitherto a mere amusing play on conceptions. Here, as we know, he was in

direct opposition to Schiller's views, and hence he became the critical Raphael, of the moral philosophical Julius. The fruits of these discussions, are the philosophical letters, in the third number of the "Thalia." It was Körner, not Schiller, who wrote Raphael's letters; and the more dry tone would be ample internal evidence of this fact, even had he not expressly asked Schiller on several occasions, "whether it were not Julius' turn to write to Raphael?"

While the friends thus fulfilled what they had mutually engaged to perform, association with the two ladies exercised the most beneficial influence on Schiller's disposition. His charming and playful humour, so far removed from that poetical pomposity, which considers it necessary to drag about a tripod as an indispensable attribute to a poet, is evidenced by some sportive effusions of his muse, the first of which occurred in the beginning of this autumn.* Warning winter now re-

* "Don Carlos" had made very little progress in Göhlis. Schiller was now working at it very zealously. Some building was going on in the house, so our poet was forced to leave his snug little room, to repair to the cottage of a vine dresser. The passage outside his room led to the laundry. The misadventures which occurred there were described in the following playful set of verses, which he presented next morning to the lady of the house.

"THE REPRESENTATION OF A DISTRESSED TRAGIC POET

"TO THE POWERS OF THE LAUNDRY.

"With heavy head, as dull as lead, —
Tobacco-box at Zero, —
And stomach innocent of bread, —
The Lord preserve my hero! —

"Can I my frosted fingers call
To write of fire and choler? —
Oh! Phœbus, as you hate a scrawl,
At least heat up your scholar.

"Splash go the suds, — the laundress squalls,
The kitchen-maid is yelling; —
While Pegasus his rider calls
To Royal Philip's dwelling.

minded Schiller of the necessity of a removal, and drove him to the house in Dresden, which Huber was to share with him. For Huber had been at length allowed by his parents to go to Dresden, in order to prepare for the post of Secretary of Legation, under the auspices of the Minister von Stutterheim. The vision was now fully realised, which Schiller had dreamt in Mannheim, of a five-leaved clover. There is a tradition that five silver goblets were the outward symbols of this fraternisation. Indeed, these three men, all standing on the threshold of their worldly career, found the charms of their intercourse so seductive, that they almost entirely secluded themselves from the world without, to enjoy more uninterruptedly a world within. It is amusing too, to observe how on every occasion they incite each other, to make various influential acquaintances, mutually deriding the shyness which delayed their doing so. Huber, whom his parents in vain entreated to visit his family connections, often indeed brought

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" Quick I bestride the flying steed, —
And quick as lightning's gleaming,
The courser stays his wingèd speed
Where minarets are beaming.

" Through vestibule and gallery
I reach the chamber, where
I see the Princess Eboli
In the trance of love's despair.

" The agony of wild desire
Her panting bosom thorough! —
Within her eyes are love and fire; —
Within the Prince's sorrow.

" I hear her cry of ecstacy, —
I hear, — oh! death and hell!
I hear a heap of hosiery
Go splash into the well.

" Vanish'd is Fairy-land for me!
Adieu, my Princess dear!
The devil take all poetry
When washing tubs are near."

from the soirées of the minister a certain aristocratic perfume of that fashionable sphere, otherwise he also, absorbed in dramatic composition, and entirely devoted to his two friends, scarcely ever entered into the society of Dresden: according to universal testimony this was no great loss.

Schiller even at a much later period, pronounced this fine old city to be an intellectual desert. Friedrich Laun asserted that, in comparison with other cities, a kind of Egyptian darkness rested on Dresden. This plague of the land extended far beyond the formal gravity of the officials of the city and country during their session, and overspread even private dwellings.

The thick darkness of the higher orders of nobility was alleged even to benefit medical men, for those who were considered the privileged of the land by birth, rank, riches, or decorations, became actually ill if they were obliged in society to come into contact with those of pretensions inferior to their own! Körner's verdict on the intellectual tone of Dresden was that of pretentious criticism, combined with innate mediocrity, bigotted opinions and superficial refinement—a severe censorship sought out all that was contraband in the theatre and in the press—a censorship which in this Protestant country was forced to pay especial deference to the prejudices of a Catholic Court, and which did not allow "Carlos" to escape unscathed in the "Thalia." Even within the walls of the church, incredible as it may appear, Swiss soldiers in fantastic uniforms regulated the order of pious flocks. There can be little doubt, therefore, that Körner's house was an oasis in this desert. Celebrated artists, and men of science from every country, found here intellectual society. Some families also with whom they associated, united in following their good example. Among these we find a worthy colleague of Körner's, of the name of Reinhart, the Secretary of War Neumann, the same to whom Archenholz addressed his celebrated letter. There was also Archenholz himself, the far

travelled historian of the Seven Years' War; a Councillor of Finance, Wagner, and his daughter; the composer Naumann, celebrated for his compositions in the style of the Italian school, who set some of Schiller's ballads to music, and Körner tried to persuade Schiller to write the text of an opera for Naumann. We must not omit to mention Professor Wilhelm, Gottlieb Becker, an energetic editor; the far-famed portrait painter, Graff, an excellent upright man, to whom Schiller had promised to sit for his picture. Musical talent especially, was a sure key to Körner's social circle, in which Körner's proficiency and that of his wife shone forth in song and harmony. Dora's copies of some of the pictures in the gallery led the conversation too often for Schiller's taste, to this one brilliant point in the darkness which overshadowed Dresden. The director of the gallery, Hartmann, on one occasion was horrified by overhearing Schiller's intellectual question, "What can people see in these old rags?"

Thus passed a most agreeable winter. The second number of the "Thalia" was brought out by Göschen, at the beginning of 1786, and contained, besides the poems of "Resignation," and the "Freethinking of Passion," a very powerful tale, "The Criminal," the subject of which Professor Abel had given to his former pupil in passing through Mannheim. It is probable (as Kurz suggests) that Schiller gathered the story of "Sonnenwirth" from the lips of the people, as it was so widely circulated in Swabia, and transcribed it long afterwards from the imperfect recollection he had retained of the tale. Its contents exhibit the tragic poet, who shares the guilt of man between society and the criminal himself. The style is evidently that of Diderot, and formed on historical models.

This translation of Mercier's "Portrait de Philippe" and "Roi d'Espagne," proved the reliance Schiller placed on his poetical narrative. For Mercier's "Philippe" is an abstract

despot, and as an historical despot, there was considerable discrepancy between this sketch and the dramatic portrait. The very spare continuation of the scenes in "Don Carlos" (Act II. scenes 1—4), which appeared in the next number of the "Thalia," rendered it very evident that he was engrossed by other works. Körner declares that the plot of "The Misanthrope," which Schiller acknowledges to have occupied him for years, and several scenes in it, were written during the time he was in Dresden. An epos, "Julian the Apostate," was also thought of; but the most dangerous rival of the drama was "The Ghost Seer," the first part of which appeared in the fourth number of the "Thalia."

Professor Meyer, from Bramstedt, Schröder's biographer, who was thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the visionary sect of Berlin, is supposed to have furnished Schiller with the groundwork of this tale.* Körner's opinion was, that Cagliostro's adventures had given rise to this novel—others thought it was founded on the apostacy of Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, the father of Karl Eugen. Be this as it may, the subject was, to a considerable degree, imaginary. The chemical and physical discoveries of the day had inflamed the imaginations of many. It was the opposite extreme to freethinking, to believe that men could succeed in calling up spirits. Such men as Forster and Sömmering actually asserted for a time, that the Rosicrucians could make gold, and Schröpfer conjure up ghosts. Schiller was deeply interested in magnetism, and magnetic treatment. Dr. Gmelin, especially, was considered the great authority in this science. Herder and Goethe believed in the power of *willing* a patient from a distance. They questioned each other, in the very first hours of their acquaintance, as to the state of their belief in such matters. The Rosicrucians and Illuminati (often considered Jesuits in disguise) vaunted these mysterious arts

* Correspondence between Schiller and Humboldt.

for the purpose of cajoling idle and credulous princes. When Frederick the Great died, on the 17th of August, 1786, the exercise of sound and sober reason seemed to become extinct in Prussia. "The new King," writes Kirchhof to Meyer, "surrenders himself unreservedly to the guidance of various favourites, all visionaries like himself, and those who do not belong to this sect have no chance of advancement." This recurrence to superstition, which attained its climax in Berlin by Wöllner, subsequently found disciples in one class of the romantic schools; and it is not surprising that Tieck, who, however, resisted all attempts to convert him, admired in Schiller's "Ghost Seer;" the torso of an excellent romance—for Schiller had thoroughly penetrated the very essence of all the affinities of these visionary doctrines. It has been asked why he never finished this novel? The answer is, because even in the act of writing the work he despised it. This did not occur to him while actually composing the novel, but, as is more usually the case with authors, not until he had written great part of it. He calls it "poor stuff—dross," and confesses that it has caused him to be guilty of a shameful waste of time. Schiller completed no work without its appearing in a condensed and revised artistic form. His powerful nature was deficient in that ease of writing which is indispensable to a novel — indeed, the fragment of the "Ghost Seer" is rather a drama than a romance. It bears no traces of that easy breadth, those minute details and personal sketches, which alone suited the taste of a degenerate age. Though the philosophy of the Prince subsequently tempted him to write a continuation, yet his own philosophy put an end to this idea. The approbation that his work met with did not mislead him as to the dubious source of such praise; still the "Ghost Seer" was a study in which he could exercise all the subordinate aims of a dramatist, and at the same time practically learn what a novel, as such, could accomplish for his idea of art.

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It was Schiller who called forth the aphorism that "History is the romance for great souls," and history each day became dearer to him. It exercised a most beneficial influence over the poet, an ample, glowing and unselfish object of solicitude, ennobling even a diffuse or rugged subject by the reflex which it received from the mass of mankind. To discover in this entangled web the mystery of leading causes and ideas, was indeed a contemplation of celestial origin, inspiring the heart of man with the most sublime exaltation and spiritual delight. To be absorbed in mighty works like these, was also to obtain the best means of accomplishing kindred creations. For the painter of men, for the delineator of action, history is the study of nature on the grandest scale, completing the present by the splendour of past annals, effecting what Goethe considers most essential to a dramatist — purifying and exalting the individuality of the poet, divesting him of all that was mean or petty, and qualifying him in his own nature to depict the nature of man. To such a disposition as his, those epochs must have been peculiarly attractive, where history becomes pre-eminently dramatic — revolutionary periods. According to Klischnigg, Schiller had previously in Leipzig commenced writing the "Revolt of the Netherlands;" and Körner relates that Schiller not only collected materials for this purpose in Dresden, but also formed the resolution to write a history of all the most remarkable revolutions. Another subject, which he treated at a later period, he probably also acquired here. He writes to Körner on the 15th of April, 1786: "I have read this week a narrative of the Thirty Years' War, and my state of eager excitement has not yet subsided. How singular that the epochs of the most profound national misery should also be the most brilliant periods of human grandeur! How many great men emerged from this darkness! I wish that during ten consecutive years, I

had studied nothing but history." This wish induced him to be very careful with regard to time, and to remain at home steadily at work, when Körner and Huber made a journey to Leipzig, at Easter 1786.

While the friends were singing along with Kunze his "Hymn to Joy," he preferred being instructed by Thomas Abbt, the popular philosophical author, in the question as to the true advantage and aim of man, and discussing with him what pursuits, with the same degree of capability, were preferable—civil or political, ideal or scientific. Abbt taught him to recognise both his own powers, and their limits. Schiller in this mirror saw reflected "a flow of ideas and feelings similar to his own, only that Abbt leant more to acute logic, and he himself to poetry and enthusiasm." So long as Schiller remained irresolute as to the relative value of these things, the intellectual activity to which he now devoted himself could not fail, in such a mighty and eminently able mind as his, to become a fresh source of impatience, dejection, and gloomy irritability. In the letters of our poet at that period we see him depicted in these moods; sometimes humorously describing his own weakness, at others feebly sinking below his own proper level. He cannot endure solitude—he cannot live without the Körners. He writes:—

> "And I, — unhappy wight, — am here;—
> Myself my solace only, —
> Unless I seek some other sphere.
> Will no kind guardian muse appear?—
> No shepherdess, or damsel dear,
> Compassionate the lonely?"

The shepherdess whom he here invokes appeared at last. Scarcely had the friends returned, when Schiller received a letter from Schwan, who was at Leipzig, in which he announced his intention of paying him a visit. Margarethe and her younger sister Luise were to be with him. "As we drew

up to the post-house," relates the latter,* "in Meissen, who did we find standing under the gateway? Schiller, in a mouse-coloured coat with steel buttons." He had again mounted a horse, for the purpose of escorting his guests, and proved the most amiable *cicerone* both in Meissen and in Dresden. "But Schiller's manner," writes Luise, "was simply cordial and obliging, like that of a son or a brother; indeed, all former ideas of a nearer connexion with my sister had long ago ceased." And Schiller was careful not to renew them; his vision was now considerably clearer.† He conducted his young friends to the Brühl terrace, while their father, Schwan, was sitting to Graff for his portrait. I cannot possibly enter into all the details of those days—a concert at Naumann's, a visit at Stock's, and at Graff's, where Schiller's recently commenced likeness, and Sophie Albrecht's finished one, were to be seen in the studio. Let us see the Schwans depart, and then contemplate Schiller engaged in a very singular effort of art, suggested by Körner's approaching birthday. We find

* Subsequently Staats Räthin Pistorius; extracts of letters from this lady to her daughter, communicated to the author by the kindness of Frei Frau Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm.

† In the Sketches of Friedrich Götz he says: "There is no doubt that on this occasion Schwan disclosed to Schiller verbally, all the details of his reasons for refusing to give him his daughter in marriage. The future proved that Schwan was right, and that he had acted in this circumstance the part of a true, upright friend." Such is the opinion of the son of Schwan's partner. Under similar circumstances it is difficult to gather much proof from future events; but it seems significant, that the Ober Hof Prediger Herr Dittenberger in Weimar, who was intimately acquainted with Schwan, should state that "Schwan in his old age always spoke of Schiller with enthusiasm, but never alluded to Margarethe." The cause of this we soon discover from the following circumstance. Margaret had a love affair with an officer, who forsook her when, as a man of honour, he ought to have married her. Her subsequent marriage with the advocate Treffz proved a very unhappy one. Schiller saw her afterwards at the time of his journey to Swabia. His wife, who was also present, declared that both were deeply affected by this meeting. Margarethe died at the age of thirty-six in her confinement.

him busily occupied with Dora's paint-box, illuminating thirteen drawings, which are still extant, one of which at least I will describe to the reader. To comprehend it we must mention, that there resided in Dresden a Frenchman of the name of Duchanteau, on whom Körner was constantly impressing the importance of a journey to Egypt. Körner indeed, was so enthusiastic about the fruits he expected from this project, that he had already offered to contribute 2000 dollars towards the enterprise. Schiller's picture exhibits this expedition in full progress. Körner stalks on in front, leading the van; Duchanteau follows on a donkey, tears of blood (represented by drops of vermilion) trickling over the nose of the unhappy animal, caused no doubt by the heavy burden he is forced to carry. A mountain is in the distance, and a pyramid, besides which Cleopatra reposes, and on her tomb the inscription, "Ever Lovely." Another production of Schiller's humour was a farce, a succession of comic scenes in Körner's house. It is eight o'clock in the morning, Körner is ready to go to his Consistorium; a number of people unexpectedly arrive to see him, each having some question to ask. Domestic servants, the hairdresser, the banker, by turns assail the much-enduring Körner; finally a theological student arrives, proposing to read aloud to the Herr Consistorial Rath a treatise of his own composition. Körner, whose patience is at last fairly exhausted, shows him gruffly to the door; but his kindly feeling causing him quickly to regret this abrupt dismissal, he begs his Minna to follow the poor student instantly, and to invite him to dinner. In another scene, Dora is represented as mounted upon a stool, standing on tiptoes, and vainly striving to embrace her tall, lanky lover Ferdinand, &c. &c.

We see from this that Schiller was by no means devoid of some talent for social pleasantry and good fellowship. Though it cost him considerable effort to be "a jovial companion," in the society of those with whom he was not well acquainted,

still he was always gay and playful among his intimate friends.

The village of Blasewitz is situated exactly opposite that of Loschwitz. A certain Herr Segadin possessed a property there, and was very intimate with the Körners. His daughter Augusta was a gay and exceedingly pretty creature, and Schiller seems to have been on terms of the most playful raillery with her. A remembrance of the war of words they not unfrequently waged, is blended even with a powerful sketch, in the description of a very different strife. His "Gustel von Blasewitz" in Wallenstein's Camp excited much merriment in Körner's domestic circle.* It would have been strange indeed if Schiller's energetic nature had not expiated such gay, thoughtless moments by melancholy moods, often inexplicable to his friends. According to Kant, melancholy is the attribute of all deep natures. It is the dark cloud whence the lightning of bright thought flashes.

The more reality smiles on him, the more the man of an ideal nature takes refuge in serious reflection, in order to avoid arrogance or presumption. Moreover Schiller still remained in a state of entire dependence. He received the means of existence—from his best and noblest friend it is true—still they were bestowed on him by another; and what right had he to accept such benefits from one whose resources were limited to a few thousand dollars, and even these acquired by Körner's own efforts? This must inevitably soon cease. The one year for which he had consented to accept Körner's hospitality was now at an end. In a letter to Wieland (May 24th) he does not hesitate to express his discontent at the necessity of becoming independent, and this he had formerly considered the highest boon; but being now imperative, it had become distasteful to

* Gustel von Blasewitz died on the 24th of February, 1856, the widow of Senator Renner.

him. In his own case he had acquired the plain practical knowledge, that if chance does not accomplish a resolution in forming our plans of life, reflection is little likely to do so. In addition to this, towards the end of summer, Körner's anxious solicitude was called forth by a trial which engrossed the whole of his powerful mind. His Minna was attacked after her confinement by a lingering illness. This anxious disquietude naturally depressed the whole circle, and Schiller, who deeply sympathised with every sorrow of his friend, often felt himself extremely depressed and miserable. A chance then occurred which seemed calculated to lead him to a settled existence; and again it was the Stage which extended a succouring hand to Poetry, and on this occasion by the intervention of the greatest actor of the previous century — Friedrich Ludwig Schröder. This circumstance, so highly to the honour of Schröder, has not been as yet recorded in theatrical annals.

After Schröder's departure from Vienna, he had, for the second time, undertaken the direction of the Hamburg stage; and his great ambition was to elevate the theatre to its proper level, by excluding operas as much as possible in favour of the legitimate drama. Though Schröder had formerly censured the tenor of Schiller's writings, still he had never denied that he was the "greatest living dramatic genius in Germany." The recent rehearsals of "Don Carlos," too, had convinced him that Schiller was now on the path of moderation, and he expressed this conviction to Schiller's friend, the actor Beck, in Mannheim. Beck, who had continued in close correspondence with Schiller, communicated this opinion to our poet, imparting to him likewise details of the great project with regard to the declamatory drama, which Schröder hoped to effect. This was precisely what Schiller required. He therefore wrote to Schröder (on the 12th of September, 1786), declaring, in reference to Beck's intelligence, that his enthu-

siasm for the drama was again revived, but that he shrank from the mutilations requisite for the stage. He was well acquainted by this time with the limits which the theatrical arena rendered imperative, and he was prepared to respect them; but he was determined to be absolved from the still more circumscribed restrictions imposed by petty souls and by narrow-minded artists. By a connexion with Schröder he hoped to realise an ideal, which could only be effected by an alliance with the genius of a great performer. Finally, Schiller offers him all his future works.

Schröder answered this letter on the 18th of October, in the most flattering terms; but his opinion was, that a dramatic poet must necessarily live near the stage for which he laboured. "Are you free?" he asks. "Can you exchange Dresden for Hamburg? and on what conditions?" He also tranquillised Schiller on one very important point. He has no cause to dread the same treatment he had received in Mannheim. Schröder requested him, even if he could not come himself, to send all his pieces.

It was natural that from the terms of Schiller's first letter, Schröder should expect him to accept the proffered situation; but when it came to the point, Schiller felt the impossibility of quitting his friends the Körners, and an equally strong tie now impelled him in a very different direction.

Schiller's attachment to Charlotte von Kalb had been rather confirmed than weakened by absence. He sent to her and Beck the numbers of the "Thalia" as they appeared, and constantly wrote to Charlotte. His Dresden friends were deeply interested in her from his enthusiastic descriptions, and eagerly hoped that she might one day form part of their circle. Charlotte resided also now nearer Schiller. The brothers Von Kalb had decided that she must leave Mannheim for some more economical spot. The decayed state of the Ostheim property, it was said, rendered retrenchment

absolutely necessary. Charlotte's intention, therefore, was to join the circle of friends in Dresden, and Schiller was in daily expectation of her arrival in April, 1786; but her journey was delayed, and the wishes of her relations induced her to take up her abode, for the present at least, at Kalbsried, the property of her father-in-law. After first passing some weeks at Weimar in 1786,* and thus becoming acquainted with the state of society there, she went to Kalbsried, where she remained in dreary solitude till April.

Charlotte's presence in Weimar, and in its vicinity, was undoubtedly the chief cause of Schiller now resuming more eagerly than ever the plan he had formerly meditated in Mannheim, of going to Weimar. He wished once more to see his beloved friend; all the beings to whom he had attached himself, possessed some object dearer to them than he could ever hope to be.† This his heart could not endure. He knew that to Charlotte he was all in all. His views had become more elevated, and he believed that he could now approach her without any internal struggles. Perhaps he no longer dreaded danger; perhaps he rather courted it. Probably it was in reality ardent passion, which gave rise to the wish in his heart to rejoin Charlotte.

Schiller has been described in the twofold character of a philosopher panting for freedom, and that of a poet imbued with love of nature and the fine arts. As a man, he has never yet been portrayed; but along with devotion to the true, the good, and the beautiful, there is no impulse so strong in the human heart, as that which allures even the greatest genius to the joys, and emotions, attendant on mutual love. We shall soon with wonder learn, how powerfully such motives influenced our poet.

Schiller entreated Charlotte to allow him to pass some

* Wieland to Sophie la Roche, Nov. 3rd, 1786.

† To Körner.

months with her at Kalbsried. He would afterwards endeavour to secure his future existence in Weimar or in Jena.

At the same time he wrote to Schröder (December 18th) declining the offer of a permanent situation in Hamburg, under the pretext that he could enter into no engagement without the sanction of the Duke of Weimar. He, however, held out the prospect of a visit to Hamburg—hoped to be able to finish "The Misanthrope" before April, and promised to send "Don Carlos" in the course of six weeks, inquiring whether the drama must be changed into prose,* or whether Schröder would venture to produce it on the stage in iambics. He also entered into various minutiæ of the representation with a degree of precision which proves how well Schiller was acquainted with the stage. Schröder did not attempt to make Schiller change his resolution, and decided on producing "Don Carlos" in iambics.

But instead of six weeks, the work was not in Schröder's hands till six months had elapsed. The cause of this procrastination was chiefly a pair of fine eyes, and this time not even those of Charlotte. Schiller's nature was vastly like a fortress, the walls and moats of which are in the worst possible condition, the commandant absent, and the garrison wholly devoid of arms, a state which victorious Eros invariably takes advantage of.

The Körners went to Leipzig at Christmas, and Schiller remained with Huber; but he soon became dull and weary. The long established habit of amusing himself during the Christmas holidays soon resumed its power, and enticed him from his writing-desk. He went out, but quickly returned

* According to this the prose version for the stage seems to have been first begun in 1787; and yet on the 30th December, 1786, Schiller had nearly completed the last scene of the "Queen with the Marquis." On the 22nd of April, 1787, he writes to Körner, that all he has now to do is to translate his prose into iambics. Thus we may conclude that probably only the last act was first written in prose.

dissatisfied. Theatrical circles soon exercised their former influence over him. However little Sophie Albrecht admired Schiller's personal appearance, still she was devoted to his genius. All the mingled elements of society were to be found in her house. In the apartments of this celebrated woman, was collected that portion of the world who worship the idol of Play. Our Schiller too had sacrificed on this altar, but having repented of this error and renounced it, he thought that such lamentable weakness was vanquished for ever; but at this time he owned to his friend Körner that he had been winning. When the Körners were at home, he had longed for some recreation, but now he found that the calm uniformity of their society was absolutely necessary to his existence. He placed his own worth at the lowest value. He wrote, "To Huber I am less than nothing, and he is not much to me. You were everything to me, and yet I of so little value to you, that I am not even what I might have been." He is now desirous that his offer to go to Kalbsried should not for the present be accepted. Historical studies are become irksome to him, and he cannot find a fitting mood for "Don Carlos."

The Körners returned in January. Charlotte wrote at last, to say that she could not receive Schiller's visit at Kalbsried, advising him to go to Jena, both to hear and to give public readings there. He was still undecided at this time, Charlotte says, as to the choice of a profession, but wavered between history and medicine. "In February," she narrates, "he wrote to me on the subject, but still lingered on in Dresden, detained there by the influence of a passion highly disapproved of by his friends."*

* There is sufficient proof that Karoline von Wolzogen was thoroughly acquainted with Schiller's love affairs. In this case she had the best source of information in the Körners, in whose communications the most implicit faith may be placed. But with regard to the subsequent life of Fräulein von Arnim, she (as well as all other biographers) was quite misinformed.

Here the truth dawns on us; and a leaf out of Schiller's album furnishes us with information as to the rise of this passion. Schiller fell in love with a mask. He writes: —

> "Life's miniature, — a masquerade
> Gave me the first uncertain glance; —
> But the light harness of the dance
> Wax'd strong through love's mysterious aid.
>
> Enough for us that single glance! —
> Piercing the visor that I wore,
> It read within my bosom's core
> The origin of life's romance."

Let us remove this mask. The lady to whom these verses were addressed was Fräulein Henriette Elisabeth von Arnim, and according to the testimony which now lies before me, and also the evidence of others, she was one of those rare and splendid beauties who are born queens. She had just sufficient talent to wear her crown with dignity, and a natural gift of exercising the spell which she inherited from nature, with kindness and generosity. Her figure was tall and noble, her features beautifully chiselled, and she moved with the most finished grace. Her mother, the widow of an officer, was only too glad to place her youngest daughter in a convent at Erfurt, in the full confidence of improving her worldly circumstances by a good matrimonial speculation with her eldest child.

The Arnims were acquainted with Sophie Albrecht, and Schiller frequently met the object of his adoration at her house. Sophie Albrecht was the confidante of his infatuation, and he soon became a visitor in the Arnim family. The homage of a poet so celebrated, was very acceptable to the mother, as the means of increasing the value of her daughter in the eyes of her other admirers; and the daughter, though touched by Schiller's eloquent and passionate devotion, was not sufficiently high-minded or upright, to withdraw from the double game which her mother forced her to play. Schiller was blind. He was in that state of fanaticism which he sub-

sequently described in the Prince, and in Mortimer,—in that excited condition when a man "refuses to submit to all controul,"—in which Mark Antony worships his murderess. He was under the same potent spell, which proved the destruction of the Maid of Orleans by one glance from Lionel. Letters, gifts, it is even said sums of money, were all freely lavished on the same object. Schiller sold his prose version of "Don Carlos" (perhaps this very cause induced him to consent to such a desecration) to Bondini and to Koch, and so desperate had love rendered him, that he demanded the sum of twelve ducats from the ruined Grossman.

The Arnims left Dresden in spring. The calm, regular intercourse with the Körners, once so highly prized, no longer possessed the power of retaining Schiller in Dresden. He goes to Tharandt, only to wish himself back again in Dresden. When the time of the Arnims' probable return arrives, letter after letter flies to Dresden. "I send this enclosure," he writes, "to my offended Dora, and commend it to her most careful, speedy, and punctual attention. If the Arnims are not yet returned, then Minna, or whoever takes my letter, must bring it back." Dora might well be offended by such Bashaw orders as these: and yet the more infatuated he becomes, the more do all his friends study his wishes. He says he is like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island; they send him books,—a French novel and "Werther." The novel amuses him; but he feels no sympathy for the man with the pistol.

When the Arnims returned, towards the end of April, his love became more desperate than ever; and on the 2nd of May he wrote in the album of his black-eyed idol, the poem of which I have already quoted the beginning—the concluding lines are as follows:—

> "By Fate at length together cast,—
> The bond that binds us shall not sever:
> My proudest boast is, now and ever,
> Through life to love thee to the last."

That was probably sufficient for the daughter, but certainly not for the mother. In the meantime the lovers exchanged portraits.*

Schiller removed in May to Dresden, and from that period resided entirely in Körner's house. At this time it is evident, that at length the efforts of Schiller's friends succeeded in convincing him of the way in which his best feelings were abused. The young lady had told him, that when he saw a light in a particular window, he must avoid coming to the house, as they would be at that time in the society of their relations. Schiller's friends, however, discovered that on such occasions she was in the habit of receiving more wealthy admirers. They tried to convince Schiller of this fact, and urged him to leave Dresden; but the convictions that his friends with infinite difficulty succeeded in impressing on his mind, were quickly superseded by one glance from the bewitching eyes of his idol. At last his bewildered faculties were restored. On the 1st of June he writes to Koch, subsequently manager of the Frankfort theatre: "When we parted here, my head was so completely turned by a young lady whom you have seen, that I lost all recollection of your address in Berlin:" and on the 13th of June he writes to Schröder: "The circumstances which delayed 'Don Carlos' are, fortunately, not likely to recur; and if they ever do so, certainly not for some time to come. One impediment, the strongest of all, I could mention, because it is—very natural; but I reserve my paper for more necessary topics."

No man writes thus who is still desperately in love. His intoxication was over; but the aftertaste was somewhat bitter. The image of "a lovely but consummate dissembler" remained stamped on his memory. In representing a similar character

* Schiller showed this portrait to Frau von Kalb, who was quite surprised by its marvellous beauty. Charlotte, p. 144.

in the Greek lady of the "Ghost Seer," he proved that he was well acquainted with the species; but the novel never was completed. He used the same hues in painting Queen Elizabeth—that "Royal Hypocrite."

There was no open breach between him and the Arnims*; indeed it was not possible for Schiller, under such circumstances, to be accused of faithlessness by the young lady, or her mother. Their parting, nevertheless, cost the fair Henriette many tears. She probably dissembled towards others, and devoted her real love to Schiller. Unfortunately, in such affairs there can be but one genuine and unvarnished truth; but she remained true to him in her own fashion, and his portrait hung opposite her bed till her death.†

When we take a survey of the last few months passed by Schiller in Dresden, some expressions of Huber's strike us as peculiarly applicable to our poet. After reading Goethe's "Tasso," Huber wrote to Körner to the following effect: "Tasso lives again for us twofold,—in Rousseau, and also in *another*, whose image has not ceased to pursue me from the moment that Tasso resolves to go to Rome." The *other* to whom he refers is Schiller, who was all eagerness to go to Rome,—to Rome, whither laurels and a noble emulation allured him. The shady park of Belriguardo, with its Princesses, and the excellent Alphonse (Körner), did not constitute the world. Weimar was still to him the land of intellectual giants;

* When Schiller went to Weimar he took charge of some commission for Fräulein von Arnim in Erfurt.

† Fräulein von Arnim first married a Graf von Kunheim, and after his death an uncle of her first husband's, an old man, likewise a Graf von Kunheim, and lived a quarter of a mile from Friedland, in Prussia, at their property Kloschenen. Her married life was far from happy. We are told that every week she held a kind of festival, where she distributed gifts, and presided in all her glory like a princess. She held very little intercourse with the inferior orders of nobility. The property decreased much in value owing to the war, and also to their expensive and aristocratic mode of living. She died at last in Dresden in very poor circumstances, in 1847.

and he was resolved to measure himself by their standard. He learned from Charlotte that she intended to pass some months in Weimar. His "Carlos" had now appeared; and with this work in his hand, he could boldly present himself before the Duke, and before him whose scholar and friend he had proclaimed himself in the first number of the "Thalia." He formed his resolution; but he was forced to delay, till he received from Schröder the sum due for his "Carlos." The latter sent it forthwith.* One more happy and memorable evening with his friends, when he read "Carlos" to them, and on the 20th of July he was on the way to Weimar.

* For "Carlos," and likewise the translation of "Open Strife," of Huber, 21 louis d'or. Schröder's conduct, however, is vastly different from that of Herr von Dalberg.

CHAP. IV.

"DON CARLOS."

The Subject. — First Sketch, and different Forms of the Drama. — Concessions as to "Don Carlos" in Schiller's Letters. — Idea of the Work. — Its Fate on the Stage.

SCHILLER took the plot of his "Don Carlos" from the historical narrative of St. Real's "Histoire de Don Carlos, &c." It is a motley composition, but quite appropriate to a dramatist. The tale is not distinguished, either by historical fidelity, or by definite characteristics; but it abounds in striking situations. The following is an outline of its contents. Marguerite of Navarre is betrothed to Carlos during the truce between France and Spain. A fresh outbreak of war delays the marriage, and peace finally breaks it off. King Philip himself wooes his son's bride. Carlos, who already knows and loves her through her portrait, conducts himself in so singular a manner, that Philip interprets his restlessness and excitement, as indications of a thirst for power. The Princess comes to Spain. She swoons at sight of the Prince, and shows considerable confusion when she meets Philip. After the marriage is concluded, she sees Carlos without witnesses; he confesses his love, and receives the assurance of a mutual passion.

A complicated web of intrigue is now woven against the pair. The Princess Eboli, in this tale, as well as in Schiller's drama, has committed herself with the Prince. Don John of Austria, the illegitimate son of Charles V., loves the Queen, and quickly discerns a rival in Carlos. The husband of Princess Eboli had educated the Prince, and on one occa-

sion found it necessary to inflict personal chastisement on him. On this account Carlos is his enemy. Alva's design of carrying off the Queen of Navarre to Spain, is frustrated by Carlos and the Queen. These persons form a plot, and embitter even the populace against Carlos; for, when King Philip and the Inquisition caused the father confessor and the last testament of Charles V. to be burned, owing to the latter containing, according to their ideas, heretical opinions, Carlos had loudly and vehemently blamed this course. The King sends him to the University of Alcala. The Prince is accompanied thither by his youthful friends the Marquis de Posa and Graf Egmont. A fall from his horse brings him to the brink of the grave. He writes a tender letter to the Queen, and receives an equally tender reply.

When Carlos returns to Madrid, the plot begins to work. Jealousy is infused into the mind of the King. The lovers consider it prudent that Carlos should absent himself, and Destiny seems to favour this project. A deputation from the States of Flanders is at this very time in Madrid, and the Prince is invited by them, to place himself at their head. Carlos entreats his father to appoint him Stadtholder. The King consents, but delays the fulfilment of his promise, more especially as his jealousy is fanned into a flame, by the announcement of the approaching confinement of the Queen, which appears to him, from various circumstances, suspicious. The Marquis Posa now plays his part. He becomes the confidant of the lovers. At a tournament he arouses the distrust of the King, by his gallantry to the Queen, and Philip causes him to be basely murdered. To efface the painful effects of this crime from the mind of the Infant Carlos, Philip proposes to send him to Flanders; but the husband of Princess Eboli shows the King a paper in Carlos' writing, in which he ridicules the many fruitless journeys of the King his father. Philip, indignant at this circumstance, refuses to grant the post of

Stadtholder to his son, and transfers it to the Duke of Alva. Carlos now meditates flight. He enters into a treasonable correspondence with Holland; the Huguenots, and the Turks. Unfortunately Don John of Austria, incited by the Princess Eboli, gains his confidence. Suspicion is excited, and the Prince seized at night. He is finally convicted of high treason, and delivered over to the arm of the Inquisition. Being allowed to chose the manner of his death, he opens his veins in a bath. After the death of the Queen, who is poisoned, the Princess Eboli becomes the declared favourite of the King.

We may ask, "What could the poet find attractive in such a subject as this?" Precisely what Alfieri, Otway, and the anonymous author of "Carlos" and "Elizabeth" discovered—theatrical and tragic effect. Schiller's letters to Reinwald and Dalberg prove this, but none of his predecessors had any instinctive feeling of what Schiller considered the very soul of the piece.

In accordance with the casual expression he formerly made use of, that it was "his wish in representing the Inquisition to confound a class of men, whom the dagger of tragedy had hitherto only slightly grazed," he elevated in this drama the family picture of a royal house* to the rank of a tragedy with a definite purpose, and being a genuine artist, he very probably unconsciously made its tendency of a nature to inculcate recognised principles. In so far it resembles "Luise Millerin," though the latter belongs more to the social sphere, and "Carlos" to the domain of history. The stream, enriched by the authority of past events, and by genuine feeling, mingles at length with the ocean of history. It is very clear how

* No one will feel disposed to credit his repeated declarations, that "Carlos" was a mere "Family picture," &c., or anything save a pretext to pacify the timid Dalberg and to escape the Dresden censorship. He had told the truth to Reinwald.

much this higher aim must tend to exalt the subject beyond the narrow limits of a deplorable domestic tragedy. How necessary and productive these unnatural situations were for such a purpose, I hope to be able to show. One great object of the poet, was to vindicate those personages unconnected with the Inquisition. This purpose is clearly manifest from the first outline of the work, which has not hitherto been adverted to by any one.* This embryo is very remarkable. I am convinced it will not be a source of regret to any one to be made minutely acquainted with the tendency of the piece, provided indeed that he has any wish thoroughly to comprehend it. The poet in the early sketch points out strictly under the heads of A and a, and 1 2 3, the passion of the Queen to be perfectly natural from Philip's age, as well as from other circumstances. He portrays the character of the Prince as bold and passionate (Julius von Tarent), absent and melancholy (Hamlet). It was thus he imagined him, who was to incur by his candid nature the distrust of the King and the hatred of the Inquisition. The poet even includes Philip himself in the circle of humanity; and that was a home thrust for the Inquisition; for he endows him with emotions of pity and paternal love. The Marquis Posa already plays an important part in this tragedy, although not alluded to in the letters written at this period by the poet. Carlos unbosoms himself to him in one scene, the Queen in another—a plan of rebellion by the Infant is discovered. "The Marquis turns aside these suspicions on himself, and thus complicates the knot afresh." This deed affects Carlos so deeply, that he regains his heroic spirit, and he and the Queen resolve to subdue their mutual passion. The intrigue was to be thus frustrated:—Princess Eboli and Don John (in the original sketch) disagree, Alva becomes obnoxious to the King.

* Found among Reinwald's papers. Compare in the first volume, Hoffmeister's supplement.

"Emotions of paternal love and compassion seem to favour the Prince, but the uncontrolled passion of the Queen again complicates the affair, and entails the destruction of Carlos. The testimony of the dying youth, and the crimes of his accusers, clear the Prince, but too late (from the suspicion of criminality with the Queen); finally, the grief of the deceived Sovereign is described, and his revenge on the authors of all this misery."

Three important germs are to be found in this early sketch, which prove that Schiller's finished composition, however he may have altered and effaced various passages, entirely corresponds with the principal features of the first sketch of the plot. The Prince's heroic spirit was to droop, but he was to resume it after the noble self immolation of the Marquis, and at last King Philip was to appear as the one deceived. The first sketch indicated a division of interest in the plot; the second, the peculiar importance of the sacrifice, and of him that made it, in short the delineation of a great and singular character. What the third was intended to signify, we learn from Schiller himself (first number of the "Thalia," page 95): "If this tragedy melts the heart (that is, excites tragic emotion), it appears to me that it must arise from the situation and character of King Philip: on the aspect which he assumes, the whole tragedy seems to hinge."

Before entering more minutely into an analysis of the piece, let us first divest ourselves of some preconceived notions. The question whether Carlos, or Posa, should be considered the real hero of this drama, is a very idle one. This idea of one predominant hero, is a mere prejudice. Julius Cæsar, Cymbeline, Romeo and Juliet, and many other pieces, have more than one hero. Carlos is the character who originates the chief action of the drama, and round whom it revolves till his death. In so far the poet was fully justified in naming the piece after him, but both in extent of suffering, and in energy

of action, the King, Posa, and even the Queen, not only equal but surpass him. We shall see that the very nature of the task which the poet proposed to himself, necessitated this procedure.

This drama was by degrees presented to the public in various forms. Schiller published the first act, and to the half of the third, in the "Thalia." Much value has been attached to the luxuriant fulness of these scenes, but it appears to me without adequate cause. They are full to overflowing, for the measure conduced to expansion; and the text is full of Shaksperian idioms. The author was eventually obliged to cut out a great deal, but he only got rid of what was of no real value, and retained all that was essential. In the complete edition, which appeared in 1787, published at Leipzig by Göschen, and entitled, "Don Carlos, Infant of Spain," the Prince declaims certainly less about his ancestors, and with less vehement passion, but still with sufficient boldness and excitement, thoroughly to fulfil the part allotted to him. In the subsequent editions of 1801 and 1804, the poet discarded still more, but the chief gap in the piece remained unsupplied. The spectator does not at once penetrate into Posa's real character. The poet on this occasion, no more initiates us into this mystery, than into that of Fiesko. Further, the Marquis details subsequently, the motive of his resolution to sacrifice himself, whereas this ought to have been manifest previously: a good actor can however supply the deficient lucidity, and Schiller assisted the performer afterwards by a monologue. * It is as follows:—

> "It shall be so;—on Posa shall descend
> The thunderbolt of Philip's vengeful wrath;
> I will assume the mantle of my friend,
> Entice the monarch on the adverse path,
> Baffle pursuit, and foil the men of Gath. —
> But how to do it? — Weakling! — is it How? —

* The original is in possession of the court theatre actor Häser in Oldenburg, its genuineness is undoubted.

Is it so hard to rouse a tyrant's fears? —
'Tis but the Good that tyrants disallow; —
The Evil like a welcome guest appears
Pouring his venom into willing ears; —
Now piercing iron bolt and bar, — and now
Mocking the faith of sacramental vow. —
And yet; — though ye have banished truth away, —
Ye tyrants and your fears, I welcome ye! —
Your own vile tools you'll lend me for a day
To burst your own vile bonds, and set my brother free."

Concessional forms of the drama ought also not to be overlooked. Schiller's outward circumstances, and his eager desire to remain in close connection with the public, compelled the poet to submit to these alterations. The curtailment for the stage, which he undertook for Dalberg and Schröder, was in no degree a betrayal of his genius; reducing his iambics into prose, was infinitely more reprehensible; but his letters on "Don Carlos" were the most culpable of all (in the "German Mercury 1788"). They are a concession to shallow criticism, and to the subjective sympathies of the period. To silence finally the declamations of the critics on this point, the poet admits, that during the composition of the work, his views had changed, and that he had transferred to Posa his interest in the Prince. This latter admission he in some degree retracted in his tenth letter. For in it, after the most correct and profound analysis of his work, he concludes by the assurance, that in the drama he had set forth his ideal conception of a state, and in "Don Carlos" intended to represent a princely character, capable of realising it. The Prince then did actually captivate his chief interest? How entirely by such an avowal, he expressed a favourite sentiment of the day, is best proved by Humboldt's youthful composition, "an attempt to define the true limits of the operation of the state."

The Coadjutor*, like Humboldt, though in another fashion,

* Brother of the Mannheim Dalberg; Prince Primate of Mayence, Grand Duke of Frankfort, and Archbishop of Ratisbon.

had his idea of a state all ready in his brain, and only waited for the decease of the Elector of Mayence, to furnish a Model Prince, who, though not laying claim to half the genius of Frederick the Great, was to be twice as liberal, beneficent, and humane as Joseph II.* Forster and Sömmering built their hopes on him;—so did Körner, Humboldt, and Zacharias Becker; and Schiller also, who had probably been informed of Dalberg's lofty views by Karoline von Wolzogen, regarded him as a future prince and benefactor. Among the dashes and blanks in Schiller's letters, where he points to an ideal prince of — or of — as the Don Carlos, and creator of a future paradise in Germany, Dalberg ventured boldly to appropriate one of these allusions. Unluckily, Dalberg's character proved eventually a mere blank! When Karoline von Wolzogen asserts, that what Schiller described Posa to be, the Coadjutor might have been, she intended a eulogy quite suitable to the taste of Dalberg, who, according to her conceptions, was to be a future Posa on the throne—a realisation of all that was great and good; but in this praise, there lies in fact grave censure.

I have pointed out by what threads this drama was connected with the ideas of the period. Schiller says that if the Genius of Tragedy be supposed indignant at the transgression of these set limits, perhaps the learned critic who makes this discovery would prefer seeing aphorisms culled from Montesquieu, transferred into a tragedy. But those who understand the proper bounds of tragedy, will quickly perceive that they are not in reality infringed. The poet, by one single expression, has furnished a key to the character of Posa, and to the whole of his artistic fabric, and this word (in the eleventh letter) is as follows: "Nothing tends to good which is not *natural*." This phrase contains the principal tendency of modern times, and also the criticism it calls forth.

* Hagen. W. von Humboldt.

The *natural* was the life-pulse of all the efforts by which men strove to reconquer their rights, their freedom in government, in knowledge, in faith, in art, and in life; but what is natural grows and progresses; it is not constructed by artificial means, and yet in recent times it appeared at first artificial; for at the commencement, the only bridge that leads from intellect to nature is mental resolution. This is the great and vital anomaly of modern times. We must reconstruct the natural, and yet we know that its first law is free development.

No ruling power has more ruthlessly violated this law, in its principles, than the Catholic Church. The separation of intellect from nature, which that church inculcated, was the infallible result of their policy. The intellect at length rebelled against the state of brutish degradation to which it had been reduced by the tyranny of Rome, and struggled once more to resume its dignity. Henceforth it was to become the first, the master; but it was to remain the essence of love; and by a purifying process, hitherto so little recognised, to reconcile intellect with nature.

This important mission was entrusted to mortal hands. No man is so disposed to pride as the man of genius, for he cannot but feel that it is the highest and the most precious gift on earth. Gentle means do not suffice to redeem a degraded and immoral race. What wonder, then, that the Church had soon recourse, not only to force, but to the most overwhelming force? The wickedness of human nature was one cause of the Church attaining consideration, and becoming all important. From the cradle to the grave, she was always ready with holy water and extreme unction; and beyond the grave, with fire, to purify sinful human nature. Intellect became ecclesiastical, and not only an enemy to nature, but non-natural in itself. Worldly monarchy, however crude, was justified in placing itself in antagonism to the Church;

but this produced no lasting result, because there was no open and avowed separation; when at length the Heathenism of the ancient Saxons, which had never been wholly eradicated, was again resuscitated in Luther's peasant form — when nature rebelled, and a monk married, — then the wrath and insanity of the priests attained their culminating point in — the Inquisition.

But the intellect had long since emancipated itself from its narrow receptacle, and was busily studying the old classic heathen doctrines, imbibing nature from her source, and this draught restored it to life, once more robust and free, meditating on existence and non-existence—"to be or not to be"— on its own essence, and on nature; recognising at last this once neglected mother; studying nature, instead of condemning it; radiant with enthusiasm for nature and natural beings; loving the oppressed, and hating detestable spiritual hypocrites and counterfeits, and in the strife to extirpate them, driving away the Jesuits; wishing to let loose enslaved passions, in order to emancipate mankind, and to make virtuous citizens after the most approved model — and a Joseph the Second ruled with such vehement humanity, that the same Flemish people who rebelled against the Inquisition, rose up against their more enlightened prince! The French Revolution established the rights of man by violence, and again destroyed them by the Reign of Terror. Frederick the Great's benefits only in so far penetrated the nation, that the people cherished them in their hearts, and fought against Romanism and Barbarism (identical terms) in the seven years' war. Freemasons and Illuminati sought to implant humanity artistically and secretly. Art alone, though soon controlled and regulated by the initiative of the mind, displayed the reconciliation of nature and intellect in one form, even when manifesting the antagonism between these powers.

Not one of all the dramas in the annals of literature details

this strife with such striking effect, and exhibits the peculiar theme of modern history, more forcibly and impressively, than "Don Carlos."

Schiller in the Inquisition seized the nest with its young — and in the drama this must be the most effectual grasp. Philip is a fanatical pupil and tool of the Inquisition; as such, his task is to sacrifice the ties of nature, of kindred, and of the world; but he is resolved to remain a monarch. This, however, is a contradiction, an infringement of the stern unity in which all power consists; thus he is himself at strife with the inflexible and monstrous tyranny of the Inquisition.* The poet leads us into that sphere, which above all others has nature for its basis — the domestic sphere. Philip had trampled under foot the natural inclinations of his son, by himself marrying that son's betrothed bride. The monarch thus rends asunder the closest family ties, and loses the love of his son; but the natural inclinations, violated by Philip's marriage, are avenged by the relation between son and step-mother. What is under all circumstances unnatural, becomes in this case almost justifiable. Many vindicatory elements combine to soften this outrage on right and nature. A race of people whose natural liberties are attacked by the Inquisition, revolts against its ruler. These are the future subjects of the Infant Carlos, whom he incites to civil war, and it is his father, and his fatherland, against whom he conspires; but the monstrous wickedness of the Inquisition renders this unnatural step on his side less culpable. False cosmopolitism is invariably the fruit of bad government.

From without, and as we see, not less from within, Philip

* This is the interpretation of the following passage in Schiller's history of the Revolt of the Netherlands: "He was a Monarch and a Christian; he shone in neither character, because he wished to combine the two." Compare Joach. Meyer, Sendschreib, p. 23.

has cause to dread the influences of nature: he has one vulnerable spot,—he is resolved to be the sole possessor of her of whom he has robbed another. The Church, whose eager desire it is to ruin Don Carlos, and his adherents, penetrates into this necessity of Philip's heart. The intrigues and insinuations of Domingo heighten the torments of the King, inciting him more surely to destroy the cause of these torments. The Church holds him fast by his vices, as it cannot succeed in doing so by his sorrows; for, singularly enough, Philip when in sorrow becomes less enslaved, for he feels that natural impulse of the sorrowing, a longing for sympathy. For the first time he offers up a natural prayer to his Creator. He again becomes a mortal.

The reader may follow up for himself the further development of this idea: I believe that the same test may be applied to every phase of the drama. It is one of the most astonishing productions that ever proceeded from the soul of a poet. One word more about Posa, this much discussed creation. With regard to its historical probability, the public* had evidently far more just conceptions than the critics of the day; but we now frequently read (and quite recently in Kuno Fischer), that Posa was intended by the poet to be a model of purity and morality, and that it was not until Schiller's "Letters on Don Carlos," that he ascribed to him an æsthetic tendency. I possess the most undoubted information on this point.

Schiller was one day wandering with his "Don Carlos" through the woods of Bauerbach,—an inward fire quickened his steps. Wroth at the "Dragons, the spiritual despots who oppress us," glowed within his breast; his feelings at last burst forth into one of those words which express an entire dedication of soul,—"Truth!" This was his cry, while con-

* Central organ for German Theatres. No. 5, page 71.

vulsively clenching his hand. Suddenly he was dazzled by a bright light, and a voice exclaimed, "What wouldest thou?" The poet, in nowise dismayed by this apparition, replied, "Thou comest at the right moment; thou knowest my purpose. Say, how can I revenge myself on this hateful brood?"

The voice answered, "By being true and upright,—by listening impartially to both sides. If thou wishest mankind to overthrow one Institution, thou must show them how to replace it by a better. The Inquisition will say, 'If our principles be thought contrary to nature, let us see how the principles denominated by thee, the True and the Natural, are verified in practice. If we have no pity, we are at least powerful and consistent; and this is absolutely essential, for the men with whom we have to deal, are degraded to the level of brutes.' Thus will the sect speak, whom thou art desirous to brand. Thine only resource is then to bring forward thine own principles on the arena. 'Carlos' and the 'Queen' are no pure representatives of these; for passion gives rise to selfishness. Oppression drove the Flemish people to rebellion. Thou must select an independent man; one who requires nothing for himself, but everything for the principles, which, according to thy convictions, are the only true ones. These are,—freedom of the natural man, and the reconciliation of intellect with nature. He must also be a man who does not implant these dogmas, either by force or by subtlety (for that would be contrary to the nature of true religion and of the principle itself), but solely by his teaching, his example, his sufferings, and his death."

"Such a man would be a divinity on earth," said the poet hastily.

"And," said the voice, "could a better mirror be held up to false Christianity than that of true Christianity?"

"An apostle of Truth, at Philip's Court! Impossible! No

sooner would he appear there, than the Church would burn him as an heretic. The drama would end almost before it had begun. I see plainly that thou art not well versed in the stage!"

"It may be so," answered Truth, for it was that goddess herself, who had been addressing our poet.

"I have a proposal to make," began Schiller after a pause. "My apostle shall be imbued with the most ardent love of truth, the utmost forbearance towards every natural feeling; he shall not condemn the guilty. He shall know the heart of man, and yet shall love him; he shall hate despotism, and yet feel compassion for despots. He shall utter his powerful and noble words whenever he has an opportunity of doing so; he shall have beloved friends and followers. But thou sayest Humanity too must show what it can achieve? My apostle therefore (otherwise it would not be fair towards his adversaries), must be a mere man, and not inspired. He cannot adhere strictly to truth, if his ulterior object be the advancement of truth, for if he had recourse to straightforward means, he could not proceed a single step at the Court of Philip the Second. The unnatural divisions between father and son compel him to dissemble with both, while wishing to be true to both; but his want of veracity towards Carlos is attended by the most dire results. Carlos renounces himself, when he finds that such a friend has renounced him. Carlos—and how natural is this in a Prince so situated!—confides his most dangerous secrets to Eboli. Posa is a witness of this scene; he discovers at a glance all its possible results; and entangled in a truly inextricable net, convinced of the extent of his crime against Carlos, by its effects on the mind of the Prince, he has only one resource,—that of renovating the ties of kindred and of nature,—the last and most effectual means of serving his principles. To convince his friend of his fidelity, and of the power of his doctrines, he misleads the King, by

turning on himself the monarch's suspicions and his revenge, —he seeks death!"

"That is all very fine," said Truth; "so he deceives the King? Certainly Posa could not consent to share the King's heart with an Eboli. In truth Posa is ready to sacrifice himself, and dies like a brave man; but in action he is of little value. His faults are so blended with his virtues, that he is in reality a very natural man. His doctrines of wishing to make mankind free, and yet to spare man, seem to have but unprofitable results in the tumult of life; at last, too, they cause him to involve Carlos himself in ruin and in death!"

The poet reflected for a few moments and then said, "In so far they do, that he is strengthened in his plans of high treason, and encourages the passion of the Queen, which leads to their nocturnal interview."

"And has Posa's death the desired effect on the Prince?" inquired Truth.

"Carlos subdues his passion, and becomes a pure medium for a free state, the enlightened representative of natural rights. He resolves to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And thus becomes a rebel against his own father, a traitor to his country? assuredly he well deserved death. However unselfish his aims might in reality be, yet he violates the everlasting law of nature. Such a leader could only desecrate the pure cause of the Provinces. Now I should be glad to know what becomes of Philip? He, at least, has an undoubted right to oppose these conspirators?"

"Philip becomes a thorough and unmitigated despot. The duplicity of the Marquis, the imprecations of his son, drive him into the arms of the Inquisition. He vows vengeance against mankind."

"Thus a despot is the sole fruit of all Posa's efforts? This fact is no less startling than true. The Netherlands are now ruled by a consistent despot. This, then, is the first step towards freedom? I see that my sister History must com-

plete what a solitary individual never could have accomplished, and this is the natural path of Intellect. It will indeed neither produce a moral example for our imitation either in Posa or Carlos, nor even thoroughly expose the Inquisition, for its strength and consistency are sublimely exhibited even in devolving on it a great share of guilt, but in this manner thou wilt undoubtedly create a genuine tragedy. The great historical influences of the time are vividly depicted, and not only in the family of Philip, but in the family of mankind, they will ever afresh and unweariedly excite our horror and compassion, until human institutions become the expression of Nature and Intellect reconciled. Our Germany will ever continue to love and admire thy Posa, for in him are portrayed her noblest qualities; and our country must ever feel genuine and legitimate sympathy for all the characters in thy drama, so long as it esteems the Ideal. And when by immeasurable sufferings our fatherland shall have atoned for its forbearance towards natural feelings and relations, for its enthusiastic love of the principles of humanity and freedom, for its artificial refinement, and its renunciation of the genuine spirit of patriotism, then, and not till then, will it be found to acknowledge that a lofty equity breathes in every scene of the picture thou hast drawn, and that in it thou hast ably blended the faults and the virtues of thy native land. But not till hundreds and hundreds of years have elapsed, shall thy marvellous talent receive its just meed of applause."

Thus spake Truth, and vanished. The poet probably forgot this dialogue when he wrote his letters. Poets are apt to be oblivious of their guests, they commune with so many.

Schiller's contemporaries formed various judgments with regard to "Don Carlos." F. H. Jacobi compares the piece to a cold palace, in which the over-heated stoves produce foul air. The "Letters on 'Don Carlos,'" first succeeded in clearing his fancy from these vapours. Zelter pronounced an equally

harsh verdict on this work, as on many others that he did not understand. W. von Humboldt was a passionate admirer of "Don Carlos." It made an immediate and enduring impression on the public itself. Göschen, in spite of four pirated editions, published in 1799, 1801, 1802, and 1804 new editions.

This drama was translated twice into English in 1798, and subsequently into almost every modern language. The most recent French translation, by Amédée de la Rousselière, Liège, 1854, arrived at a second edition in 1858.

"Don Carlos" first appeared on the stage in iambics on the 30th of August, 1787, in Hamburg. The performance, carefully rehearsed by Schröder, created a great sensation. He was a faithful representative of Philip, inspiring faith as a king as well as a man, and without such an actor the work ought not to be brought on the stage. The public loudly demanded a repetition of the piece on the following day. Reineke followed in Leipzig with a performance of "Don Carlos" in prose. In this version the Infant stabs himself, and, in accordance with the original sketch of the plot at Bauerbach, dies in proclaiming the innocence of his mother. Philip sinks down, overwhelmed with anguish, on the corpse. Schiller was truly Schiller in his iambic "Carlos" alone, for the testimony to the innocence of the Queen which the Prince gives, is only in accordance with the strict obligation of a true cavalier, and was far from being sufficient to pacify the suspicions of a Philip. The nocturnal rendezvous at the Spanish court, even without criminality, was in itself a sufficient crime. The performance was not attended with much success. That at Berlin made more impression, especially it was said, on Friedrich Wilhelm II., who was still, in the first paroxysms of his wish to contribute to the happiness of his people, regulating by edicts the most natural feeling implanted in the heart of man — the fear of God. Schiller, on the 11th of December,

wrote to his friends at Rudolstadt that he was in daily expectation of being summoned to Berlin to assume Hertzberg's place, and to rule the Prussian state! The representation at Mannheim (on the 9th of April, 1788) made little effect, in spite of Dalberg again rectifying the text. Beck made an admirable Posa; Iffland, in the character of Philip, exerted his talents to the uttermost. In Prague and in Dresden, the Bondini company gave the piece in prose. Reineke, however, was dead, and the acting was of a nature rather peculiar. Brückl, who acted the King in Dresden, and was famed for his representation of tyrants, thought fit to transfer Schiller's prose into his own German. To each sentence he added a peremptory "Mark this!" and in the passage where jealousy inspires the King with these stern words, "Instantly, Madam, and without subterfuge!" Brückl softened this harshness into the following sublime phrase: "No bother, Madam; no nonsense!"[1]

BOOK VII

SAFE IN HAVEN.

JULY 1787 TO FEBRUARY 1790.

CHAPTER I.

WEIMAR.

Goethe, Karl August. — Position of Art in Weimar. — Past and Present. — Schiller arrives in Weimar. — His Connexion with Charlotte von Kalb. — Society of the Court and of the City. — Wieland. — Anna Amalie. — Schiller in Tieffurt, acute Judgment. — Goethe's dangerous Rivalry. — Want of Success of "Don Carlos." — Estrangement from Wieland, Intimacy with Herder. — Voigt, Kraus, Schmidt and other Celebrities of Weimar. — Schiller much depressed. — His Cheerfulness returns. — Journey to Jena. — Cheering Forms and Impressions.

The project of Marquis Posa, to seek in a Prince the tool of his plans of enlightenment, was thoroughly German. It was the same idea which had dwelt in Goethe's mind on first arriving at Weimar. Let us transport ourselves back to the year 1775. The patriotic "Phantasies of Moser" had just appeared. This admirable man, while others, driven to desperation by the "Holy Roman Church," had sunk into indolence and inaction, boldly pointed out the way of escape. All his hopes were concentrated on the best aspect of the bad. He defended the mass of petty states, as highly favourable to the diffusion of culture through the veins of the body of the people. This book formed a bridge between the aspirations of the Sturm und Drang school and existing realities in Germany.

Goethe had read it, and was absorbed by it at the very time when Karl August, animated by the noblest purposes, and in all the vigour of youth, arrived in Frankfort. The Duke wished to become acquainted with the poet. When Goethe appeared, Moser's book was by chance lying uncut on the table — the conversation turned on that work — no one was

acquainted with it except Goethe, and it devolved on the most eloquent of all lips to become the exponent of these patriotic "Phantasies." The young Prince sought a poet and found a minister. Goethe had purposed to go to Italy to finish his studies there. He went to Weimar to work indefatigably. He rose in the horizon like a star. The ardent hopes of all the better class of courts reposed on this man. Here was a heaven-born genius, with dew fresh from Paradise on his head; young, handsome, unaffected, and accomplished — skating with grace, dancing with equal perfection, he might almost be said to glide naturally into his new position; wild and impetuous, a sportsman with hunting princes, commercial with merchants, refined and respectful towards the grave and reserved dignity of the young Duchess Luise — yet, in deference to the more frivolous tastes of the Duchess Anna Amalie, curbing the fiery Pegasus of Götz, and forcing him to reduce his pace to the music of an operetta. He lifted Wieland lightly and adroitly out of the saddle, pressing his hand kindly, till his vanquished enemy was entirely fascinated. He swayed all men by his brilliant raillery, and this he could venture to do because he never spared himself. Then were seen comedies in the open air — torch-light parties and gay feasts enlivened the banks of the quiet Ilm — brilliant cavaliers gaily escorted Thespian cars, containing princes, over hill and valley, to the lovely Ettersburg and to the rival Tieffurt. It was a life like that in the days of King Arthur. The low murmurings of his nobility were soon suppressed by the Duke. The country offered no opinion — the burgher poet was ennobled, elevated to office, to dignities, and became the bosom friend of the Prince. The reaction could not fail to arrive. The disciple of Moser sought by superhumn efforts, amid the tumult of festivities, to prosecute his important designs. He brought Herder to Weimar, and wished to induce Stolberg to settle there; and while thus, according to

his ideas, contributing to the prosperity of this small land, he purposed forming here a seminary, for the cultivation of intellect in Germany. Though the fatiguing treadmill of petty culture, and the effort to effect improvements with the most restricted means, caused him almost to despair, yet he had a brighter world in which he could take refuge — that of Iphigénie, Egmont, and Tasso. The Duke had no such world. Though he assiduously laboured in the good cause, and exhibited extraordinary interest in natural philosophy, yet his more solid energies were only to be exhausted by action and toil. Restrained at home by the formal demeanour and even the tender anxieties of his Duchess, too lofty in mind for the pursuits of agriculture, imbued with just and enlarged views of North German politics, looking into the future with the keen glance of a lover of the chase, he entered with ardour into that sphere, where laurels, as well as duties, awaited German Princes. He raised recruits for the princely alliance, and manœuvred soldiers.

..This bore a very prosaic and uncivilised aspect, and was by no means what Goethe had anticipated—he became dejected. "The presumptuous idea I once entertained," he writes, "that the precious seeds which are ripening in the existence of my friends and my own, might be implanted in this soil, and celestial gems set in the crown of this Prince, has entirely vanished, and I find my youthful peace of mind restored." He separated his ideal from his avocations, imparting to the latter a steady mechanism, and with the fixed purpose of maturing his own intellect, and, possibly, with a still more definite object, he went in 1786 to Italy. In 1787 Karl August entered into the Russian Military Service.

Into that Weimar, which no longer contained either Goethe or Karl August, Schiller entered on the 21st of July—a silent, deserted Weimar! All the gay revels had vanished—the fantastic masks mouldered away—the bright torches extinguished.

And Schiller came there quietly, without any precise design, expected by no one, except by Charlotte. Hers was the only heart that beat with joy at his approach, she alone knew that he was to arrive at the "Crown Prince" on the 21st of July. She had passed a gloomy, solitary winter in a secluded country house—her old father-in-law, the only person with whom she had any intercourse, was generally confined to bed by illness. The education of her son Friedrich, the eager perusal of historical works, Herder's writings, and letters from Dresden, formed her only consolation. Her eyesight continued very much affected—one morning she discovered with dismay that she was in danger of losing it altogether. Her father-in-law urged her to have immediate recourse to medical aid. She went first to Gotha, then, towards summer, to Weimar, where Hufeland, by very strong remedies, at least preserved the remains of her feeble sight. And all this misery she endured with patience, for she expected her friend. Her whole soul was entirely absorbed in this thought. The state of feverish excitement in which she lived, attained its climax when Schiller actually arrived. His first evening was devoted to her. Even in the hour of their meeting, the threads of their interrupted intimacy were renewed. The next day, also, she would not allow her friend to leave her side. Schiller writes to Korner, "Charlotte has a lofty, singular, and noble soul—a deeply interesting study to me. Such a mind as hers might well create interest in an intellect far superior to mine—at every step of our intercourse I discover new qualities in her, which surprise and enchant me, like the beautiful spots in an extensive landscape." She could serve as the best possible guide to introduce him into the society of Weimar, and he required such assistance, as he was apt to feel shy and nervous in the company of strangers. Charlotte had been received by Herder with warm friendship, and by Wieland with profound esteem, and was always a welcome and favoured guest in the circles

of the Duchesses Amalie and Luise. Frau von Stein, with whom she had already been staying at Kochberg, hailed her arrival with delight, and showed her some of Goethe's letters. Here was a married woman, the mother of seven children, who stood in an equally passionate relation to Goethe, as Charlotte to Schiller, and yet the world pronounced their connexion to be perfectly pure and blameless; a sufficient precedent for Charlotte and Schiller to make no mystery of their friendship: She inspired him with that self-confidence so indispensable to ensure success in society, and assured him that with manners so pleasing as his he was qualified to shine in society.

Before accompanying Schiller to his new acquaintances, it is necessary that we should thoroughly realise his peculiar position. Those biographers who fabricate their web by eagerly retailing individual and casual expressions, may contrive, with the aid of his letters to Körner, to represent Schiller as an actual monster of envy, meanness, and vindictiveness; for no correspondence was ever couched in terms of more perfect and unreserved confidence, or contains more entirely the secret impulses of a passionate heart. I can discover nothing from these letters but that Schiller was the son of oppression and—mortal; and he whose most private thoughts under such circumstances have never been more reprehensible than those of Schiller, has every reason to rejoice. He arrived in Weimar an entire stranger. He came there merely with the intention of ascertaining from his own observation the state of society there, but with no design to make a lengthened stay. He was anxious to discover whether a professorship of history in Jena would be worth trying for hereafter. It was his wish then to make a journey to Hamburg; above all, it was arranged with Charlotte that he was to return with her to Dresden in autumn. They only awaited the arrival of her husband, and his probably final decision to be henceforth legally separated from his wife

These plans might indeed have been modified by the presence of the Duke. "Don Carlos" was now completed. The favour of the Prince, if the drama pleased him, might elevate Schiller to almost any position. The poet entertained the most modest opinion of his former works, but in this one, he was conscious of having fulfilled the demands of strict rules. Körner's approbation, and Schröder's favourable verdict, had confirmed his own conviction of success. In the character of the Marquis Posa, though portraying him as an enthusiast, he had poured forth his ideal. It was to him a vital question whether he were rightly understood on this point; the plummet also by which he could sound the depth and earnestness of each critic. Schiller, as we know, arrived at a most unpropitious moment. His good fortune in the presence of the Duke had literally passed him by. Karl August had been at the post-house at Naumburg one hour before him, and one hour before Schiller's arrival, at Potsdam. The Duke had pursued his journey. The reigning Duchess, an ardent admirer of Klopstock, grave, reserved, and, as Schiller well knew, prepossessed in favour of his writings, was also absent from Weimar. When at length she returned, Schiller had lost all courage, and expected little future distinction from Court favour. A comedy had been acted, which exercised too important an influence on Schiller's life not to be minutely detailed.

Schiller first announced himself at the court of the poet. My readers know his connexion with Wieland. The Bard of Oberon had now attained the age of fifty-four. His character (as well as his writings) was quite in accordance with the hundreds of fine, almost imperceptible, lines traced in his face, denoting anything rather than simple grandeur of mind. Abandoning the moral compositions of his youth, he had latterly written licentious tales in verse, snatching honey from every flower. He stole an English tragedy in so cool and deliberate a manner, that Lessing was obliged to reprove him sharply; and

he translated Shakspeare so admirably in particular passages, that A. W. Schlegel employed his version unchanged of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He adopted the Grecian style in his romances, transferred Horace into German, and was about to do the same with Lucian.

When the Sturm und Drang school imagined they had far outstripped him, he contrived by his "Oberon" to pluck genuine laurels, probably beyond the reach of anyone else. The accusers of his morals were put to silence by his virtuous daughters. The mature poet possessed few of Schiller's attributes, but he had many qualities in which the younger poet was deficient. Schiller was eager to appropriate the most trivial artistic conceptions connected with form: he therefore approached acknowledged merit, like that of Wieland, with the warmest enthusiasm, considering him as one on whose love and good opinion, as he says in his note of introduction, the brightest joys of his future life depended. Wieland received him with much kindness, exchanging sympathies and antipathies; and though Schiller was struck by Wieland's undignified exterior, and rather wearied by his conversation, still he looked forward to constant intercourse with him as a great privilege. He asked himself, what will Wieland say to "Don Carlos?" for Schiller was not at that time aware that Wieland had already been desired by the Duke to give him his opinion in writing, of the first scenes of that drama as they appeared in the "Thalia," and that his report had proved anything but flattering. Schiller sent him a copy, and Wieland promised, indeed himself offered, to enter minutely with him into every scene of "Don Carlos."

Schiller's second visit was made to Herder. We shall speak of him at a later period.

The mother of Karl August, the Dowager Duchess Amalie, was closely connected with Wieland. Married at a very early age, she had two sons in the first two years of her marriage, and was left a widow at the age of twenty. She

accused herself of too great susceptibility of heart, and thus disarmed this charge. She knew her weak side, and armed herself against it by calling to her aid powers, which profited her country in the shape of an admirable government on her part. She was fond of dancing, and devoted to good music. Unlike the class of studies usual for ladies, she constantly read Aristophanes, and even acquired some knowledge of Greek from Wieland. She corresponded with artists and men of science, without herself exhibiting any airs of learning. She hated all form —Wieland could fall asleep with impunity on a sofa at one of her receptions. One of the greatest recommendations to her favour was to be musical, and to have a talent for acting comedy. Wieland was naturally devoted to her, and always discovering fresh pretexts to lay his homage at her feet. She was now living in her small country house at Tieffurt, with her lady in waiting, Fräulein von Göchhausen, "in every quality resembling Æsop." The "Oberhof Meister" Hildebrand von Einsiedel, agreeable, naturally distrait, a poet, an actor, and extremely musical, reconciled Caroline von Wolzogen to the absolute necessity for the existence of courtiers in this world.

After a few days Schiller thought it advisable to request a presentation to the Duchess, but he was anticipated. On the fourth day after his arrival, Herr von Einsiedel sent to say how much he regretted that he had not been at home when Schiller called, but that he intended to return his visit immediately. Schiller had not waited on him, so this mode of forcing him to pay a visit surprised him not a little; but he took the hint at once. He went to Einsiedel, and found in him the cordial, kind person so much liked by every one. Einsiedel announced him to the Duchess Amalie, and as early as the 27th of July, Schiller received an invitation to come to Tieffurt. Wieland was to present him.

Schiller knew that Anna Amalie was no great admirer of his early dramas; and he was naturally eager to discover, if

possible, the cause, or the defect in her mind which gave rise to this antipathy. The Duchess was very condescending; the conversation what it usually is on such occasions. The Princess was so gracious as to show him herself all that was worth seeing in the little park. Fräulein von Göchausen presented him with a rose. Wieland assured him, on their way home, that he had made a conquest of the Duchess; but what was Schiller's report on the subject to Körner? — "We had tea, and talked much vapid nonsense."

The physiognomy of the little Duchess did not please him; neither her genuine Brunswick nose, nor her clever countenance. "Her intellect is very limited, nothing seems to interest her unconnected with the things of sense. This inspires her with the taste for music and painting which she has, or pretends to have. She is herself a composer, and has set to music Goethe's 'Erwin and Elmire.'" Whether Schiller really pleased the Duchess we do not know, but at all events he was formally invited for the next evening, and Charlotte likewise. Wieland, indeed, informed him that this was out of delicate consideration for his connection with her. But they had given him a dangerous companion. The company consisted of Wieland, and of Graf Solms, a Prussian officer; the artist Schlick, and his wife, belonging to Prince August von Gotha's band of musicians, played duetts on the violin and violoncello. The music was first-rate; the supper attended with no formality. The Duchess conversed with Schiller, but the heedless poet, knowing nothing of the restraints of etiquette, and accustomed to seek Charlotte's eyes when speaking from the depths of his heart, in replying to some questions which the Duchess addressed to him, referred to Charlotte, who considered it proper to draw him aside, as soon as she had an opportunity, to explain to him the violation of propriety of which he had been guilty. Rather discomposed by this, he wrote to Körner, "Probably I have displeased the

Duchess by this behaviour." This possibility, however, did not seem to affect him very deeply. When he went home a supper-party was arranged, with Einsiedel, Solms, Schiller, and a guest just arrived from Gotha. This guest, a new person in our drama, was Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter. My readers may perhaps remember that Gotter's farce, "The Black Man," had been supposed in Mannheim formerly to allude to Schiller. Our poet himself suspected that Gotter detested him, and on this occasion he was destined to prove in reality a "black fate" to Schiller.

Gotter, both as an author and a man, was the exact reverse of Schiller. Opulent, early appointed to office in the diplomatic career, elegant, like his models the French in verse and in manner, flattering and flattered, delicate in constitution, opposed to freedom of opinion, rather frivolous, and somewhat elegiac, he was exactly the class of man for the operetta. Moreover, he had become director of the theatre for his own amusement, and without an atom of Lessing's sterling genius, he imitated Lessing's natural, modest demeanour. He possessed many social talents, composed the most witty impromptus, played comedy admirably, and declaimed Alexandrines in the style of Ekhof.

This was the man who came to Weimar at the same time as Schiller. By the Duchess Amalie and Wieland, who understood nothing whatever of dramatic art, he was considered on these points quite an oracle. Schiller unfortunately, at this very time, quitted the arena by going to Erfurt, and passing some days there.

One evening, shortly afterwards, Gotter was with the Duchess; he had brought "Don Carlos" with him; Wieland was also present, and it was proposed that the piece should be read aloud. The result was that Wieland, who a short time previously had introduced the poet into the club, in the kindest manner, and had moreover initiated him into the

mysteries of his own life and authorship, suddenly withdrew from the society of his young friend. On Schiller's return he was informed of the reading of his drama. All his endeavours to induce Wieland to meet him, or at least to declare his opinion, were vain. Thus it appeared that the work had given such offence, that Wieland now carefully avoided all conversation on the very subject which he had himself proposed to discuss. It was evident to Schiller that his rival Gotter had purposely contrived this scheme, and depreciated the piece by his criticisms. The Duchess had not once invited Schiller since the second evening; a conversation with Gotter convinced him that his poetry was entirely misunderstood. Gotter particularly mentioned that the second half had made no impression, or rather a repulsive one. Certainly all idea of any further connection with this circle was entirely at an end; Schiller's good opinion too of Wieland began to waver. The latter soon afterwards set off to Eisenach, without vouchsafing a word to the poet of "Don Carlos." Besides this, he heard everywhere the most idolatrous praises of Goethe, whose partisans echoed every word that their master uttered. Schiller was in the most dejected mood, and even began to think of leaving Weimar altogether.

Fate willed that he should be again brought into the presence of the Duchess, by an adherent too of this very sect of Goethe. He had been recommended to make a visit to an influential friend of Karl August's and of Goethe's, Major von Knebel. This gentleman was distinguished by integrity and good feeling, though not endowed with much talent, and had been formerly appointed tutor to Prince Konstantin, by the Duchess Amalie, and was now in the enjoyment of a pension as "Court Philosopher." He was rather coxcombical in the society of ladies, but a pleasant and jovial companion among men, and very acceptable in cóteries, from his talent for reading aloud. His nature was, however, utterly uncon-

genial to such an intellect as Schiller's. Knebel, as well as Goethe, was devoted to physical science, and prone to indulge in vague and indefinite speculations. "There is such an amount of weariness, languor, and miserable hypochondriacism in this style of reasoning," thus writes Schiller to Körner, "that it is almost enough to tempt any one to become a partisan on the opposite side." In spite of the aversion with which Knebel inspired him, when the latter had some affairs to transact in Tieffurt, Schiller allowed himself to be persuaded to accompany him.

Schiller is received with much graciousness by the Duchess. He only considers this "Court manners." His journey to Erfurt is alluded to; for the purpose, he believes, of making him understand why he had not been previously invited. He drinks coffee, and enjoys "capital cherry tart without stones;" but not a word about "Don Carlos." The Duchess is exceedingly kind, and announces to him, that on Saturday, in a small select circle, he shall have the advantage of hearing a charming little opera: — Schiller and a little opera! Saturday arrives, — Charlotte von Kalb receives an invitation, with the tempting addition that she is permitted to chose her own escort. There could be no doubt that Schiller was here designated; but not being formally invited, what was to be done? Charlotte was to decide, and by her advice he remained at home. "As I am considered only an appendage to Charlotte," was Schiller's candid confession to Körner, "we both acted as if we did not understand what was meant: I am fairly tired of it all, and it is a relief to give you a hint of this. On Tuesday the Duchess Luise comes."

If anything more were intended on this occasion on the part of the Duchess, than a mere delay, or more probably a playful allusion to the indiscreet attentions bestowed by him on another lady in her presence, at all events, Anna Amalie atoned for the slight, by inviting the two friends a short time after-

wards in due form, and endeavouring, in the most condescending manner, to retain the poet in her circle*: but all her efforts were fruitless. Schiller was too sensitive, and had suffered too much misery, properly and fairly to appreciate the true character or intentions of others. He knew that here his finest conceptions were not comprehended — all he demanded was justice, not favour — and, like Goethe on a similar occasion, he was too proud to strive to obtain a more auspicious judgment by personal amiability. His toleration for etiquette, wasted time, and superficial forms, was exhausted.

The fact, too, of being obliged, owing to his position of Rath, to pay visits, was an utter abomination to him. He felt a mortal antipathy to the whole society of Weimar, and one single expedition along with a large party of the nobility, finally confirmed this dislike. The only person who attracted him was Frau von Stein: but Frau von Stein was going away.

At length Duchess Luise arrived, on whom Schiller had grounded so many high-flown expectations. This noble lady, who was in many respects the reverse of her mother-in-law, had been depicted to him by Charlotte as a person whose nature was sympathetic to his own, and who, though possessing plenty of spirit and animation, yet had no taste for frivolous gaieties. With her Charlotte assured him he might be entirely his genuine self. He had, however, very little hope, though Schiller expected it that the Duchess would immediately grant him a private interview. When Schiller was told that etiquette did not admit of this, and that he must first be presented to the Duchess in a formal circle, he poured forth his annoyance to Körner: "Charlotte has often misled me by

* Schiller mentions that on the 7th of May 1788, she sent all through the town to look for him, to invite him to a concert. In after days his unfavourable prepossessions were entirely dismissed. In a letter to Körner he calls her an excellent woman.

false information," and declined being presented at all to Duchess Luise: assuredly of all the information Charlotte gave him, the most honest was not "that with manners so pleasing as his, he was qualified to shine in any society!"

The more Schiller withdrew from the court circles, the more closely did he cling to the second greatest celebrity of Weimar —Herder. His very first visit to him, on the 25th July, had proved conclusive. Herder, like Schiller, was essentially of a combative nature: he had worked his way upwards from a lowly condition. His choleric temperament, embittered by bad health, was most trying to him, especially being in such direct opposition to his vocation, and to the principles he advocated,—as little did the sceptical circle with whom he associated, who were incapable of estimating his talents, or the impetuous rush of ideas at that period — which he had himself assisted in letting loose — harmonise with his sacred profession. Forster writes to Meyer, "Herder is enthusiastic, but not devout." Moreover a heavy burden was imposed on him, in the shape of a large family. He lived a very isolated life in Weimar, remaining either bitter and inimical, or wholly indifferent to the various interests of the day. He had read nothing of Schiller's; he understood nothing of the drama; but he had a keen perception of the most subtle aroma of Poetry. He possessed two attributes also, in which Wieland was deficient— Ideas and Passion. Schiller found, moreover, in him a grave and dignified exterior, and in his conversation, intellect, power, and fire. Herder never hesitated to pour forth recklessly both his love and his hatred, and "never," says Wieland to Humboldt, "did man speak more eloquently than Herder, when a proposition, and not a discussion, was brought forward."

Schiller discovered, that many of his ideas were identical with those of the man who had so recently broken a lance against Kant's criticisms. A second meeting, a walk in the

Park, was prolonged to an interesting evening, when Schiller enjoyed their interchange of thought in his inmost spirit. The "Theosophy" of Julius, which we have seen partly given in his "School Theses," sufficed as a ground for Herder's eloquence, and Schiller declared himself delighted with Herder's "Nemesis Adrastea," in which moderation was pronounced to be the great ruling power of the universe. The somewhat mystical ideas of Herder, with regard to Elective Affinities, Analogy, and Predestination, also found an echo in the heart of the author of "The Ghost Seer." There was an evident and strong attraction on both sides. The dramatist was requested to send "Don Carlos" to the General Superintendent, and soon after, Herder begged Charlotte to let him have all Schiller's writings, significantly pressing her hand when he thought of her connection with Schiller, and being the original of "Queen Elizabeth." He boldly espoused our poet's cause at the table of the Duchess Amalie, and proved a powerful counterbalance to Gotter's criticisms. But one circumstance with regard to Herder could not fail eventually to estrange Schiller from him—Herder was a theologian. Schiller went on Sunday the 5th of August, to hear Herder preach, and wrote to Körner in reference to the sermon:—"Herder's sermon pleased me more than any I ever heard, but I must confess to you, that no sermon satisfies me. Preaching is only calculated for the common order of minds. The man whom the spiritual teacher affects by his discourse, must either be a man of limited intellect, a visionary, or a hypocrite." What, then, must he be considered, who delivered the discourse? It appeared a glaring contradiction to a nature so true as that of Schiller, that any one with Herder's existing opinions should be appointed to teach religion. When Herder was ill shortly afterwards, Schiller exclaims, "What is Weimar without Karl August, Goethe, Herder, and Wieland?" We shall see. As Schiller was very much dissatisfied with Weimar, he declared that it could

scarcely be called a city; and Herder, who disliked it quite as much, pronounced it a medium between a court residence, and a country village. He and Schiller frequently walked together in the Park, which had been finished in 1785. In other respects, Weimar had all the imperfections of most Thuringian towns,—imposts at the barriers, small houses, and dirty narrow streets; its only advantage being its Castle, which lay in picturesque ruins. Travellers thought the town paltry, but Göschen, the bookseller, who carried on a very profitable business in 1785, at Weimar, declared that it was both handsomer and more interesting than Gotha. In 1794, Falk; in comparing it with Jena, says, that it is a town built in good taste. It would be difficult to decide which of these places would, in the present day, lay claim to most discomfort in the eyes of the inhabitants of Berlin, so accustomed to every comfort and luxury. In reality, however, Schiller and Goethe have proved that this petty town enjoyed considerable privileges. Weimar had its park, an admirable library, a theatre, such as no city of equal size either in England or France, could boast of; the bracing air of the Thuringian forests, a kind and obliging race of people, whose uprightness and cordiality had not been corrupted even by the influx of strangers; all these qualities shone none the less brightly, from the lighting of the streets being dim enough.

Schiller found some friends in Weimar who were one day to become both dear and useful to him. We do not, however, include in this category the author of "Rinaldo Rinaldini,"—Vulpius, at that time a young man of five-and-twenty, who hastened to pay his homage to the author of "Don Carlos,"—but the director of the Drawing Academy, Kraus, and also Geheime-Hofrath Christian Voigt, were congenial to Schiller, and he grounded great hopes on a closer intimacy with the latter. Geheime-Assistenz-Rath Schimdt, and his daughter, who had been recommended to Schiller, by Körner, as a good

match, made a less favourable impression on him. The beautiful singer, Korona Schröter, a former flame of Körner's, still lovely, in spite of her forty years, did not succeed in making a conquest of Schiller. The Legations-Rath Bertuch, whom Charlotte defines as an encyclopædia of universal knowledge, was the hero of the "Weimar Industry," and speculated as eagerly and cleverly with his garden, and his Pandora, as with his collection of flowers and his literary paper. Bertuch, who had just returned from Dresden in a state of enchantment with that city, received a visit from Schiller, and excited his rather ironical interest. None of these persons, however, were capable of imparting to him what he longed for—inner spiritual freedom; so he at last made an effort and collected his whole strength. A visit to the library, that silent monitor of study, still further incited him to work, and he carried home with him a French translation of Locke's works. At length he took refuge from the bonds of the petty interests, both of others and his own, on the heights of history; he began to work assiduously, not indeed at "The Ghost Seer," but at "The Revolt of the Netherlands," to which a parallel was at that very time occurring in Belgium.

It was not necessary for him to reside in Weimar for this purpose. Before, however, deciding on leaving it, he was desirous to visit Jena, and to become acquainted with three persons there—Schütz, Hufeland, and Reinhold.

Professor Karl Leonhard Reinhold, in Jena, was Wieland's son-in-law. Reinhold's wife, Sophia, was an enthusiastic admirer of Charlotte von Kalb, at whose house she met Schiller. She related a great deal about Jena, and, with the overflowing love of a young married woman, talked much of her husband, and invited Schiller to pay them a visit; a proposal which he gladly accepted, and drove to Jena in company with these two ladies. Charlotte was obliged to return immediately to Weimar, but promised to come and fetch her friend back in a few

days. When she did come, she saw a great change for the better in Schiller's spirits. Jena had apparently entirely restored him to health. In Jena, amid the eager pursuit of literature, which distinguished this "Ilm Athens," there prevailed also Spartan activity. The city, enlivened by 700 students, who strode along "with the proud steps of conquerors," and whose cries of "Off!" "Off!" startled the affrighted passengers by their wild shouts, was much more interesting in Schiller's eyes than Weimar. The influence exercised by the four princely houses* over the University, constituted it almost a free and independent republic. The lustre of this institution was rapidly on the increase. Schiller's visit occurred precisely at the memorable period when Kant's philosophy ascended a professor's chair, by the installation of Reinhold; attracting from the north and the south, from Trieste and Courland, an enthusiastic concourse of cultivated men. Reinhold was not less interesting from his past life, than from his present position. He had been a Jesuit, and the dispersion of that Order had transferred him into a long-wished-for sphere. The former Jesuit now declared that in the course of a hundred years, Kant would enjoy the reputation of an inspired apostle. Reinhold received Schiller like an old acquaintance, and while relating to him what he was forced to suffer from the humours of his father-in-law, he reduced Schiller's expectations from Wieland, and also his veneration for him, to its just measure.

Schiller's first expedition was of good omen. He drove to the "Literary Institution," the building in which the "Universal Literary Paper," established in 1785, to which more than a hundred authors had contributed, was edited by Professor Christian Gottfried Schütz, and Gottlieb Hufeland, born at Dantzig, in 1700. Schütz was an admirable narrator, an

Gotha, Coburg, Meiningen, Weimar.

unequalled scholar, and — a worshipper of "Don Carlos." Hufeland was of "a deep and thoughtful spirit, of pungent wit, and a man of profound research," whose great capacity at so youthful an age excited his respect. Professor Döderlein also formed one of the circle,—"a refined but cunning physiognomy, on the shoulders of a priest;" and in Schiller's concluding sentence he says, in a far less enthusiastic tone than that of the Weimar society, "I have seldom met four men of more talent than I did this evening." In Lobeda also, which was in the vicinity, Frau Bohl gratified him by reciting his "Hymn to Joy," and various passages from "Don Carlos." He could now finally decide in what sphere of labour his efforts in Jena must lie. On the last evening, when Charlotte arrived, they were at Kirchenrath Griesbach's, "a sociable, intelligent man." Frau Griesbach seemed to be, in Schiller's opinion, "a sensible, straightforward natural person." All these judgments he subsequently somewhat modified.* He applied to Griesbach for information about the circumstances of the University; the result was that "the professors in Jena might consider themselves entirely independent, even of royal favour." Reinhold communicated to Schiller, that if he had formed any plans connected with Jena, a hint would suffice to procure him an appointment there, early in spring. Schiller was anxious, however, to delay this for some years. He first wished fairly to try the strength and productiveness of his pen, and, if possible, to continue independent, and closely connected with Körner. One fact he soon discovered. Reinhold, however attentive to him, was of too yielding and timid a disposition ever to become his friend; but Reinhold introduced him to one acquaintance, who eventually proved of more importance than all those he had met in Jena. Reinhold spoke with so much enthusiasm of Kant's writings, that

* This lady is "the laurel wreath" in *Schiller und Lotte*, thus named from the headdress she wore at the ball.

Schiller now did what Körner had preached to him in vain, he read a treatise of Kant's, and, in his present position, he could not possibly study anything more appropriate. It was that admirable disquisition in the Berlin monthly paper, 4—5, "Ideas for a Universal History, considered in a Cosmopolitan Light." Kant in this compared himself to Keppler, and wished that he might have a Newton as a successor. Hegel became this Newton; but Schiller's essays "On Universal and Literary History" contributed to support Kant's theories. What Kant introduced—the sovereignty of intellect in seizing and in characterising the leading ideas of nations and epochs —is, in fact, the principal aim of Schiller's kindred writings. The treatise in question also involves the sense of true and lasting peace. Moral and rational instruction of individuals in the burgher sphere is inculcated, in order to realise the ideal of humanity, by developing the natural abilities of man. These were the sentiments that Schiller would so gladly have discussed with congenial souls. It was the ideal of his Posa.

CHAP. II.

SCHILLER AND LOTTE.

Schiller divided between hard Work and agreeable Sociability. — Karoline Schmidt, Korona Schröter. — Thoughts of Matrimony. — Wieland's Daughter. — Körner's Warning. — Too late. — Schiller goes to Bauerbach and Meiningen, returns by Rudolstadt, and becomes acquainted with the two Sisters von Lengefeld. — History of the Life and Position of the Sisters. — Schiller and Lotte in Weimar. — Decided Liking. — "The Gods of Greece." — Schiller at Volkstedt. — His Life with the Sisters characterised. — Schiller's Assiduity. — He seems equally fond of both Sisters. — He lives in Rudolstadt. — Death of Frau Henriette von Wolzogen in Bauerbach. — Homer. — The Gods of Greece. — The Artists. — Meeting with Goethe. — Impression. — A newly discovered Poem of Schiller's. — Criticism of "Egmont." — Inward Struggles, Torments of Love. — Woes of Separation. — Return to Weimar.

"I BEGIN to like this place well enough, and the mode in which I effect this, is by troubling myself about no one. I very seldom go out,—twice a day to see Charlotte, and twice to walk." Thus writes Schiller in Weimar, to which he returned on the 25th of August. We see him, to use a phrase of Kant's, "unsociably sociable." He celebrates Goethe's birthday with Knebel, in the summer-house of the latter, and drinks the health of the great master in Rhine wine. His intercourse with Herder, Voigt, Riedel, with the Governor of the Prince Royal, and others, is on a very easy footing. A meteor, new to him in the Weimar horizon, of rather faded brilliancy, but extensive celebrity, now arrives from Paris,—J. J. Christoph Bode, at that time renowned as the translator of various English novels. His views as to the decay of the French nation sink deep into Schiller's soul. Being a master

among the illuminati, Bode is eager to attract Schiller's attention to Freemasonry. Schiller listens attentively, but remains unmoved. He now passes ten hours every day at his writing-desk; Strada and Grotius, the chief authorities for his "Revolt of the Netherlands," are his inseparable companions. On the 25th of September he writes to Schröder, that he must still further postpone his journey to Hamburgh.

As in Weimar the nobility, quite contrary to the views of the time, ruled society, there was a reaction in the third class, who, in addition to a club composed of all classes, instituted a Burgher Wednesday Club, to which none of the nobles were admitted. Schiller zealously supported this society, and formed a regular whist-party, at which he did not fail to gratify his eyes by engaging Mademoiselle Schmidt as his partner, who was the pretty daughter of the Assistenz-Rath and Korona Schröter. He is soon on most friendly terms with both these ladies; sends Madame Schröter, by whom he had heard "Iphigenia" splendidly read, and Mademoiselle Schmidt also, a copy of his "Don Carlos," with a dedication to the latter, which entitles him to make the same confession by which Goethe disburdened his conscience, namely, "I admired every pretty face I saw."

Schiller's connection with Wieland, which proved of vital importance to him, was established here. Wieland had published in his "German Mercury," a favourable notice of "Don Carlos." Whether this were his real opinion, or whether he hoped to find in Schiller, who seemed now disposed to settle in Weimar, a coadjutor in his "Mercury," or possibly a son in-law, we know not; but after meeting him at the Wednesday Club, Schiller paid him a visit, and the more reserved he was, the more cordial Wieland became; and soon Schiller could look on himself, not only as heir presumptive to the "Mercury," but gravely discuss with Körner the theme, whether Wieland's second daughter would suit him or not

as a wife: Charlotte's absence, who had gone to Kalbsried to meet her husband, facilitated such inquiries. "I do not know the girl," writes Schiller on the 19th of November, "but I can only say that if I considered myself worthy of her, I would ask her father to give her to me without delay. Strange to say, I love and honour a warm and cordial nature; and yet a coquette, indeed any coquette, can fetter me. My vanity and susceptibility furnish an infallible hold on me; no one can kindle a real flame within my heart, but there are plenty who can disquiet me. I have high conceptions of domestic felicity, and yet not so ardent a longing as to make any violent efforts to secure it."

This monologue of his reason, as Schiller designated it, in which he proposes to love without passion, to obtain an unsophisticated wife, and yet shrinks from one, is contradictory enough to suit Benedict in "Much ado about Nothing;" but Körner nevertheless endeavours to unwind these tangled threads. He strongly dissuades him from making a choice at this time. Schiller was not yet accustomed to weigh one enjoyment against another. He thought he could unite two incompatible things, love and fame. "Thence," writes Körner, "arises the feeble resistance which every successive rising passion encounters in you, and a passing fancy easily becomes vehement love through your vivid imagination. When we shall one day all be safely laid up in harbour together, we shall cordially rejoice if you bring us a new friend, in a wife worthy of you."

It would have been very degrading to a free man, to defer the date of his love till Körner's permission was given; and soon, indeed, this became utterly impossible, for Schiller fell desperately in love, and in earnest. I must now refer to somewhat remote events.

Since Schiller had lived in Weimar, a chain of hills alone separated him from Bauerbach, and from his eldest sister,

Christophine. My readers may remember that Schiller dissuaded her from marrying Reinwald; but, in the pious belief that every human being is bound to perform some special service to Providence, Christophine made inquiries from other sources with regard to Reinwald's character, and having ascertained that she had the power of bringing sunshine into the wintry and bleak existence of the poor bookseller, she resolved, on his renewing his suit, to give him a favourable answer; and on the 22nd of June, 1786, she became Reinwald's wife. It was natural that living so near her brother, she should unceasingly urge him to visit her. Similar entreaties came from Frau von Wolzogen, in Bauerbach, especially at this time when her son Wilhelm had come from Stuttgart to stay with her. Lotte's bridegroom, too, Regierungs-Rath von Lilienstern, of Hildburghausen, was on a visit to her. Though Schiller was absolutely overwhelmed with work, he resolved, from a sense of duty, to undertake the journey in November. He expected, on returning to those regions where, in 1783, he had lived like a hermit, to experience a regeneration of all his former feelings, a poetical revival; but when he actually arrived there, the magic hues which had embellished Bauerbach in his memory had vanished; not one of all the once cherished haunts had any longer a voice for him — they had all lost his language. What a multitude of objects had intervened between *then* and *now!*—Mannheim, Charlotte, Körner, Weimar. His feelings of gratitude alone had remained the same; he had himself become another being.

After a torpid visit of ten days he commenced his journey back, accompanied by his friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen. He yielded, though rather reluctantly, to his guidance, and this proved a dangerous step, for it eventually led to love. Their excursion was to Rudolstadt, where some near relations of Wolzogen's lived — the widow of the master of the Forest

Von Lengefeld, and her two daughters, Karolinè and Charlotte.

The names of both these sisters, comprise the brightest portion of Schiller's domestic happiness. They also involve one of the most extraordinary psychological problems on record. Moral prudery, usually so adverse to everything not in strict accordance with its rules, must here renounce its customary triumph, in deducing consequences — for never was a more hazardous connection, between sympathetic natures, more happily and innocently carried out.

The life of the two sisters had flowed on without any of the moral shocks, which had affected that of Charlotte von Kalb. The father, an Inspector of Forests, died indeed before his eldest daughter Karoline had attained the age of thirteen; but he had already made his daughters commence a solid course of education, and his memory remained impressed on the hearts of his children as the pure type of noble manhood. He might have told his little ones, that Frederick the Great personally endeavoured to induce him to enter his service. His enthusiasm for "The King" had been inherited by his children. Their imaginations too, were excited to distant flights, as in Batavia they had an uncle, no other than Herr von Wurmb, who (according to Schiller's narrative) had so nobly renounced his love in favour of his brother. Karoline and Charlotte read with avidity. They were enchanted with Richardson's novels, which was not singular, as their manner and demeanour showed, that they had been educated under the auspices of a second Grandison. Their instruction had not been very profound, and according to the fashion of the day, was more calculated to make them shine in conversation, than rich in solid cultivation of mind; for we cannot deny that they were rather on bad terms with German grammar. Still by their knowledge of the French and English languages, they acquired a key to the most precious treasures of

self-improvement. They both played on the piano, and Lotte copied with infinite skill, the gorgeous spreading trees of her drawing-master, which still adorn the books of her childhood; but what was no little value to them, they grew up almost in the open air. Their susceptibility to the charms of nature, reposed on the solid basis of health; their cheeks glowing from the fresh mountain breezes in the vicinity of their father's house, and their eyes gladdened by the lovely scenery, the pure air, the gliding river, and the clouds and hills, of their native valley of Rudolstadt.

But they enjoyed society, and were indeed introduced by their accomplished mother into the most select circles. They were well acquainted with Knebel and Goethe, on the most intimate terms with Frau von Stein, and highly esteemed by the Rudolstadt court. Frau von Lengefeld formed a plan connected with Weimar, the fulfilment of which, enabled her daughters to see a little more of the world. The anxious mother, who possessed only a small fortune, had with pleasure seen her daughter Karoline betrothed at sixteen, to the young Freiherr von Beulwitz. Lotte's position in life, she hoped to secure, by obtaining for her a place at Court. The Duchess of Weimar received this request graciously, and to qualify Lotte for this appointment, to which the young girl herself had every inclination, the indefatigable mother took up her abode in French Switzerland. Recommended by Goethe to that old apostle of enthusiasm; Lavater, the ladies, accompanied by Herr von Beulwitz, commenced their journey in the spring of 1783. They paid a visit to Frau von Wolzogen in Stuttgart, and it was there that Wilhelm von Wolzogen was seized with a passion for his cousin Karoline, which originating in enthusiastic friendship, soon flamed up into more ardent wishes, which Karoline found the more difficulty in resisting, from entirely sympathising with his sentiments; and according to the fashion of the day, she was

quite unaccustomed to draw any distinction between love and friendship. The travellers were also at this time made acquainted with the Schiller family. At length they entered the Swiss territories, the sisters being under the impression, that this was the soil of liberty. Now began the harvest of journals: the fall of the Rhine, Lavater, the songs of Freedom of the Oltner Society, the Tellsplatte, the shores of the Genevan Lake, Vevay, where they established themselves, and Clarens. "Meillerie, in rugged majesty, calmly reposing on the shore," what visions were these!

Lotte's only cause for regret was, that St. Preux and Julie never had in reality existed. It was not surprising, that her own life should have been nearly involved in a romance; a young Frenchman having inspired her with a transient preference.

They returned home in the course of a year, and in January, 1784, passed through Mannheim. They wished to make Schiller's acquaintance. The poet, at that time a prey to fever, was struggling with depression of spirits, but he went to visit them, though in a dejected mood, as they were on the eve of setting off. "His tall noble figure," relates Karoline, "impressed us as very striking; but no single word escaped his lips of a nature to excite any peculiar sympathy." The sisters also at that period viewed all objects "through a cloud of melancholy regret." This temper of mind accompanied them to Rudolstadt. Karoline, whose nervous system, in consequence of a chill received in bathing had received a severe shock, married Herr von Beulwitz, only to discover more fully, what she began first to suspect during their journey, the error of her choice. Expeditions to Weimar, Jena, and Kochberg, and to the property of Frau von Stein, formed a pleasing variety in their monotonous life. In the spring of 1787 Lotte's heart was a second time affected by the devotion of a very agreeable Englishman, Captain Henry

Heron; but the duties of his profession compelled Heron to go to India. At the hour of parting he confessed to Lotte, inconsiderately enough, his passion, but, at the same time, the impossibility of making her his wife. The only balm for the sympathising Lotte's wounded feeling, was eagerly to study the English books which Heron had given her.

Thus the winter of 1787 arrived. The sisters lived entirely secluded from the world. At that period there was no *chaussée* through the beautiful valley, where now every summer thousands of travellers pass on their way to Schwarza Thal; and, even if there had been any source of interest in their retired home, they had no one to share it with them. The society, when compared to their Swiss circle of friends, was most uninteresting. According to Karoline, they looked on themselves as Enchanted Princesses, eagerly expecting the advent of the champion destined to dissolve the spell which fettered them; — he was approaching.

One dull foggy day — it was on the 6th of December—two horsemen were seen coming along the road. The ladies chanced to be looking out, and recognised Wilhelm von Wolzogen, though playfully hiding his face in his cloak; his companion was unknown to them, and quickly excited their curiosity. The mystery was speedily solved by the entrance of their cousin, who requested permission to present his friend Schiller to them. Though the poet had been rather reluctant to come, he soon felt himself quite at home in this circle, and the beautiful sounds brought forth from the piano by the two sisters, vibrated in Schiller's heart. Their conversation displayed no enthusiastic volubility, no noisy critical declamation, but refined and liberal sentiments and gentle cordiality. The "Letters of Julius and Raphael" were alluded to, and Lotte had also felt deeply interested in "The Robbers;" without any undue appearance of vanity, Schiller could express a wish that the sisters might become acquainted with his "Don Carlos."

On taking leave of the family he, with his usual impetuosity, mentioned a project of passing the ensuing summer in the valley of Rudolstadt. Next morning he rode back to Weimar, with Lotte's pleasing image imprinted on his fancy, and plunged with more energy than ever into his "Revolt of the Netherlands." Körner was much alarmed lest he should become entirely faithless to Poetry, and implored him not to prove false to his Ideal, either through the influence of Wieland, or through the spirit which breathed in the universities — but Schiller remained immovable. He worked at his history for "the Mercury," and, although already anticipating a call to Jena, he proposed by this class of work which was highly prized by the public, to ensure an income. "But," he writes on the 7th of January, "I must be able to provide for a wife also, for, my dear friend, I have finally made up my mind to marry. If you could read my heart as I do myself, you would not continue one moment undecided on this point. All my impulses to life and energy are exhausted; this alone I have not yet tried. I have a miserable existence, miserable through the state of my inward impulses. I must have a being belonging to *myself*, whom I *can* and *must* render happy, and whose life will refresh mine. You do not know the desolation of my spirit, the gloom of my ideas; and this not from my outward circumstances, for with regard to these my position here is most satisfactory, but from the struggle of my feelings. If I cannot contrive to weave Hope into my being, — that Hope which has almost vanished out of my heart, — if I cannot wind up afresh the worn out wheels of my thoughts and feelings, it is all over with me!" He had never expressed these sentiments so strongly or so bitterly as since he had been in Rudolstadt.

In the beginning of February 1788* Lotte, accompanied

* Or towards the end of January, the Duchess's birthday. See Hoffmeister.

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by a friend, came to stay at Weimar for some ime. She lived with Frau von Imhof, the sister of Frau von Stein, was constantly in the society of Knebel and Frau von Stein, and formed the warmest attachment to Frau von Kalb. Schiller did not see her often, but soon they both liked to meet. On one occasion, Lotte quite unexpectedly stood before him at the Redoute. In the theatre their eyes constantly sought each other. Schiller was to supply her with books. He lent her "Tom Jones;" for Sophia Western, one of the sweetest of all female creations, could furnish Lotte with a type of faithful love, and show her how true passion disdains both position and ancestry. Soon notes were sent along with the books. He concludes one of them with these words: "At this moment a sledge is gliding past my window, and on looking out I see you. To have had even a glimpse of you is something for the whole day." In another he says: "I never did believe that you felt real pleasure in court life, and empty air." The following was rather too ardent for the strict propriety of an aunt: "Those days when I can cherish the hope of seeing you, seem brighter to me; the very prospect of such happiness assists me in enduring sadder hours." On one occasion, he protests against the word friendship, in order to leave its boundaries undefined. He writes to Körner on the 12 h of February, "I have not yet secured a wife, but pray for me, that I may not engage myself rashly." He now makes the discovery that his Muse, in spite of his long neglect, had not discarded him: "Wieland depended on me for the next number of his Mercury, so in all haste and anxiety I composed a poem for him." This hurried poem, brightened by the golden rays of the fair spring time of love, was, "The Gods of Greece." He also composed a second poem, which he did not mention to Körner. Lotte von Lengefeld was anxious to have some reminiscences of Frau von Kalb, and Schiller, in her album. On the 11th of March, Frau von Kalb inscribed in it

some verses on the grave, and reunion after death. Schiller, on the reverse side of the sheet, wrote his well-known poem, which however he subsequently altered considerably, commencing thus, —

> "Just like a blooming child, round whom the sportive graces play;
> So doth the lustre of the earth light Lotte on her way."

He spoke in a modest yet flattering manner of the sweet magic of undesecrated youth, of the majesty of virtue and innocence; adopting that tone of Wieland's which, as well as his measure, Schiller had recently employed.

Lotte at length was obliged to return to Rudolstadt. She felt this parting deeply, ascribing ind. ed her regrets chiefly to her affection for Charlotte von Kalb; but in a note to Schiller she added, "You, too, I grieve to leave, for your society (I must not use the word friendship, for I know your aversion to it) has afforded me much delight."

Schiller's heart was irrecoverably lost.—"You leave us, my dear young lady, and I feel that you take with you the greater part of my present happiness. One day I hope to read your heart also, and I rejoice in the anticipation of the bright revelations which will then shine on me. My imagination shall bring your image as incessantly before me, as if during the eight years I have pledged her to the service of the Muse, you alone had been her cherished idol." These sentiments account for his refusal of the appointment of Rath Herr, and of the wife, who through the medium of another person, was at this time offered to him.

Lotte returned to Rudolstadt, with the cheering hope that Schiller would soon follow her thither, for he had requested her to find a summer residence for him. Scarcely had she quitted Weimar, when he cannot resist writing to her: "We should either never have met, or never have parted. It causes me, my dear young lady, much uneasiness to think,

that what constitutes now my highest felicity, probably inspires you with only transient gratification. How little would it cost me to consider the district which you inhabit as my world." While the nightingales seemed to him to be singing new strains, Lotte was wandering along the banks of the Saale, anxiously and indefatigably searching the environs to find a summer residence for her friend. The house of the royal gardener in Kumbach, was opposite Rudolstadt; but it occurred to her, that it was by no means unusual for royal personages to visit the orangery, and that, she knew, would be a source of annoyance to Schiller; so she pursued her researches a short distance further, to the spot where the village of Volkstedt lies on the left bank of the Saale. Here, in the first house on the right hand (coming from Rudolstadt), she found a suitable dwelling, in the house of the sexton of the village; and not forgetting furniture and other arrangements, she regulated everything in the most satisfactory manner.

By the end of May, Schiller was settled in his new abode. His life was now a succession of the most pure and intellectual enjoyments. The ardent poet worked zealously all day, only interrupted by the lowing of cattle; for the worthy sexton, who soon idolised Schiller, eagerly endeavoured to silence every other noise. When in the evening he laid aside his pen, to visit Rudolstadt, he enjoyed the view of an extensive blooming valley, encircled by innumerable ranges of hills on both sides, and enlivened in the centre by the vivid green of the meadows, and the silvery streak of the river, on the banks of which, groups of splendid black Italian poplars still attract the attention of artists. Before him, as a termination to the picture, glittered the imposing royal fortress on its lofty height, and at its foot, reposed the city. His fair friends often came to meet him at a particular spot, where a forest brook (at that time still wild and romantic) flows into the Saale. "When

we saw him," relates Karoline; "coming towards us in the red lustre of the evening sky, a more pure and ideal life seemed to rise within our souls—we felt almost as we can imagine those blessed spirits must feel, from whom the bonds of earth have fallen, and who in a lighter and more buoyant atmosphere of freedom, rejoice in more perfect intelligence. Such were our emotions." *Our!* Karoline could truly say, for the ties of her former relations seemed also fast dissolving—indeed those few words show us how capable Karoline was of inspiring interest in Schiller. Let us delineate the two sisters somewhat more minutely. Karoline, born on the 3rd of February 1763, was three years older than Charlotte. If we look at her portrait by Steuben, with its compressed features, we must own that Schiller could not extol her beauty much. Moreover she was considerably shorter than her sister, yet the portrait, taken as a whole, is very attractive. A gentle yet passionate melancholy lies in the eyes, somewhat of the infinite compassion towards all human frailty, which so often melted her heart. Her hands were singularly elegantly shaped and delicate, and her favourite occupation was to guide the projects of her friends. The grace of her conversation, and the charm of her voice, rendered her society truly captivating. Impressed with the conviction of an early death, her greatest happiness was to contribute to that of others, and striving to render herself more perfect. Contrary to her natural inclinations, she studied drawing and mathematics. She played the piano admirably, and had so much literary talent, that her works could be named even beside those of Schiller and Goethe. Indeed her "Agnes von Lilien" was attributed by Friedrich Schlegel to the latter. She never startles us, like Charlotte von Kalb, by flashes of fancy, but she never, like her, offends against long established conventionalities. Hers was a thoroughly sensitive and sentimental nature, all soul and intelligence, with ability to seize and to appropriate ideas and

conceptions, and owing to this facility, abounding in the most playful satire.

Her sister Charlotte was in all respects totally different. She was in the height of attractive youthful bloom — reserved and intellectual — according to Fraülein von Arnim, not sufficiently beautiful to dazzle Schiller, but the testimony of Frau von Kalb affirms that she was most sweet looking and charming; tall and slender, attractive in appearance, with blue eyes, but a decided brunette; the profile taken of her in her girlish years, is thoroughly Grecian. She was indeed a faithful daughter of Nature, and susceptible to all the gifts of this great benefactress; but education had blended a piquant adjunct with her character. Schiller soon remarked in her, a certain *coquetterie d'esprit*, so relieved however by liveliness, combined with modesty, that it never became oppressive. Petty treachery towards friends less beloved, tenderness at the cost of another, she never practised towards her lovers. Her artistic inclinations led her to the most tranquil of the arts. She sketched well from nature, and etched very tolerably. She had a true sense of the loftiest interests of mankind — that of Karoline was often only simulated — an aversion to despotism either in faith, society, or politics, is evident in her letters: even before she knew Schiller she had previously closely studied Pütter's "Sketches," with the view of informing herself thoroughly of the condition of Germany. Her writing was small and regular; whereas that of Karoline was more free and bold. Lotte wrote as she spoke, and spoke like Cordelia, rather too little than contrary to her convictions; but in love or in sorrow, her language became less guarded, and though remaining temperate in her expressions, as well as in her likings, still it is easy to penetrate the slight veil, and to discern under these moderate phrases, a world of feeling. Now, when her letters to Fritz von Stein, Knebel, Schiller, and Fischenich, are before the public, and many a fair page is

yet to appear, we feel convinced that no impartial person will agree in Henriette Herz' widely diffused opinion, that Lotte von Lengefeld was more insignificant than her sister — less worthy of Schiller's love — and similar phrases.

There are many female minds capable of writing anonymously, what others are bold enough to disclose as theirs to the world. Lotte's poems, imbued with noble feeling, her translations of Ossian, and her tales in Huber's "Flora," still extant in manuscript, with Schiller's corrections, were published, though not with her name, by Schiller's desire. The beautiful harmony which Karoline, with true sisterly feeling, commends in her, was a harmony arising from the combination of many admirable qualities.

There is no doubt that Schiller's love originally and strongly turned to Lotte. The two sisters, though as Lotte confesses, not entirely congenial before the journey to Switzerland, were by this very journey more closely united. Karoline, older and more matured, felt deep interest in all that our poet wrote. Thus passion, elevated by Schiller's powerful impetus, to the pure sphere of genius — causing all three to be devoted to the Beautiful and the True — could not, in such a case as this, fail to lose its exclusiveness, indeed even its distinctive nature. The more plainly Karoline's quick feminine perception discovered Schiller's preference for her sister, the less did she require to place any restraint on the expression of her own devotion — a reserve which would have been quite contrary to the fevered pulse of that period. Her good sense was quite equal, from respect to her mother's wishes, to repress the inclination of the lovers, and to keep it within bounds; and as Schiller himself declared to Körner, she weakened his sentiments towards Lotte, by claiming a share in his admiration. Karoline generally gave the tone to the conversation; but the whole circle had an intimate acquaintance with modern literature, Herr von Beulwitz not excepted, who felt the most sin-

cere admiration for Schiller. Plutarch was already well known to the sisters. Popular philosophical themes, on the mutual combination of spiritual and worldly powers, and on free will and necessity, frequently furnished subjects of conversation in the summer evenings. Karoline, much engrossed by Herder's writings, delighted in constantly soaring into this ethereal atmosphere; a friend of the family, Baron von Gleichen, aspired, from an impetuous inner impulse, to the same path. Schiller on these occasions, discussed with them all his individual and acquired conceptions, and Karoline especially understood how to extract from him every thought and feeling. The well known dialogue in the "Ghost Seer" is supposed to be the fruit of these disquisitions. They plunged so deeply into these mysteries, that Schiller not unfrequently entreated them to allow metaphysics to rest in peace.

When, after such animated discussions, he was returning late at night to his village in stormy weather, his anxious landlord often came along the dangerous ill-paved street with his lanthorn to meet him; on such occasions Lotte listened anxiously to the wind, looking out at the clouds, and thinking "how will Schiller get home."

One of these nocturnal excursions occasioned him a severe cold. This involved loss of time, and separation from his friends; but brought consoling notes from Lotte. All the bright and sunny rays which beam from female friendship, begin to shine brightly on him. When he is one day ill, he translates a few pages out of Gibbon to clear his head, and for this purpose he borrows Lotte's pocket dictionary. How pleasantly the words are found out in the English bound book, how fragrant the flowers in the invalid's room gathered by Lotte. At last he is restored to health. Soon he finds that history is too dry a study for summer, and many an hour which ought to be passed at his writing-table, glides away unimproved. He resumes "The Misanthrope," and tries to write at the

same writing-table with the sisters. First he wrote in Karoline's room, but as he complained of its being noisy, he asked Lotte to vacate her's in his favour, and her excellent mother did not object to Lotte writing thus: "I am glad that you are to inhabit my domain for a time. It will form an agreeable reminiscence for me, when we are no longer together." Why did Lotte thus look forward to the future? At all events, Schiller established himself in her apartment, till the tiresome *soirée*, and receptions every Friday, French fashion, were over. By degrees he became cognisant of all the virtues of the little dog, all the humours of the cat, and of Herr von Beulwitz. With regard to the latter, he was no small comfort to Karoline in hours of annoyance, as he assisted in preserving tolerable equanimity between the married pair. He was soon permitted to call the sisters by their familiar pet names, admiring in Lotte "Wisdom," and rallying Karoline as "Comfort." It is a fine trait in Lotte's character, that she cannot ask enough about Schiller's works. She meditates in her heart on his greater self, and on his abilities, while Karoline enjoys the charm of his intercourse more superficially. Lotte inquires as to the progress of his work, and after hearing him read it aloud, dreams all night of the "Revolt of the Netherlands." Her presence awakes poetical moments. He writes to Lotte with greater ardour. He has been recently perusing the romance of "Almagundis," for his "Ghost Seer," which treats of witchcraft. "There is a fountain described there," he writes to Lotte, "and if you look steadily into it, you see the being with whom you wish to pass your future life. I should like to have such a mirror, to tell me if certain events will ever come to pass, which occupy my thoughts constantly at this moment." To Lotte he again writes, "I am often tempted to say perhaps too much to you, and yet when I leave you I have said nothing."

As Lotte was of a timid and feminine nature, and after her

sorrowful experiences, gave Schiller no encouragement to declare his sentiments, he often shrunk from her coldness, and prompted by this feeling, turned to Karoline with the greater warmth, taking refuge with her. He made himself agreeable to the mother by the gift of an English bible. In order no longer to expose himself to fresh chills, by walking home late at night, in the beginning of August he transferred his home still nearer to the sisters and to Rudolstadt. He was very anxious to live exactly opposite their house. "In that case," he writes, "I would place mirrors in my room, that your image might thus be reflected close to my writing-table, and thus converse with you, unknown to any human being."

While in this manner experiencing that revival of feeling he had fondly hoped for, from his recent journey to Bauerbach, a most melancholy event occurred, which again recalled to him that once loved valley, and the hearts which beat for him there. His benefactress, the noble Frau von Wolzogen, died in the course of this summer. He wept bitterly for her loss, and as if to testify his gratitude to her who was now no more, he associated more closely than ever with her son Wilhelm, who was an architect by profession, and going to Paris to study there. The present, however, enforced its claims; his charming friends and he, made excursions together in the country round; they went to Schwarzburg and to Schaala. Nature there displays on every side, both grand and pleasing landscapes, and within doors, in a comfortable room which possessed a sofa, a rarity in those days, they enjoyed the charm of a style of poetry, which, like Nature herself, was healing, purifying, and strengthening. Schiller had procured a copy of Voss' translation of the Odyssey (the first edition of 1781). Soon they lived and breathed in this new world of wonders. Daily commonplace phrases were playfully clothed in the stately garb of the ancient Epic. They spoke in "winged

words." Once when Schiller had toothache, he wrote to Lotte, "Good morning, my dear friend, how are you to-day? I hope to hear that when the *early rosy-fingered dawn* awoke, you were still softly slumbering." She answers in a more tender strain. "My first thought this morning early was, that I would gladly have sacrificed my night's sleep for you, and I would have rejoiced if the dawn had found me waking, provided your repose had thus been insured;" and Schiller writes, "What is your sister doing at this moment? are her delicate feet moving about in slippers, or is she still slumbering on her soft downy couch?" Their intercourse assumed a degree of intimacy, which must assuredly have appeared very suspicious to the "*chère mère*," as her daughters called her, had she considered that the literary Herr Rath could ever be sufficiently audacious to overstep the limits of friendship. Now, when he was fatigued, the sisters allowed him to repose on the sofa. He asks Lotte in a note, to open the garden gate for him; she answers, "By all means," and "I think that a walk in the garden will do me good also: if my Dr. thinks it prejudicial, he will send me in again—n'est ce pas?" Slight symptoms of jealousy manifest themselves in Schiller. Lotte goes to a ball, where her youthful playmates, Fritz von Stein, and the Royal Princes, dance with her. Schiller moralises on this innocent recreation, and says that he has an especial dislike "to seeing those he loves, flying about with those who are indifferent to him;" but, writes he, "I will take good care, at all events, not to *see* this." He consoles himself in the interim with Plutarch's Life of Pompey, and stoically forms the resolution to study more closely the grander features of antiquity.

Lotte in the meantime fluttered about him like a pretty bird, displaying a joyous sense of liberty. She often went to Kochberg on a visit to her maternal friend Frau von Stein. On those occasions Schiller's expressions were apt to become

warmer: "If I could in any way contribute to the embellishment of your life, I feel that I should then prize my own more highly. What can be more inviting or more gratifying, than to enable an unsullied soul to enjoy its own powers? and what more pleasing than to contemplate the charming faculties of such a spirit, and ever to enjoy its vicinity?" Then Lotte writes, "I was not alone yesterday in the dusky woods (of Kochberg): The noble poem 'The Gods of Greece' was my companion: I read, and was fascinated by its finest passages, and learned them by heart." It was an enchanting thought to him, "that detached portions of his being, should thus be transferred into her's:" a "dearest Lotte," a "kind Lotte," escapes from his bold pen.

The outer world had little influence over this circle, neither indifferent society, nor the connections of the Lengefeld family were admitted by the sisters into their retreat; only those who had established a claim to intellect and talent, being received as members of this circle; and there was no lack of those who could fulfil this stipulation. At their head we justly place the young Crown Prince of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt, with a very pretty composition of groups of figures in Indian ink, representing a scene out of "The Ghost Seer." Then there was the book-lending Knebel, who liked to write elegant little notes to Lotte. There was also a restless disciple of enlightenment, Zacharias Becker from Gotha, who remained for some days with the Lengefelds, and whose profound, thoughtful, and noble character Schiller highly revered, though with his own sense of æsthetics, he could not possibly accord much solid approval to his zeal for cultivation. Becker had been tutor at Erfurt, in the family of President von Dacheröden, where Frau von Beulwitz first knew and valued him; for this lady carried on the most regular correspondence with her friends at Erfurt, and had likewise frequent personal communication with them — not only with the

coadjutor of Mayence, the Prince von Dalberg, who resided there, but also with his most intimate friends, the family of Dacheröden; especially, as we shall presently see, with Karoline von Dacheröden, and her anxious wish was to establish Schiller also in this society.

Schiller continued a friendly interchange of letters with Wieland; and his analysis of "Don Carlos", extracted from the old man the avowal, that few readers of that drama could peruse these letters without being not only instructed, but shamed. "The Revolt of the Netherlands" (in the "Mercury") and "The Ghost Seer" (in the "Thalia") caused considerable sensation; but "The Gods of Greece" excited an actual storm of praise and blame.

It is not my intention here to criticise this poem, in which Körner recognised the ideas of "Julian the Apostate." It is an elegy in the loftiest style, and effected in its day an actual reformation in æsthetics. It defined, as none other had done at that period, the limits of art and morals, or, to speak with more precision, the distinction between crude and material, or genuine artistic contemplation of works of art, raising the discussion of the question in society. But these limits have in our own day been so unaccountably complicated with regard to Schiller, that it is high time we should recall what he actually did accomplish. Stolberg, in the August number of the "German Museum," exclaimed against this poem in an orthodox point of view. Forster and Herder, directly and indirectly, undertook Schiller's defence. In consequence of Stolberg's article, Körner sent to Schiller a treatise on freedom in art, to be inserted in the "Thalia;" and our poet himself by letter, communicated his true meaning to his friend. It is the best elucidation of the subject which has yet been given. "The Deity," writes Schiller in December, 1788, "whom I place in the shade in 'The Gods of Greece,' is not the God of philosophers, nor even the beneficent ethereal

vision of the great mass of mankind, *but an embryo created from various defective and oblique conceptions.* The gods of the Greeks, whom I place in the light, are only the *exalted* virtues of the Grecian mythology, concentrated in *one* conception. In short, I am convinced that every work of art ought to be responsible to itself alone, that is, to its own definition of beauty, and submit to no other claims. I firmly believe, in fact, that only by this method can it indirectly satisfy all other demands, because all beauty resolves itself at last into universal truth." And even the most pious Christian belief discovered truth in "The Gods of Greece;" for Friedrich Perthes, in 1822, wrote to Heinroth, "There seems to me something deeply impressive in Schiller's 'Gods of Greece.' This poem restores that vitality of feeling which the wooden mechanism of reason, and the melancholy unbelief of a degraded period, had deadened in many deep-thinking minds. They alone can misapprehend Schiller, who do not perceive the indignant sorrow of a man whose breast is filled with an earnest desire for succour, but whose early days have not conferred on him the faith of the Christian, to take with him into life. They alone may blame Schiller, who have never known the mood of a man eagerly striving to attain to the living God, and yet, in his century, finding nothing but the cold idols of reason, enthroned in astronomical sublimity. Never will the better class of youth desert Schiller," &c. &c.

Passow has drawn a comparison between this poem and "The Bride of Corinth;" but misapprehending its nature, he has also misapprehended its value. Grecian art has proved a false guide for the modern world; that no reasonable man will attempt to deny. Well then! If it were in reality "a different nature," if it were the Divinity of Beauty, which once on a time renovated art in Italy, it must also have inflamed the hearts of its priests. In one shape or in another,

the German spirit must seize it in its living power; and this love must eventually become ardent desire. Whatever the god of the Deists, and the god of Stolberg, may have accomplished for the man of thought and prayer; whatever significance the law of gravity (Frauenstedt declares that Schiller transgresses this also) carried with it in the eyes of the natural philosopher, still Fancy, which, as Perthes justly admits, eagerly embraces the most elevated aims, retires dissatisfied with these gods finding them, when compared with the charms of Hellenic gods, vapid and lifeless.

That "The Gods of Greece" was a not poem calculated for the uneducated and common order of minds, for which some have censured Schiller, is not the fault of the poet, but of those who cannot comprehend him. No man can do all things. No man can introduce a grand and novel ideal into the period, and at the same time please the masses. Let us refrain therefore, from applying the scale of this popularity to Schiller's "Gods of Greece," or indeed to his entire "Theory of Grecian Art." The too great luxuriance in the style of "The Bride of Messina" is grand and beautiful, and ought not to be considered a defect, in comparison with the vivid appreciation of his lofty style which his creations cannot fail to excite, and the eminence on which they will stand, far above the heads of lesser intellects, for centuries yet to come.

Schiller only concentrated in this poem the Olympus which the poets of enlightenment of all nations made use of in their poetry; but the strife which this composition caused, made it both his duty and his inclination to represent, once for all, the mission of the true artist in all its plenitude and power. For a time, he thought of answering Stolberg, but the answer never appeared, or rather, it was transferred into poetry. This poem is "The Artists," a genuine poem — not philosophy in verse — and as such, justified in elevating as exclusively the world of thought and action in opposition to art, as in its

predecessor, "The Gods of Greece." In "The Artists" also, which may be called a technology, the conceptions of Idea and Form, the two accessories of the Beautiful, are separately defined, both secularly and individually, personified by Urania and Cypria; Art having its Paradise and Day of Judgment. It is this which makes the work a poem. Its truth does not lie in solitary expressions, but in the heart of the poet, and in the tendency whence it emanated, which consists in the desire to reclaim the rights of which art had been deprived in opposition to arrogant despotism, arrogant criticism, arrogant science, and arrogant conduct; not by rude and passionate assaults, but by the attractive delineation of its cause and history; by noble loving reminiscences of artists, who only require to realise the Beautiful to elevate the dignity of man. Free sons of a free mother, they need aspire to no other crown, neither to that of morals nor of science.

While Schiller's life was absorbed in these thoughts*, toiling to render himself more worthy of his mission, that great artist appears before him, for the sound of whose name, and the enjoyment of whose society, Schiller was ardently longing with all the eagerness of a great purpose. Singularly enough, Goethe had put forth in Italy, with the most vivid reality, the very same ideas which moved Schiller on the subject of art; nay, his views, communicated to Schiller by a third person, had exercised a direct influence on "The Artists."

Let us return for a moment to the friend of Karl August. Goethe had renewed his genuine love of art in Italy. He plainly declared this to the Duke, adding: "I hope to be more to you henceforth than I have ever yet been, if you will only sanction my doing what none else can accomplish, and entrust the rest to others." He left to the Prince to decide how he was in future to employ his great artist, who could in-

* The origin of the "Künstler" dates from the summer of 1788.

deed direct a theatre, but was devoid of all talent for raising recruits. Never did a Prince decide with greater magnanimity. Karl August released Goethe from the more onerous part of his duties, and augmented his honours. Goethe returned to Weimar on the 18th of June, 1788. He enjoyed this increase of favour, spoke with enthusiasm of Italy; but determined not to allow himself to be intruded on by idlers and strangers. At the same period when Schiller concealed his passion for one sister by an ardent friendship for both, Goethe, eager for less complicated relations, ruthlessly severed his friendship from the demands of sense; bestowing on Frau von Stein, by whom formerly every feeling of his heart was engrossed, the less ardent share, and forming a connection with Christine Vulpius a month after his return. So cordially did he hate the North and its mists, that, even in the present, his thoughts wandered back to the past; and he and Christine dreamt of nothing but Rome. All his friends crowded round him, but only to learn that Goethe, more grand, more fascinating than ever, was yet far from enjoying his home.

Schiller, too, was all impatience to see this popular idol. His expectations were excited to the uttermost. He had breathed long enough the atmosphere of fragrant incense which the Weimar world so freely offered up to the genius of Goethe. He had endured this oppressive climate with infinite patience. He communicated faithfully to Körner the extravagant praises that Herder lavished on the author of "Egmont;" from these commendations he had figured to himself an independent great man, a modern Julius Cæsar. For Herder endowed Goethe with a clear and universal intellect, the most true and profound feeling, and the utmost purity of heart, pronouncing him to be even more admirable as a man of business than as a poet; in short, he considered him an all-comprehensive spirit. Such unqualified praise of Goethe's talents for business could scarcely be echoed by him who was

at this very time toiling for Goethe. Schiller had become very intimate with Voigt. Through this channel he probably caught a glimpse of the shadows which the courtly Muse cast on the stocking-manufacturer in Apolda, or possibly he felt how hardly Fate had dealt with himself; for at length all the Democrat rose within him, and he wrote to Körner, "While Goethe is painting in Italy, the Voigts and Schmidts are obliged to toil for him like beasts of burden. For doing nothing he consumes in Italy a salary of eighteen hundred dollars, and for the half of this sum they are forced to bear a double load." I must say that I envy the pure snow-white spirit of the man who considers these remarks of Schiller's as a cause for lamentation. In spite of such outbreaks, Schiller's lofty opinion of Goethe remained unchanged, and when the latter at length arrived, Schiller eagerly hoped to become his friend, but it was clear that the first advances must proceed from the more distinguished and celebrated man. Schiller was too proud to force himself on the Minister, and too independent, even when he could have been introduced to him without being intrusive, to place himself on the lists of the blind worshippers of the poet. He welcomed Goethe by a sharp piece of criticism.

In the "Universal Literary Gazette," among other subjects, "Egmont" was given to Schiller to analyse. He praised what was worthy of praise, and his heart was certainly in the passage which he quoted from Ferdinand's part, "It was your name which from early youth beamed on me like a star in the firmament;" but he censured the operatic conclusion, and, in opposition to the sanguine Egmont, described the tender domestic father which history declares him to have been. We may, like Körner, defend this tragedy, but the criticism in question, written at this particular time, when Schiller every day expected to make Goethe's acquaintance, redounds highly to the honour of our poet: before Goethe read it, the meeting of the

two poets occurred, on the 9th of September, in Madame von Lengefeld's house; they had already exchanged cards.

Goethe had now come on a visit to Rudolstadt, where he was surrounded by a circle of admirers, — Frau von Stein, Frau von Schardt, and Herder's wife. The Lengefeld sisters, who had always been enthusiastically devoted to Goethe, anxiously hoped to see a friendship formed between the two great geniuses. The acquaintance was soon made, and without any ceremony, but Schiller's highly raised expectations were quickly dispersed by Goethe's appearance. Schiller had evidently not seen him distinctly on that memorable evening in the Academy; he expected to behold an Apollo. "He is of middle stature," writes the giant Schiller to Körner, "holds himself stiffly, and walks in the same manner; the expression of his countenance is reserved, but his eye full of thought and animation, and I watch his looks with pleasure. His voice is peculiarly agreeable, his mode of talking fluent, intellectual, and lively." As all present were anxious to enjoy his society, the conversation was entirely limited to commonplace subjects, but nevertheless Schiller induced Goethe to speak of Italy, which he was always glad to do. Goethe's enthusiastic praises of particular objects, rendered it quite clear to Schiller that their mutual conceptions were essentially different.

"On the whole," continues Schiller, "the lofty idea I had formed of him has not been lowered by personal acquaintance, but I doubt whether we shall ever cordially approximate—much that now interests me, he has outlived; he is so far beyond me, not so much in years as in worldly experience and self-development, that we can never more meet on the same path. His whole being has from the beginning been very differently trained from mine. I must however admit, that nothing certain or definitive can be deduced from a casual meeting like this. Time will show us more." And time proved

that Goethe only agreed with Schiller's views on this one point, that they were never likely to agree. The sisters of Saalthal regretted the circumstances of this meeting. Then the criticism of "Egmont" appeared, and made a considerable sensation, and the sisters—even the sisters—could scarcely forgive Schiller. Did this make him happier? Probably the change in his relations to Karoline, about which she questioned him in one of her letters, occurred at this time. Goethe, it would appear, ruled absolutely in the mind and heart where Schiller had believed he was himself supreme. Was the poem of "In October" a sorrowful echo of such contemplations, as in it he bestows "wreaths of fame and successful love" on the *prouder sons* of nature, but thanks the goddess for the glorious gift of song, for an earnest mind, and even for the salutary discipline of sorrow? resolved to cling to the embrace of her maternal heart "till death dissolve the tie." But his feelings towards Lotte, which, by such disquietude on account of Karoline, were naturally more strongly and decidedly roused, were not stifled by this profession of resignation. In her love there might possibly bloom for him hereafter, unmingled devotion and happiness;—according to his own confession, he often struggled with the resolution to unfold his whole heart to her. One evening when Schiller arrived on a visit, there had been rather a stormy scene between the mother and Lotte. The *chère mère* had been very severe; Lotte, conscious of being in the right, was much hurt, , and related all that had occurred to her friend; Karoline left the room, and Schiller profited by this opportunity to console the agitated girl, who, touched by his kind words and gentle tone, gratefully pressed his hand—for the first time—with deep emotion. Schiller thought that he could read something unusual

* The "Thalia" of 1790, No. II. p. 95. The poem has been recently discovered by Joachim Meyer.

in her heart, and was on the point of saying more, when Karoline, this time at a most inconvenient moment, returned, and thus the favourable opportunity was lost, and did not soon recur.

Schiller saw with dread the approach of winter. Plans for living-together had often been formed, but the sisters now in various notes spoke of the necessity of living asunder. This was the most distressing thing possible to Schiller, and he still delayed fixing the time for his departure, thus placing the sisters in a most embarrassing position. They wished to go to Erfurt, for the purpose of visiting Karoline von Dacheröden. If they hinted this intention to Schiller, he might conceive that they were desirous to anticipate him, in fixing a time for their separation, and yet they must do so, and declare the season to be at an end, as Schiller seemed determined to disregard the warnings of snow and hail. In Weimar, many reports were already circulated about Schiller and the sisters. Frau von Beulwitz was forced to be apparently cruel to Schiller, in order to act with wise discretion towards all parties. Their intended journey was at last announced to him. The note which conveyed this intelligence drew tears from his eyes, for hitherto he had by no means made up his mind to go away. He saw that he could not do so at a more favourable moment, and yet it was a severe trial. None of his hopes were much further advanced than at the beginning of summer, and all the prospects of his love seemed now overshadowed with gloom. His birthday, on which Lotte inexpressibly delighted him, by giving him a drawing of her own, was celebrated once more in the circle of those he so dearly loved. Two more days followed of timid enjoyment, and after he had taken leave of them at night, Lotte wrote thus, "We are then really severed? Scarcely can I believe that the long dreaded moment is actually over. We still contemplate the same objects; the same hills that encircle you, encom-

pass us also, and to-morrow all this will be no longer so? May good and glad spirits ever hover near you, and may the world encompass you with its most brilliant splendours, dear friend! I would gladly tell you how highly I value your friendship, and how greatly it enhances all my joys, but I hope you know this without any avowal from me. You are well aware, that I have a difficulty in finding words to express my feelings, and to make them clear." A "good night, good night," concludes the note. Next morning she wrote, on the already folded letter, one more cordial farewell. The same morning the sisters received his written adieu, and richly laden with "the tender woes of parting," and with a geranium as a souvenir, Schiller set off to Weimar. Often, often did he look back at the commencement of his journey, in the hope of discovering the carriage of his friends, which was to convey them to Erfurt, as they were obliged, for a time, to travel the same road, but the carriage did not appear containing "Wisdom" and "Comfort."* When Schiller wrote to Körner, on the 14th of November, "my heart is quite free, for your consolation," it was fortunate that Körner's happiness did not depend on this consolation. Schiller was desirous to avoid all further counsels or interference, and we own that he basely deluded his friend when he wrote to him in the ensuing March, "If you could procure for me, within a year, a wife with 12,000 dollars, with whom I could live happily, and to whom I could attach myself, I would then, in five years, compose for you a *Friedericiade*, a classical tragedy, and (as you are so bent upon it) half a dozen beautiful odes."

* Familiar names of the sisters in the domestic circle.

CHAP. III.

PROFESSOR.

Advances and a sudden Resolution. — Goethe's Concurrence. — Reserved Deportment of the Great Master. — Moritz. — On the Cultivation of the Beautiful.—His Connection with both Poets has not the Result of approximating them. — Schiller's loving Sorrow on the Subject of Goethe. — His final Avowal. — Schiller accepts a Professorship. — Energetic Grasp of his outward Position. — First Lecture. — Brilliant Results.

THE more stern Historical Muse had been superseded by her poetical sisters. Schiller worked at "The Artists," translated the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides *, also some scenes from the "Phœnicians," and looked over the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. Both his inclinations and his powers turned towards a drama. His increased intimacy with Wieland, whose "Mercury" was in extremity, favoured the continuance of this state of partial energy, as Schiller was to lend his assistance to a plan for the entire regeneration of this journal.

In the meantime events occurred, at the beginning of December, which suddenly cut short these minor compositions, and compelled the poet to commence an energetic study of a course of learning equally tiresome in itself and uncertain in its results. "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands" had appeared, and met with great success. This was, at last, "a solid work," on which future patronage might well be grounded. Ladies rejoice in weaving such webs. What had been merely casually suggested by Schiller as a remote project for the future, had become an eager wish with Karoline von

* He used for that purpose the Greek text, the Latin translation, and the Théâtre Grec of Brumoys.

Beulwitz; and Frau von Stein, herself well disposed towards the poet, took it for granted that he anxiously desired a settled position. By the transference of Eichhorn to Göttingen, a professorship in Jena had become vacant. Frau von Stein applied to the Duke to bestow it on Schiller; and her application was so favourably received, that Geheime-Rath Voigt was desired immediately to sound our poet on the subject. Schiller was much surprised. Voigt, however, urged him with so much warmth and cordiality to accept the proposal, that on the same evening Voigt was empowered to say to the Duke, that Schiller had made up his mind to undertake the office. Karl August, who was at this time staying at Gotha with Goethe, secured the vote of the Duke of Coburg,—one of the four "nursing mothers" of the University; and Schiller, on the 15th of December, received an order from that Government to establish himself accordingly, while an edict from the Weimar Minister, of the 11th of December, announcing Schiller's appointment, was despatched to the Courts of Saxe-Gotha, Coburg, and Meiningen. As in the course of a short time several proposals of the same kind had issued from Weimar, the proclamation commenced thus: "We can scarcely venture," &c.; but continued, with more spirit,—"It is the same subject to which we have more than once alluded, in reference to the well-known author, Friedrich Schiller, whose appointment as Rath we recently announced. It is his intention to accept this Professorship without salary or emolument," &c.*

The more certain his appointment became, the more repulsive the idea was to Schiller. He distrusted his own capabilities. Goethe, to whose good offices Schiller would gladly

* This must be the Act which Kanzler Miller alludes to in Stahr's "Weimar and Jena." Vol. I. p. 426. It is not, however, subscribed by Goethe, but only by Karl August, Freiherr von Fritsch, Von Schnauss and Schmidt, and thus Goethe is freed from the reproach of having recommended Schiller to the four Dukes as a person who could be had "gratis." The act itself is in the Weimar Archives, from whence it was communicated to me.

have attributed especial merit in securing this appointment, inspired him with fresh courage by a *docendo discimus*. But a feeling of regret for his lost freedom, and the consciousness of his deficient acquirements, weighed on him heavily. He wrote to his friends at Rudolstadt and to Körner, that he had allowed himself to be overruled, and entreated Körner to give him advice and comfort; and Körner both advised and comforted him. He made every preliminary arrangement to assist the new Professor in his course of study, noting the books which were of imperative importance for his preparation, and advising him, above all, to secure a good salary. When, however, Schiller replied that the distinction was to be entirely gratis, it became his turn to console Körner. "My sole view in this matter," writes Schiller, "is to take my place in an honest burgher sphere, which may eventually lead to a better provision for me. The necessity, too, which it imposes on me of applying seriously to the study of history, will enable me more quickly to acquire certain stores of knowledge, and hereafter facilitate my literary labours in historical composition." A fixed salary, he thinks, cannot fail to be allotted to him before long. He confesses, however, that this he never could have attained by the mode of life he has hitherto followed.

Körner was certainly not much edified by the situation his friend had obtained; but Schiller's parents were overjoyed to see their son at last installed in the long wished for "fixed situation," and not less rejoiced were his friends in Rudolstadt. They, however, entirely agreed with Schiller, that his farewell to the Muse must be very trying, and Lotte entreated that the historian might not utterly annihilate the poet; but they discerned so much that was inspiriting, as well as useful, in the position of a Professor of History, that Schiller employed their words to allay the mistrust of Körner. All hope of a visit to Rudolstadt in the course of the ensuing summer was now at an end, but to compensate for this, the ever im-

pending journey to Hamburg, and his return to Dresden, were finally abandoned.

"Wisdom" infinitely preferred his fixed vicinity to a mere summer visit, and "Comfort" willingly promised for them both, that they would visit him in Jena.

He was amused by Lotte's observation, that there were very fine grapes and peaches in Jena, and that henceforth the river Saale would be their common property. He felt the pressure of his new chains for a time, but finally, like a brave man, subdued his impetuosity by the force of a strong will. He resolved once more to barter his intellectual ideal for the purpose of gaining bread. "To be entirely happy," he writes to Lotte, "I must live in a condition free from care and anxiety, and not depend on the productions of my brains." It was indeed an act of "heroic resignation;" but not, as he at this moment gloomily anticipated, a renunciation of all the joys of life for three years to come.

In the whole course of this affair, almost nothing appeared of so much importance to our poet as the interest Goethe seemed to feel in his fate. He joyfully mentions each slight token of this to the sisters. They knew that Goethe had read "The Gods of Greece." The number of the "Mercury" in which it appeared, chanced to be lying on the table when he one day visited them in Rudolstadt. He looked into it, and took it home with him. Karoline already anticipated a close union between him and Schiller. Of all men, there was not one whose good opinion, and favourable judgment, Schiller so highly coveted, not one from whom he believed he could hear the truth about his works more readily. In order to ascertain Goethe's real sentiments, he questioned mutual friends about his expressions. He learned that Goethe had spoken with respect of the criticism on "Egmont," and was pleased with "The Gods of Greece," but thought the poem too long. These were indeed but scanty indications on which

to form a judgment, but Schiller eagerly grasped them. Goethe's personal demeanour now began to exercise the same progressive power over him, that Goethe's works had done since the days of his boyhood; and in completing "The Artists" he was chiefly anxious, by imparting a classical form to his work, to dissolve the frigid deportment of the great master.

But in vain. Goethe persevered in avoiding him. Goethe subsequently explained this by his longing for Italy, and his increased severity towards the principle of art, which recent poetical works were calculated to obstruct: "a well-sustained mediocrity, by descending from which a few paces, you fall into dulness, and by ascending a short way into utter nonsense. Such have been for ten years past the ingredients and the characteristics of our novels and dramas. Heine's 'Ardinghello,' and Schiller's 'Robbers,' in the latter of which, nevertheless, powerful though immature talent is displayed, had poured forth in an impetuous torrent over our fatherland, the identical æsthetic and theatrical paradoxes from which he had been striving to purify it. He much feared that all his endeavours had been thrown away, and his friends Meyer, Moritz, Tischbein, and Bury, seemed to him endangered."

Goethe's aversion to Schiller is not however accounted for by these remarks. If even he had discovered no merit in "Fiesko" and in "Don Carlos," still "The Gods of Greece" and "The Revolt of the Netherlands" must have shown him that an honest endeavour after purer forms was at hand with Schiller. Moreover the danger to his principles should not have appeared to him so imminent, as in his own "Burgher General," and various attempts at operas, he had not hesitated himself to condescend to the commonplace, and striven to accommodate his style to the taste of the masses. There existed indeed even now, many points of contact between him and Schiller. "Egmont" approximated to "Don Carlos" and "The Revolt of the Netherlands," and "Iphigenia" to Schiller's translations. The pre-

sence, too, of one of those very persons whom Goethe had considered exposed to risk, made it quite clear that at this time no danger whatever was to be apprehended from Schiller.

Ernst Philipp Moritz, with whom Schiller had become acquainted in Leipzig, had succeeded in gaining Goethe's friendship in Rome. The result of various conversations with him was a small pamphlet, which in its day had extraordinary influence on æsthetics. Goethe subsequently reclaimed his property, and in his "Imitation of the Beautiful" acknowledged the views of art there put forth to be his own.* Plato's idea of the Divine origin of the Beautiful, which Shaftesbury also maintained before Winckelmann had succeeded in deducing from it the fruitful thought of the Ideal, was most vividly and strikingly inculcated in this joint work of Moritz and Goethe. Nature viewed as a Whole, as it is here designated, is the highest degree of the Beautiful. The soul of the artist grasps this noble perfection (the *Idea*, according to the phrase of the present day) in dim foreboding. When it is once seized in all its fulness, the soul (and this is very essential) can no longer be satisfied by the *contemplation* of individual portions in the totality of nature. The artist must endeavour to reproduce the whole, and collect all its combinations into one focus. Such propositions as the following have become, in my opinion, highly important for all subsequent æsthetics. "Every beautiful whole from the hand of the creative artist, is a copy in miniature of the highest order of Beauty in the grand whole of Nature, which thus impels the creative hand of the artist to reproduce indirectly, what was not directly included in her own plan." In this mission is naturally seen a proof of its absolute necessity.

* The abridgment which Goethe has given of this treatise in his "Italian Travels," is as unsatisfactory as that communicated by Klischnigg. The pamphlet itself well rewards the trouble of a perusal.

The Beautiful exists for its own sake; it is created by Genius, entirely without consideration of its use or abuse. He who thus creates, and he alone, can possibly enjoy the Beautiful to its full extent; and the Beautiful can in no other mode be imparted, than by Imagination reproducing it from the inner impulses of the soul. Such principles are the results of deep thought, and fully refute the assertion, that Goethe never reflected or philosophised, and that his views on these subjects were not brought to maturity with him by reflection or study. Schiller read this pamphlet. Julius addresses Raphael in nearly the same strain, as to the artistic idea of the universe; only in it the application to art and artists was made, the very same application which Schiller was about to make use of in his "Artists" from the ideas of Julius. Moritz came to see him, and they were mutually better satisfied than formerly; indeed Moritz himself said so to Frau von Stein, and Schiller acknowledges that the treatise referred to, exercised considerable influence over his poem "The Artists." In it, also, two paths alone were pointed out as the only rules for the cultivation of the artist; the study of the organisation of Nature, and the study of the Ancients, where Nature had become Art.

It is indeed incomprehensible that Moritz should not have effected an approximation between his host (for he lived with Goethe) and Schiller; but there was one point on which they fundamentally and personally differed. Moritz maintained in his pamphlet that every work of art, if defective even in a single point, must inevitably sink below the level of utility. This irreproachable perfection Moritz admired in Goethe's "Egmont." Goethe's public refutation of all censure, a refutation which indeed nominally applied to "Angelika Kaufmann," leads us to suspect that the proud consciousness of consummate finish in "Egmont," also glowed within his breast. He who was not prepared to imitate, from his inward

powers, the work of art created by Nature, through the medium of Genius, and as it was conceived by Genius — he who could not discover the point of view whence alone the inner completion of this work of art could be contemplated, was at once excluded from the benefits of this system. And Schiller found himself in a similar position, not only with regard to "Egmont;" for he candidly told Moritz that in this manner there could exist no perfect work of art. In so far he was perfectly right, but so much the greater was his error when he censured in "Egmont" imperfections as closely allied to its beauties, as Goethe to Goethe. How worthless, then, according to Goethe's dogmas, must Schiller's productions appear? He who only indicated the principal facts in free, bold strokes, such as the Drama imposes, and ever will impose? Indeed, what could Goethe say even to "The Artists," which, along with Schiller's other works, must have appeared to him only will without ability, a pretension least of all suited to a poem? But Goethe did not advert to the fact, that Nature requires one man for the Sublime, and another for the Beautiful. Just so far and so near, did these two stand in relation to each other. Only thus is it to be explained why they remained so long estranged, and only thus also, why they eventually became so closely linked. Both cherished the most dignified conceptions of their vocation, and that it is the ideal (Schiller's "Urania") which impels the artist to create. The talent of both was free from egotism; they did not rashly and incessantly seek the frivolities of art, after the first creative impulses were stilled. They sought first Reason and the Beautiful, in all their "completeness." The one in history and philosophy, the other in physical science, and both in the ancients. This pure earnestness, this unselfish devotion to the Ideal, must have first constrained them to esteem each other, and the Beautiful which dwelt within their hearts as a reward for their faithful search after truth, could

not fail eventually to unite the two poets, in mutual love and admiration.

For the present Moritz was the unintentional means of estranging them. While Zeus-Goethe was infatuated with Moritz, and showed kindness and hospitality towards Kapell Meister Reichard, the composer of the music of Claudine von Villa Bella; while bestowing a good salary, and securing a good situation for Heinrich Meyer, a very moderate painter, but an admirable man, and profound devotee of art; Schiller continued in a state of banishment, as an intellectual opponent. Who can blame Schiller for being painfully affected, when he by degrees discovered, that Goethe's interest in him was purely official? In fact amounting to none at all. On the 2nd of February, he writes to Körner: "To live much with Goethe would make me miserable; he has no moments of effusion, even with his dearest friends; there is nothing tangible in him. I believe indeed that he is an egotist to an extraordinary degree. He has awakened in me a most singular antagonism of love and hatred, a sentiment not wholly dissimilar to that which Brutus and Cassius must have experienced towards Cæsar. I could willingly assassinate his mind, and yet cordially love himself." Körner writes in return: "You may boldly present yourself before him with the consciousness 'anch' io son pittore.'"

Schiller at one moment overrating, and at another depreciating, the sphere of the Ideal, answers: "I do not pretend to measure myself with Goethe, when he chooses to put forth his whole strength. He possesses far more genius than I do, and infinitely greater stores of knowledge—a clear intellect, and in addition to all this, an enlightened and refined love of art, perfected by study, in which I am deficient to a degree, that almost amounts to positive ignorance." In answer to such exaggerated self-depreciation, Körner very properly writes: "That Goethe has more genius than you, I very

much doubt." He attributes Schiller's deficiencies to his impatient ardour for the Ideal, which makes him apt to disregard what is more petty and unimportant." On which Schiller with noble candour replies: "I cannot but smile when I remember what I told you about Goethe. You have certainly seen me in all my weakness, and must have laughed at me in your heart—and you may still do so.' This man, this Goethe, stands in my path, constantly reminding me that Fate has dealt hardly with me. How joyously has Destiny sustained his genius, and how have I been forced to strive and struggle, even to this very hour!" He deplores that lost opportunities can never more be regained. "But I have good courage still," he concludes, "and place entire faith in a happy revolution at some future day." He says that he knows "he has produced a drama, in proportion to his talents," which no other person will ever imitate; and by exerting all his powers, he feels that he can create works of art which may well measure themselves with those of others.

With this conviction he tranquillises his mind, and in the following avowal lies the whole nobility of his soul, and also a principle valid for all time. On the 25th of February, 1789, he writes to Karoline von Beulwitz: "To speak seriously, I am both too proud and too indolent obsequiously to wait upon a man, until he has developed his mind to me. There is a language which all men understand; it is this: Make use of your powers. If each individual works with his whole strength, he cannot long remain unknown to others. This is my plan. If I ever chance to be in a position to put forth all my energies, then both he and others shall know me, as I now know him and his mighty intellect." Till that time arrived, his unreturned and wounded affection found its sole consolation in Huber's assurance, that Goethe's mother was most enthusiastic about Schiller; and Goethe was the true son of his mother.

Schiller now commenced his Herculean labours; it is a melancholy satisfaction to contemplate him. He began his toils without the aid of any other patrons than Bertuch and his publisher. But when this travail was half completed, he was a lost man,—for his health was ruined for life.

Schiller was obliged to purchase his office, by the very toil from which it ought to have shielded him; he was obliged to write, to procure money; and in spite of the well known aphorism, that in practical life every great poet is a simpleton, Schiller commenced admirably. He had for a long time meditated publishing a continuous work, in the style of a collection of Memoirs, which had at that time appeared in London. It was his intention first to translate various French Memoirs connected with history, and subsequently some English ones, thus rendering them works available to the public, each volume to be preceded by a preliminary chapter on universal history. Schiller communicated this project to the speculative Bertuch, who, quickly recognising its advantages, procured for him in the bookseller Mauke, in Jena, an opulent publisher. The editor was either himself to translate the works, or to appoint substitutes, who would be satisfied with a share of the whole sum, and thus leave him some profit. This was the manner in which the public remunerated the new Professor, for his study of original materials, and likewise for considering a mass of dramatic and historical subjects. Besides this occupation, which cost him three hours at least daily, his good old muse, "Thalia," stood faithfully by his side; a work which Göschen pressed forward with fresh zeal, as he confessed that of all the contributions he received —and both Goethe's and Wieland's were among the number— those of Schiller had the best sale. Schiller also wrote in the pages of "The Mercury." In January, 1789, appeared in it the novel, "The Sport of Destiny," the subject being the history of Rieger. However, he soon ceased to feel any

interest in this paper, from the contemptible productions which Wieland admitted into it. At length he hoped to receive the profits of the publication of his lectures, of his historical labours, and — the college fees. His letters to Körner at this time may be compared to a set task of adding up small sums. He confidently hoped to get rid of his debts, for the "magisterial mud," and the claims for taxes of the five Royal Professorships (Altenburg was included, though connected with Gotha), found him, after a busy winter, "not altogether blank." His office cost about sixty dollars. In March he received his formal induction as Professor Extraordinary. His last greeting to the Muses — though never had he felt a stronger desire to commence a drama — was the poem of "The Artists." It appeared in the March number of "The Mercury," exactly one year after "The Gods of Greece."

He could not resist one more excursion into the domains of poetry, in a plan for a "Friedericiade," to which Körner tempted him. In the middle of March he went to Jena, where he hired a house, and made himself acquainted with the duties of his office. Schutz advised him only to read a *publicum* during the first session; Schiller selected for this purpose an "Introduction to Universal History," and soon was seen, paraded on a large black board, this announcement: *Fridericus Schiller publice introductionem in historiam universalem hora nondum definita sed justo tempore indicanda proponet.* From Jena the new Professor journeyed back to Rudolstadt, to bask once more in the sunshine of love. There, too, he found a new Professor installed. The *chère mère* had been appointed Instructress of the two young Princesses, and consequently transferred her residence to the Palace in Rudolstadt, unsuspiciously leaving her own daughters to fall a prey — to what robber she was soon to learn.

On the 11th of May, Schiller finally settled in Jena. He was much pleased with his three lofty apartments *en suite*, with their bright coloured hangings, numerous windows, and two sofas. He was also very proud of his cleverly constructed writing table, which had cost him two carolins. He calculated that he could not spend less than four hundred and eighty dollars; indeed, this sum could scarcely have sufficed, but for the economical terms on which he arranged his *ménage* with his landladies—two old maids—who agreed that his daily dinner should be furnished for two groschen! The society of his colleagues pleased him exceedingly; but a very natural prejudice made him pronounce the ladies in Jena totally devoid of attractions.

On the 26th of May he encountered the formidable "first appearance in the professor's chair." He had modestly chosen the moderate sized lecture hall of Reinhold. Schiller's lecture was from six to seven in the evening, and he waited in Reinhold's house till that hour arrived; but by half-past five o'clock it was reported, that the hall was quite full, and Schiller, who was standing at the window, saw with a beating heart fresh groups of students hurrying down the street,—there appeared to be no end to the numbers. The crowd increased every moment; the entrance hall, the ground floor, and the staircase were crammed with students, and numbers were obliged to go back. In such a case as this to carry modesty further, would have been inexcusable. All that could be done was to choose the largest hall to be found in Jena; and this was Griesbach's. It was proposed to the students to remove thither. There was now a most amusing spectacle: all rushed out in a numerous procession down the Johannis Strasse. The citizens thought that a fire had broken out. The castle guard arrived in a fright. "What is it?" "What is the matter?" was heard in all directions. "The new Professor is to give his first lecture." After a time Schiller, accompanied by Reinhold, followed the

stream. He felt as if he were condemned to run the gauntlet. When he arrived he found the large hall, which contained 400 persons with ease, full, the anteroom full, and the entrance hall full to the back door. Numbers were seated, and many more standing on the window sills. He was received by violent stamping as a sign of approbation. The spectacle of the crowd inspired him with wonderful energy. The substance of his discourse was a parallel between the man who writes for gain and the Philosopher; in his situation a bold repudiation of false pretensions, and also a confession of faith in the lecturer, which it was judicious to make. He read, — and read with such power and ease, that every syllable could be distinctly heard even at the door.

His thesis made a most favourable impression. In the evening an incident occurred, hitherto unexampled in the case of any new professor. A serenade, accompanied by noisy *vivats* from the energetic throats of the sons of the Muse, testified that Körner was justified in pronouncing that the university of Jena gained more by the name of Schiller, than Schiller did by the university of Jena.

CHAP. IV.

TROUBLES OF LOVE.

Letters of the Sisters.—Connection with Karoline von Dacheröden.—Wilhelm von Humboldt, the Coadjutor.—The Ladies go to Lauchstedt.—Schiller's Visit there, and his Declaration.—Rendezvous with Körner in Leipzig.—A Shade of Coolness between the Friends.—Schiller longs to call Lotte his own.—Plans, Obstacles, Misunderstandings of a deeper kind.—Schiller is obliged to tranquillise Lotte as to his Relation to Karoline.—Prospect of a Salary.—The Sisters at Weimar.—Karoline as a Match-maker.—A variety of Proposals and Plans for the Future.—Wooing and Consent.—Karl August and Dalberg guarantee the Future.—Schiller hurries on the Marriage.—Explanation with Körner.—Charlotte von Kalb, her Position with regard to Schiller at this Time.—Strong Emotions.—Reconciliation.

SCHILLER was now fairly under the yoke. To listen to his lectures was in truth to learn; and in the course of such teaching, all subjects assumed under his auspices, more importance than the mere object of instruction required. But he was in the happiest frame of mind. His friends supported him warmly, envy was at least suppressed, and many golden images of future joys brightened his soul. Körner eagerly desired again to see the friend so valiantly striving to fulfil his duties. Schiller's increasing occupations had rather caused a cessation in their correspondence, and many questions could only be verbally discussed. Inspired with fresh courage, and incited by his friend's steady progress, to soar beyond the commonplace duties of his office, Körner still hoped to become one day an author. They agreed on a meeting at Leipzig, and then the Körners were to proceed to Weimar and Jena. They also hoped that Huber, who had been

appointed Secretary to the Embassy in Mayence, at the beginning of the year 1788, and was in constant association with Forster, would join them. Forster, who furnished contributions to the "Thalia," and had been pronounced long ago by Huber, as worthy to be "a sixth goblet," * was to accompany him. The journey, however, did not take place, and instead of these friends, Schiller brought two persons, more calculated than any others, to please the "Bond."

The sisters in Saalthal had written regularly during the winter, no longer notes but letters: even the most distinguished ladies of the present day, must own, on reading these letters, that in the best of their sex of the previous century, mental cultivation was earnestly pursued. What a prodigious number of books both these sisters read, and *how* they read! Lotte translates "Ossian's Songs," and Karoline passages from "Ovid's Metamorphoses;" and Schiller is requested to criticise them. They read "Œdipus zu Kolonos," and "Agamemnon:" these are shortly succeeded by Shaftesbury's sublime wisdom, "Gibbon's Roman History;" now, the writings of the King of Prussia; then the "Œuvres Morales of Diderot," and "Müller's History of Switzerland," are discussed. What Schiller is as yet unacquainted with, they guide him to. He sends them Körner's letters, whom he had long ago described to them, in all his excellence and energy, and they do not merely glance at these works superficially; for once, when Lotte, being unwell, does not enter with sufficient minuteness into the details of the pamphlet of Moritz, to which we have already referred, the Herr Rath mildly reproves her, and in the next letter she atones for her neglect by a more particular analysis.

It is said in "The Cid" that man is to be blamed for the

* In reference to the five silver goblets, typical of the five leaved clover of Schiller's dream, and of the five friends in Dresden, — Körner, Huber, Schiller, Minna and Dora.

faults of woman. To be just, we must admit that the eccentricities and aberrations of isolated female natures at that period, when not called forth by unhappy connections and morbid dispositions, were for the most part attributable to the direct influence of the most distinguished men of the day. They ruled literature, as well as life. It is not fair to demand from the weaker sex, that born to love, they should be bold enough to criticise; but there are female natures that venture to do so without losing their attractive beauty. They do not speak, it is nature that speaks within them: it seems as if she chose the softest voice to penetrate more surely the heart of man. Of the latter species we learn from this correspondence, was Lotte von Lengefeld, of the former, Karoline. Goethe, on one occasion, says that Schiller was dependent on female influence. These letters will prove how far this is true. Schiller was at that time very cosmopolitan in his inclinations. Karoline was so also, and declared that it was very admissible to be occasionally thoroughly German in opposition to the French, just as every Knight Templar is peculiarly Christian. Schiller writes to Lotte, deriding her admiration of Winkelried's deed, which he characterises as ferocity: "I thank Heaven that I live among men incapable of such a grand action as that of Winkelried." * What does Lotte reply? "It was to no sudden burst of fury that he sacrificed himself, but a well considered deliberate action. He saw only this one mode of saving his nation. That he did not act thus on the impulse of the moment, is evident from his appeal to his confederates at the last catastrophe: 'Provide for my wife and children, my kind and faithful fellow conspirators. Let not my race perish.' Do not call this ferocity, I beg." Is not this, "I beg," inimitable? and then she modestly continues: "Would that I had true eloquence to represent facts as impressively as you can do,

* Winkelried, an Helvetian patriot.

and then I might convince you." Karoline, with loving wisdom, connects herself with his present—on Lotte repose his hopes for the future. Karoline's elective affinity is Wilhelm von Humboldt; Lotte's is Goethe, whom she even now cordially loved. Karoline discussed with Schiller the distinction between romance and history; she does justice to the talent of Diderot's writings. She gives a decided opinion, and likes making use of scientific terms; such sentimental words as these of Karoline's, "In the midst of all error, the everlasting truth of Love remains ours," never could have emanated from Lotte's pen. Lotte culls from her books what suits her best. She rejoices that Frederick II. prefers the cup of poison to exile; she approves of Diderot commending friendship between parents and children, and laments that so many writers have such a low opinion of women. She accuses herself of having been at one period of her life vain, but affirms that she has now an abhorrence of all pretence or assumption. She would appear almost austere, were she not so gentle and unassuming. While Karoline's thoughts soar with Schiller beyond this earthly sphere, there dwells within Lotte's heart a grateful sense of the joys of this life, the source of which is a contented spirit. She looks up, indeed, with mysterious awe to the sparkling Orion, but she writes, "The fair worlds I see yonder, of which I know nothing, by no means make me undervalue the spot I now inhabit,—far from it, we have many blessings here." Schiller complains of the inclemency of the climate. Lotte, for his consolation, praises "the power of endurance which discomforts like these call forth." I leave to my fair readers the task of comparing the various characters in Schiller's subsequent dramas with those of Lotte, Karoline, and Frau von Kalb. Certainly in that case, "Thekla," and the "Maid of Orleans," would fall to Lotte's share.

There can be no doubt that this correspondence tended to confirm Schiller's original choice, but precisely by means of

these very letters, bearing no type of individuality, yet representing two different, though almost imperceptibly different, views of every question, the images of both sisters floated before his imagination dissolved into *one* charming personality.

How difficult it was to pass from this pure and harmonious triad to sink into a happy pair, in the prosaic and practical state of matrimony. Schiller was afraid to disturb the quiet and dispassionate nature of this alliance by a proposal of the latter kind. He likewise shrunk from demanding any sacrifice, and at that time it would not only have been esteemed one, but a very great one, for any person of noble birth to marry a burgher. Such a decision, which was by no means an easy one, awaited Lotte. Every girl knows by instinct how to encourage a timid lover. Lotte loved Schiller already with the most heartfelt devotion, but the free play of her feelings was curbed. In spite of many conquests, she was too modest to believe that she had gained the love of this great genius. Schiller appeared to share his predilection between the sisters, and Karoline seemed to appropriate her portion with peculiar passion; indeed, it was only the tender affection which Lotte felt towards her sister, that prevented her accusing Karoline as the cause of this partition. She was contented to possess Schiller's friendship at least, along with her sister, as she could not hope to become his exclusively. This feeling of resignation made her appear cold, and effectually crushed any more open expression of Schiller's feelings. The lovers were thus involved in this singular alternation of feeling.

It is evident that the direction and course of this whole connection was subject to the subtle hand of Karoline. No doubt she had also inner struggles to encounter. In her, sagacity, consideration for circumstances, enthusiasm, and sense of duty were all blended with the most passionate craving for love, which she bestowed on various persons with almost equal

vehemence. Which of these qualities moved her most we cannot say, but the event proved that she finally came to the decision most satisfactory to all parties. She bestowed on Lotte the man of her heart, and on Schiller a charming wife; on her mother a professor as a son-in-law, and she herself retained what she had always possessed—Schiller's friendship; the full enjoyment of which she attained by a subsequent separation from her husband, and a long residence with the two beings she so dearly loved. Indeed, by a second marriage which she arranged about the same time, she formed two connections for our poet which eventually proved of great importance to him, Wilhelm von Humboldt and her adored Dalberg.

Let us cursorily follow these threads of Karoline's weaving, and the reader must do his best to disentangle all the confusion of the various Charlottes and Karolines.

There lived in Erfurt, as my readers are already aware, a certain Karoline von Dacheröden, daughter of the President of the Board of Finance, Von Dacheröden. She was the beloved *protégée* of Frau von Beulwitz, and a warm-hearted and singularly refined woman, of the most brilliant talents and much solid learning. She read Greek like a philologist; but her health was delicate, which rendered her unable to endure much bodily fatigue. At that time she had not made up her mind which to accept, of two adorers who aspired to her favour. To contribute to her happiness, her cheerfulness and her fortune, and to procure her, if possible, a companion for life worthy of her, Frau von Beulwitz considered an absolute duty. All pretenders to the hand of Karoline von Dacheröden were to apply to her friend. A son of Sophie la Roche had already done so in the summer of 1788, but another suitor obtained the preference. Wilhelm von Humboldt was patronised by the band of sentimental ladies in Berlin, and highly prized by one of the most energetic and intellectual of their

number, Henriette Herz. He was young and independent, already well acquainted with Forster, cultivated by foreign travel, and well versed in the classics. In Thérèse Forster he saw his ideal of a woman so entirely realised, that he despaired of ever securing for himself similar happiness. In Berlin an expedient was soon found. Karoline von Dacheröden, and also Frau von Beulwitz, corresponded closely with these Berlin ladies, who assured Wilhelm von Humboldt that in Karoline he would find a second Thérèse. The guidance of the affair was entrusted to Frau von Beulwitz. Humboldt presented himself to her in Rudolstadt in the winter of 1788-1789, and found favour in her sight. Karoline von Dacheröden was to pass the summer months at the baths of Lauchstedt, near Halle. As Schiller could be visited in Jena, and both Körner and Schiller were to meet her in Leipzig, a journey to the baths of Lauchstedt offered the best opportunity for Frau von Beulwitz to arrange several affairs at the same time, especially as Herr von Beulwitz had recently gone forth with his royal pupils to Switzerland, where they proposed remaining a considerable time. Karoline's health still continued so feeble that a course of waters could not fail to benefit her. The sisters and Henriette therefore went first to Jena at the beginning of July, where they saw Schiller, but to their regret in the society of others, and closely watched by curious observers. Thence they proceeded to Burgöner, the Dacheröden property, where Humboldt and La Roche were already established. The intellectual superiority of Humboldt was soon very manifest, but there was no declaration on his side. The three female friends went on to Lauchstedt, where they lived very secluded and read much, looking forward with eagerness to Schiller's arrival, whom they expected to join them in the beginning of August. The latter was beyond measure excited and indignant at the almost entire failure of all enjoyment during their meeting at Jena. He arrived at last, and on the morning of

the 3rd of August, Karoline, it appears, though not in Lotte's presence, in return for his long concealed passion, and the less guarded avowals into which he had occasionally been betrayed, bestowed on him some distant hope, and the conviction that Lotte loved him. Karoline's expressions on the subject could not however have been very distinct, for Schiller writes from Leipzig, to which he went the same day, "Reassure me both by saying that my hopes have not led me too far, that Lotte will be mine, and that I can make her happy;" and to Lotte herself, "Is it true, dearest Lotte? May I hope that Karoline has read your heart, and discovered there what I did not venture to anticipate? Confirm, I entreat, what Karoline has allowed me to hope. Say that you will be mine, and that my happiness does not cost you a sacrifice. I surrender all the joys of my life into your hand. Oh! it is indeed long since any image but yours has ever been present to my mind."

Then Lotte for the first time writes, "Karoline has truly read my feelings, and answered what my heart would have dictated." She had now a depth of feeling "more comprehensive than any words." The "for ever your faithful Lotte," she fully performed.

If I am not much deceived, I have now described circumstances exactly as they really occurred.

Schiller escorted the sisters to Leipzig, where the Körners expected them, and in the first intoxication of joy at again seeing his friend, told him all. After what Schiller had so recently written* to him, Körner must have been not a little surprised by this sudden arrangement. Körner could not dissemble: only a very few hours were granted to him to discover all the perfections of the bride and her sister, and even during these hours the lovers were entirely engrossed by each other.* A cause of estrangement had crept into their friend-

* Unpublished letter from Körner to R. Z. Becker.

ship, which was not thoroughly extirpated till long afterwards. The Körners travelled with Schiller to Jena and Weimar, without much enjoyment, or their usual cordiality.

But Schiller was happy, so exuberantly happy that he scarcely observed this reserve; besides, he well knew how unmerited this coolness was on Körner's part. Indeed now, when once more left alone in Jena, his exulting sense of happiness was poured forth in such an impetuous torrent, that from its vehemence we first perceive the blank he had formerly felt. The certainty that Lotte is to become his wife, instead of causing him selfishly to enjoy this blessing and to withdraw himself from her sister, only induces him to transfer some of the overflow of his enthusiastic love to Karoline. Now commences that strange unparalleled double spiritual courtship which stands alone among all similar relations. As if he felt that he must compensate Karoline by the expressions of his love, for all that his marriage must necessarily deprive her of, he includes her again and again in his most tender declarations. He represents all severance of their three-fold union as impossible — "My whole happiness for time and for eternity hangs by this single hair; if it breaks, then I have nothing more to lose." Rudolstadt is his Mecca, his love, his religion, his prophet. He is never weary of painting the future. How pure, how ethereal are these images! — "Karoline is at the piano, and Lotte working beside me, and I see you both reflected in the mirror hanging opposite to me. I lay down my pen to convince myself, by your beating hearts, that I have you near me, that nothing, nothing can ever snatch you from me again. I wake with the certainty of finding you both, and with the same happy prospect of seeing you again next morning, I go to sleep at night. Enjoyment is only interrupted by hope, and sweet hope by fruition; borne aloft by this celestial pair, our golden life will glide away." And so unprejudiced were this group, that Lotte coincides in this

tone and writes, "I know that we shall never repent having staked the happiness of our whole lives on your love." Schiller, however, does not deprive Lotte of that which belongs exclusively to her. He declares his original preference for herself, the confession of which had only been suppressed by her apparent coldness. His bride consequently unfolds every feeling of her heart more unreservedly to him—"Rich in your intellect, mine will rejoice in following the flight of yours, and a never ending spring of love will bloom in your heart and in mine. What a prospect for the time to come! my future life lies bright and smiling before me."

Lotte could calmly rejoice in this "time to come." Schiller was soon all impatience to complete his preparations; a residence of several weeks in Volkstedt, during the autumn holidays of 1789, enabled him to taste the joy of living in the same house with Lotte. When he returned to Jena in October, solitude and society seemed equally intolerable. His official duties, though at first so prosperous, now began to assume a more adverse aspect. When the time arrived for the students to pay their fees, their enthusiasm had subsided; Schiller, by his tardy announcement, and by the choice of an inconvenient hour, was partly himself to blame for this. His course of Roman History (from the building of the city to the fall of the kingdom in the East) was scarcely attended by thirty pupils, and only ten of these paid their fees.* Moreover, he was obliged to work so incessantly, that he had not a moment of leisure even to write to the sisters; they did not venture to make any disclosures to the mother until Schiller's position was more settled, and Jena appeared less than ever a suitable place for this purpose. An incident now occurred that finally disgusted him with his situation. A certain Professor Heinrich, Titular

* The first fee he received was from a student, a native of the good city of Bernburg.

Professor of History, took it amiss that Schiller, in his initiatory lecture now printed, had styled himself Professor of History. The servant of the Academy tore off the title of the lecture pasted up in a bookseller's shop. Schiller caused inquiry to be made as to his right to do this, and found that he was himself undoubtedly in the wrong. He considered his position most unprofitable, and bitterly lamented having sacrificed his golden freedom. Fully confirmed in these complaints by Körner, he formed plans to leave Jena. He thought of Berlin, Vienna, even of Mannheim; of every place where there were academies with paid professorships; and by Karoline's mediation he made a direct application to a man who had much in his power, at least for the future—the Reichs-Freiherr Karl Theodor Anton Maria von Dalberg, to whom we have already referred, Stadtholder in Erfurt in 1772, Coadjutor of Mayence in 1778. It was this Ecclesiastical Prince, who on the demise of the Elector of Mayence, which, according to all human calculation, could not be far distant, must be elevated to that brilliant and powerful position. His political views, which we alluded to in the discussion on "Don Carlos," reposed on the basis of an expansive and beneficent heart, and a creative imagination. Forster indeed considered him a Jesuit in disguise, and though fascinated by his intellect, this circumnavigator of the globe discovered in his handsome and regular features, traces of effeminate sensuality. To use Haym's words, "Dalberg would gladly have transformed himself into a perfect being, by the aid of scientific, æsthetic, and moral culture, if the gods had not placed toil by the side of virtue." But however little Dalberg's character proved itself to be genuine grain on the threshing-floor of the period, still his mere protection was a real benefit to Schiller, and ensures Dalberg, among his Princely contemporaries, who did not even make tolerable chaff, the grateful remembrance of posterity. Dalberg promised, though in indefinite terms, to

bestow his protection on Schiller, and even by this slender prospect, cast into the deepest shadow his situation at Jena. It was not only about himself and his own marriage that Schiller was forced to interest himself. Karoline von Dacheröden was dangerously ill, and expressed a wish to die in the arms of Frau von Beulwitz*; but she unexpectedly recovered, and about Christmas, 1789, Schiller was obliged—we may say much against the grain—to express a hope that "Karoline von Dacheröden would belong to their circle for ever;" Frau von Beulwitz intending to urge on the marriage with Humboldt, which she had hitherto conducted in rather a formal and diplomatic manner, and to apply to the President von Dacheröden (the "Papa" in the letters) for his consent. Indeed, these strange matchmaking creatures even suggested a marriage between the old President and *la chère mère* herself! What excitement! what incessant occupation! But this was not enough. Schiller at this same period had two separations to arrange; that of Frau von Kalb,—which we shall return to hereafter,—and Frau von Beulwitz: for the latter lady was perfectly resolved to live under the same roof with the loving couple,—indeed, Schiller's marriage depended on the fulfilment of this stipulation.

It cannot be wondered at that Lotte, in the meantime, should become rather dizzy on such altitudes as these. On the 6th of April, 1789, she wrote to Fritz von Stein, in reference to the well-known story of Graf von Gleichen: "I do think that our sex must be very credulous to believe it possible that a man ever really existed who could love two women to such an extent, and yet remain true to his first love, like Graf Gleichen." Now she rather wavered in this belief. Schiller endeavoured to tranquillize her: "How can you fear, darling Lotte, ever ceasing to be as dear to me as you at this

* Unpublished letter from Frau von Beulwitz to R. Z. Becker.

moment are? In that case you must first cease to love me. Our love calls forth no dread, no anxiety. How could I enjoy existence between you and Karoline, if my feeling for both and for each of you, had not the sweet security that I can never deprive the one of what I owe to the other? Karoline is nearer my own age, and thus the impress of our thoughts and feelings are more alike. She has called forth more expressions of emotion than you, my Lotte; but I would not for the world wish you to be anything but what you are. What Karoline has in advance of you, you must receive from me. Your soul must be developed by my love. You must be *my* creation. Your bloom must be produced by the spring of my love. Had we met later in life, I should have been deprived of this joy and of seeing you blossom for me. How charmingly has our connexion been regulated by Fate! Words cannot depict all these tender emotions; but my soul feels them in all their refinement and subtlety."

And fair "Wisdom,"—wise enough to know that his feelings towards Karoline would cause no diminution of her felicity,—calmly and with right feeling awaited the future. It was soon her turn to console her impatient lover; and her devoted affection so far reconciled him to his hard fate, that he looked back on his past sufferings as nothing, and the following touching words were poured forth from his heart: "How fortunate that the seeds of joy and love still live uninjured within my heart, to ripen into blossom from the warmth of yours!"

Schiller in some degree gave way to Lotte's feelings. He renounced all idea of Karoline immediately taking up her abode with them. The separation of the latter from her husband, and the fact of Schiller's engagement to Lotte, were not at the same moment to assail the unsuspecting Frau von Lengefeld. He now entreated Lotte to consent to live alone with him in Jena, and was overjoyed when Lotte consented to do so. He had drunk so deeply of the magic draught of love

that he could no longer endure the miseries of suspense. All his hopes were concentrated on the Duke of Weimar granting him a small pension. Frau von Stein could assist in effecting this. She had also great influence over *la chère mère*. Lotte confided the whole secret to her. But Frau von Stein was decidedly opposed to the marriage. She represented to Lotte that in Schiller she would have an invalid husband, and implored her not to precipitate herself into such misery for life.

Not till Lotte had shown herself firm and immovable as a rock, did her friend affected by her stedfastness, promise her energetic and active sympathy. The most important point was to propitiate the Duke. Frau von Beulwitz, always intent in any emergency in forming a lofty plan of campaign, perceived that the principal fortress to be assaulted was at Weimar, where she would also be nearer Erfurt, the ground of her second enterprise; for the Dacheröden marriage had as yet made no progress. From Weimar, too, the *chère mère*, and "papa" could be more easily stormed, and a positive assurance more certainly extracted from the Coadjutor. Frau von Beulwitz therefore pronounced a visit to Weimar of the last importance; and Schiller soon had the pleasure of escorting on horseback the carriage of the sisters, towards evening, up the Schnecke, a well known break neck road, so that Frau Griesbach and her friends could not find any fresh cause for scandal in Schiller's convoy on this occasion. The various subsequent journeys he made to Weimar, he contrived adroitly to disguise by the company of others; all was in the best train, when suddenly — Karoline certainly must have understood witchcraft — a new project developed itself, as if from the clouds, which again included the residence of all three together. Schiller wished to live at Rudolstadt, and either entirely to renounce his office at Jena, or at least to obtain leave of absence for a certain time. He almost hoped that Karl August would refuse to grant a salary, for that

would have been a sufficient reason for leaving Jena. If Schiller resided in Rudolstadt, the separation of Frau von Beulwitz became unnecessary, for Schiller had wonderful tact in maintaining a good understanding between the husband and wife. Schiller's intention was to gain both a position and an income as an author, and to entreat the Duke of Coburg to bestow on him the title of Hofrath. The Humboldts, too, might live in Rudolstadt, and thus Frau von Beulwitz would see all those she loved united. The *chère mère* was exceedingly startled by her daughter's communicating their new plans to her. Lotte wrote that she could not live without Schiller. Almost at the same moment when this bomb burst on the head of Frau von Lengefeld, Frau von Beulwitz undertook to inform the President of Finance, that Wilhelm von Humboldt wished to become his son-in-law. This lady appears to have had a peculiar talent for arranging matrimonial alliances; both proposals were attended with the happiest results. Schiller also, on the 18th of December, wrote to Frau von Lengefeld, entreating her in the most persuasive and eloquent language, to grant him Lotte's hand. When he returned to Weimar at Christmas, he received her answer, with which he had every reason to be gratified. "Yes," writes the mother, "I will give you the best and dearest I have to give, my darling Lotte;" but she goes on to say that she must know something more satisfactory with regard to Schiller's pecuniary circumstances, and, what was indeed a great disappointment — positively objected to the Rudolstadt plan.

Wise counsel was loudly demanded in the Olympus of ladies. It was evident that Schiller must now continue in Jena; he dreaded indeed for his nobly born wife, burgher commonplace society, for in Jena, burgher pride avenged itself on the Weimar pride of nobility, but it must be risked. Frau von Stein had, in the meantime, negociated in her turn; for when

the Duke, who had already heard of Schiller's betrothal, questioned her on the subject, she told him all she knew, and dropped a hint about a pension, which he received not ungraciously. Next day when Schiller went to Weimar, Karl August summoned him to his presence, and told him that it was his desire to give him a testimony of his esteem, but lowering his voice, he added, with an embarrassed countenance, that he could not at this moment offer him more than two hundred dollars: Schiller answered that was all he could wish! The Duke quickly recovered from his perplexity, and expressed himself much pleased by the intended marriage. When the lovers were dining next day with Frau von Stein, the Duke himself came, and good humouredly said to Frau von Stein "that he contributed the best gift towards the marriage — money." The *chère mère* was now tranquillized, and another occurrence gave her still greater satisfaction. Dalberg promised to provide for Schiller at some future period, for he placed entire confidence in Karoline von Dacheröden's recommendation, and he even was so kind as to say that if he ever became Elector, he would grant a yearly pension of 4000 gulden to Schiller. Magnanimous Dalberg! happy Schiller! Already there were dreams of a colony of kindred souls in the beautiful regions of Mayence, — unluckily the clubs of Mayence anticipated this. Dalberg renewed these promises when Schiller made him a personal visit in February, and, to the infinite delight of the sisters, himself painted an allegorical picture in honour of Schiller's wedding, which is still preserved, representing Hymen cutting the names of the betrothed pair on the bark of a tree. How intellectual! and though Hymen's legs considerably offended against anatomy, yet the tree had plenty of fine spreading green leaves and branches. In order to have something to place in the scale, to balance Lotte's nobility, Schiller requested the Duke of Meiningen to bestow on him the title of Hofrath,

which was readily accorded. Schiller's parents were quite delighted, so the nuptials seemed to proceed smoothly.

But Schiller was not to drink the cup of joy so wholly unmingled with gall. Körner, when the marriage was arranged, was guilty of an error not uncommon with the most judicious friends; he wrote in such a dubious and depreciatory style, that Schiller was deeply wounded. He answered this letter on the 13th of January, 1790, in a manner befitting him. "If, as a lover," he writes, "I may possibly as you say, stand too high in the clouds to see distinctly the object of my passion, you possibly on the other hand, may have placed yourself too low on the earth. There will be many opportunities to convert you hereafter,—and you will then be the first to acknowledge, that you failed in discovering a warm heart, and a finely attuned soul; your own lofty demands causing you to overlook these qualities. But why do I say all this? Time will prove the truth; but it is very excusable in me not to wish to leave you, of all men, in error with regard to the being, from whom I expect so large and important a portion of my future happiness." Körner did not wish to loosen his grasp of his friend, but yet he said to him: "I know well the susceptible pulses of your friendship; and I comprehend them. They are indispensable in your character, and connected with other qualities that I have no wish to see changed. It will be precisely the same with regard to your love; and if I were sufficiently well acquainted with your bride to venture such counsel, I could wish her nothing more beneficial on her wedding day, than the talent not to misapprehend you on such occasions." Schiller defended himself from these covert reproaches, and the unity of the friends was soon restored.

There was another estrangement, however, which was neither so quickly, nor so easily, healed. It is high time to answer a question which must have long since suggested itself

to our readers. "What has become of Schiller's connexion with Frau von Kalb?" We must retrace our steps a little. When Schiller arrived in Weimar, he made his return to Dresden depend on the possibility of being accompanied by Frau von Kalb; but it is evident from his letters to Körner, that this singular and romantic bond, bore within itself the same perils which had caused the poet's departure from Mannheim. "Our connexion," he writes to Körner, on the 8th of August, 1787, "is, like revealed religion, founded on faith: we commenced with a foreboding of the result, and must now examine and confirm our principles by reason. Here, as in the former, we have passed through all the various stages of fanaticism, scepticism, superstition, and unbelief, and probably we shall at last attain to a pure, unpretending, and modest faith, which is the only truly happy one. Charlotte's disposition has more unity than mine, though she is more uncertain in her moods and humours." After the tumultuous joys of reunion were past, Charlotte seemed almost dead to all feeling. She was in this torpid condition when Schiller read "Don Carlos" to her. How much stress he laid at the time on her approval of this work! He writes to Körner, "The impression that "Carlos" made on Charlotte was satisfactory, but she was so weak and ill, that she was evidently unable to collect her ideas. The monologue of the King especially roused her enthusiasm. The particular passages in the piece which I already pointed out to you, as sure to awaken her sympathy, had precisely the effect I expected. The scene of the Marquis with the King moved her deeply, but she could not justly comprehend the whole at the first reading. The Schönburg scene excited her profound interest, but she could not at first understand what were my intentions as to the result." *

* The Schönburg scene has nothing to do with Herr von Schönburg, as G. Kuhlmey suggests. (Personal information from Herr von Schönburg, who

It is evident from this, that the effect was of a mixed nature. Moreover Charlotte was not only well acquainted with Gotter, but a faithful adherent of Anna Amalie. Schiller was depreciated by the whole circle, with whom Charlotte was constrained to live. It was at this time that he wrote "a female friend is no friend at all." He might have added, "and easily becomes an idol." When he returned from Rudolstadt to Weimar, in December, 1787, Herr von Kalb was also there. Schiller writes to Körner, "I know not whether the presence of this man will allow me to remain as I am. Already I feel within me a change which may proceed yet further;" which means, that his ancient jealousy was revived, enlightening him on the inconsistent and egotistical nature of his feelings. There was now no more mention made of the Dresden plan—Lotte von Lengefeld had arrived in Weimar.

There is no indication either in the Memoirs of Frau von Kalb, or anywhere else, that she wished to become Schiller's wife, and I do not myself believe it; she had consented to her marriage out of consideration for her sister, and now her son fettered her by still closer ties to this bondage. The family property was not yet hopelessly ruined. Like Elizabeth in "Don Carlos," she was not sufficiently strong minded to shield herself from the reproach and insult, to which the presence of her husband could not fail to subject her. She even seemed to experience a kind of irritable excitement at the prospect. But Schiller felt that such a position must prove destructive to his friend; and when, exhausted by all these conflicts, often on the verge of insanity, she turned with fresh ardour and impetuosity to Schiller, to refresh and to elevate her feelings at the pure spring of his noble sympathy, who could censure our poet for his reluctance to cast blame on her? He, however,

at the age of 88 is still alive, 1858.) His acquaintance with Schiller dates from the year 1792. Act 4, scene 21, is evidently referred to.

persisted in eagerly representing to her, the absolute necessity of an entire and legal separation from her husband. She relates, that he wrote to her from Volkstedt in the spring of 1788, "We have long known each other, as real existing beings, but in this region we appear as mutually formidable, as stars which ever attract and yet ever repel each other. Still young, in the imperishable youth of mind and spirit, you only require to be freed from all sorrow and oppression, to enable you once more freely to develop your soul. May I advise? May I express a wish? It is that you will come to the mountains where I now live. You will find here acquaintances, who may one day become friends, and a more fair and free existence will then be ours." Charlotte in this letter recognised the voice of a friend. She seemed to have at length attained the highest aim of existence, and wishes, "with renewed peace once more to tread the familiar path" (of friendship of course). "But," she continues, "such a serious and decisive step must be confirmed and strengthened by the presence of him who summons me. We should then impart to life a significance which it can never acquire in society, and which, indeed, caused us both to withdraw from it." She wrote to him that she dreaded the strife with the world, the disquiet and insecurity of such a relation. He must come in person to Weimar, to inspire her with sufficient resolution to follow his counsels.

Weeks and months passed, and Schiller did not answer. When Frau von Kalb, after tedious and painful suspense, at last wrote to him again, he had no excuse to offer, and referred all explanation to a personal interview. On the 20th of October, 1788, he writes to Körner about Charlotte. "I have written very seldom to her this summer; a degree of estrangement subsists between us, of which I will give you the details when we meet. I do not retract the opinion I once formed of her; she is a noble and intellectual creature, but her influence over me has not been salutary." It was the

same experience which he had made in Mannheim. He was eagerly striving after pure and simple relations in order to concentrate his powers. Her influence disturbed this unity.

When his long stay in the country came to an end, he visited Charlotte. Report was already busy with the name of a fair lady in Rudolstadt, who, it was said, had captivated him. Schiller brought with him a letter from Lotte von Lengefeld, in which the latter entreated Charlotte to become her friend. "She was always most amiable with regard to me," acknowledged Frau von Kalb, "but how could I possibly feel that tender devotion for an inexperienced young creature which constitutes friendship?" She spoke to Schiller, deeply moved: "I cannot express to you how much your resolve affects me,—my best wishes will ever be yours, but our views for the future are so totally dissimilar that mutual letters can only prove a burden to us both." However indignant Schiller was at this ebullition, he could safely deny all idea of any settled projects. Charlotte's confidence was again restored. When Schiller went to Jena, they exchanged letters as often as the half-blind Charlotte could write.

In the summer of 1789, after his betrothal in Lauchstedt, he came with the Körners to Weimar, and went with them to visit Charlotte. Schiller seemed to her very gentle and mild, like one who has something to confess and to confide. Unluckily he was silent, and remained so still, when Frau von Stein and others were all acquainted with his position. He went back to Jena, and afterwards, during the vacation, to Volkstedt. He had again strongly advised Frau von Kalb finally to arrange the terms of her future separation from her husband. She was scarcely able to conduct such an affair herself in writing, and Schiller had promised her his assistance. He alone was thoroughly acquainted with all her affairs. On the 6th of November, 1789, Schiller writes from Jena to Frau von Beulwitz, "She desires, and has a good right to desire,

that I should go to her in Weimar to consult with her on this new aspect of affairs; and yet, by Heavens! my leaving here this week is utterly impossible." He entreated Frau von Kalb to come to Jena, and, in order to do so with propriety, to bring Korona Schröter with her, and to drive up straight to his door. "If she is prudish," writes Schiller to Karoline von Beulwitz, "I reject all further responsibility in the matter, for I shall have been hindered by necessity, but she only by a prejudice." Prevented in reality by this prejudice, and also considering that Schiller had been recently four weeks in Volkstedt, and had not spared one single day to her, Charlotte did not come. The two brothers Von Kalb now appeared suddenly in Weimar. The separation was discussed. The brothers were inclined to agree to everything, but only on the one condition that Charlotte should give up her son. This she could not prevail on herself to agree to, so every thing continued the same as before. Her health gave way under these distressing perplexities. She soon heard a report of Schiller's betrothal. At the time that the two Rudolstadt sisters visited her in December, 1789, when they were in Weimar, her demeanour was perfectly calm; but Schiller daily expected the most violent outbreak of her jealousy, and, though often at Weimar, he never went to see her. "I would rather write to her ten times over," were his words to the sisters, "than go to her once." Charlotte could no longer endure this. She overwhelmed him with the most cutting reproaches; his silence had become a deadly offence. "He ought not to have allowed venomous tongues to convey the truth to her," thus she wrote; and he showed this letter to the sisters, adding, "Passion and illness have often brought her to the very brink of insanity; but she shall receive no more letters from me." Frau von Kalb now demanded back her letters. Schiller, when he went to Erfurt in February, 1790, gave them to her with his own hand, and announced his intended marriage. She was frantic — she then

was to hear this last of all — indeed, only fourteen days before the wedding! pride and anguish incited her to say, "that he was much mistaken if he imagined that her present conduct was at all connected with that folly, that silly dream (their living together) which had long faded out of her memory."

Schiller immediately reported this to the sisters, saying, "She never was truthful towards me, except perhaps in a moment of passion. She wished to entangle me by her cleverness and subtlety. She is now no longer either sufficiently dignified or courteous even to inspire me with esteem." What a change from "the most noble and intellectual of human beings!"

Heinrich von Kalb went to Paris in March 1790, to arrange the flight of the King along with Graf Fersen. Charlotte had repeatedly signed for large sums of money, and she saw her property now entirely disappear. "My feeble step trod the path of misfortune — when shall I find lasting rest?" Thus did she exclaim in gloomy desperation; and she dared not even long for death. Her situation she felt to be truly desperate: but she was a mother. To increase her sorrows, one of her most faithful servants was at this time seized with sudden insanity in her presence. She had still one consolation — Schiller's letters. She resolved to arrange them — while perusing with failing sight, first one and then another of these cherished pages, the thought assails her, what if they were to fall into the hands of strangers? what distressing misapprehensions might thus arise, even in the purest heart? Her inward distress of mind whispers approval of a rising thought, and while tears stream from her eyes, she reluctantly commits page after page to the flames:—

> "Blossoms that fell from Eden where ye grew!
> My tears the ashes of your bloom bedew."

In these lines, Charlotte, many years afterwards, gave expression to her sentiments—aye, after many long years of

sorrow and of suffering! If arrogant critics deny Charlotte any remarkable talents, they must at least admit that her misfortunes were unusually severe. She adored Jean Paul, and when he came to Weimar he accepted this homage. She allowed herself to be beguiled into a correspondence, containing sentiments rarely uttered by the more refined of her sex; and as a recompense for these bold and free declarations, though these were according to his testimony, coupled with the most virtuous conduct in life, he branded her as Linda in "Titan."* The entire and irremediable loss of her property occurred in 1804. In 1806, her husband, after many sad aberrations, shot himself at Munich; his eldest son followed him on this gloomy path.† In 1820, Charlotte became entirely blind, and lived in the most needy circumstances, till, by the intervention of the Princess Marianne of Prussia, apartments were allotted to her in the Royal Palace at Berlin, where, on the 12th of May, 1843, at the great age of nearly eighty-two, she at length found the long wished for "lasting rest."

Her mind to the end of her life remained sympathetic with all that was great. Goethe, Herder, Knebel, Hufeland, Fichte, and Varnhagen were all intimately acquainted with her—Hölderlin and Rahel her most enthusiastic admirers.

And Schiller? could he possibly be so unchivalrous as in reality to despise the woman, whose devoted friendship he had at all events once delighted in? Assuredly not! Passion might, indeed, distressingly mislead him; and let those who feel themselves immaculate condemn him: but at all events he enjoyed what the blameless never can know—the sweetness of reconciliation. The healing balm came within the next few years—and from Schiller's poetry: Charlotte was wonderfully impressed by the elegy, "The Walk." Schiller referred to her

* The best and most complete account of this connexion is to be found in the "Weimar Jahrbuch," vol. i. p. 372, by Herrmann Sauppe.

† Church register of Waltershausen in Grabfeld.

judgment of this poem when discussing it with Humboldt. She was godmother to his second son, and he watched over and cherished her, both by words and deeds, till the hour of his death. When Schiller pronounces two opposite judgments of any particular person, that which is the most absolute is ever the most faithful transcript of his feelings. This is the case both with regard to his opinion of the Duke of Würtemberg and of Charlotte. The following letter of Schiller's may serve finally to substantiate my view of this connection. After the first representation of "Wallenstein," Charlotte wrote to Schiller in the most touching and cordial manner. Schiller answered thus: "Charlotte's heart and mind can know no change; a work of pure and genuine poetry can never fail to restore that fair harmony, which the casual influences of a restricted reality may have occasionally disturbed." He then refers to the early days of their intimacy. "Not from what I really was in myself, or had in reality accomplished, was I valued by you, but from the hope of what I might one day become and accomplish. If I have now succeeded in realising those expectations, and thus justifying your sympathy, believe me, I can never forget how much of my success has been owing to my pure and charming intercourse with you."

BOOK VIII.

A TARDY APPRENTICESHIP.

FEBRUARY 1790 TO 1795.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAPPY MUST LEARN TO SUFFER.

Schiller's Wedding. — Göritz. — Associates and intimate Friends. — Grass. Adlerskron, Novalis, Erhard, Fischenich, Stein, &c. — Schiller toils with every possible vigour.—"History of the Thirty Years' War."— Schiller as an Historian.—Criticisms of Bürger's Poetry.—Sketch of "Wallenstein."— Journey to Erfurt.—Dangerous Illness.—Lotte's Care.—Inward Strength.

We parted from Schiller on the verge of matrimony. After passing three most delightful days with the sisters in Erfurt, he went with them on the 21st of February to Jena; on the same day, the happy pair were proclaimed for the last time.

Schiller wished to avoid all publicity; the secret was carefully kept, and on Monday the 22nd, the inseparable trio set off to meet Frau von Lengefeld, who was on her way from Rudolstadt. They then returned to the obscure village of Weningenjena, close to Jena, and in the small church of this hamlet, the Kantish theologian, Adjunct Schmidt, performed the marriage ceremony privately at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. Schiller, who had been rather alarmed at the idea of a formal wedding, calls it in his letter to Körner, a very pleasant scene. Karoline did not forget this little church, and afterwards sketched it.

Schiller, like most energetic men, considered that one of the greatest benefits of matrimony, was its ensuring the full and free development of mental powers: that this advantage accrued to him, is proved by the succession of immortal works that he wrote after his marriage, — works that never could have been created but under the influence of the most lofty and yet in

some degree playful freedom of spirit; — and yet there are those who have doubted whether Schiller's union were a happy one. Hofmeister found the following passage in "The Ideal" significant: —

> "Alas! it fled away! — Love's short-liv'd spring!
> And no bright summer crown'd its blossoming."

He thought that Schiller's mighty mind could not submit to the trammels of domestic life, and that Lotte was not intellectually his equal. The passage we have quoted was originally written thus: —

> "Love's dream that rapt us in Elysian bowers
> To tenfold swiftness urged the flying hours."

Schiller's real intention is perfectly evident in the lines he first wrote, which he altered in accordance with an unaccountable suggestion of Humboldt's.* Finally, this poem is written in the same melancholy strain, and with the same poetical exaggeration, as "The Gods of Greece;" and what could be more precious to the already sick and suffering poet, than the tender watchful hand of that friendship which lovingly shared the burden of his life, cheering and consoling him, and enabling him to combine occupation, which in this case meant disinterested intellectual activity, with the consciousness of a great and imperishable purpose. Lotte's tender and faithful care was more than this to him. Those critics must have been very subtle and carping, to whom passages like the above could suggest such idle cavils. The senseless aphorism that "Passion flies, but love must remain," has never been accepted by the German public in his case, the people are too well acquainted with their Schiller. They hold fast the tradition that Schiller's marriage was a very happy one, and this statement is true. Schiller, by his example, proved that the highest

* Correspondence between Humboldt and Schiller, p. 175.

mental faculties can be developed in the married state, and thus did homage to matrimony, which, owing to the licentiousness of courts, and of dissolute free-thinkers of the previous century, had fallen into bad repute.

But Karoline? ask many of our readers, who may have seen the preface to Karoline's "Literary Remains" * what was the dénouement of this double wooing? If Schiller had ever dreamt of a twofold spiritual connection, he quickly discovered that such a vision was folly. Matrimony takes possession, not only of the natural man, but of the whole man. Its power and authority consist in the unfathomable effects of a pure and unselfish union on the race of man; dependent, of course, in some degree on the moral condition of the individuals. The morality of cultivated races, which requires, from principles of order, that man should stand in harmony with the outer world, and in unison with the laws, thus also inculcates the most profound physiological rule of action. Those who are destined to renew the race of man, should live in unbroken unity. That Schiller not only submitted to this law, but considered any violation of it a crime, is proved by the profound tendency of "The Bride of Messina," hitherto undetected by any commentator. There is here a portion of Schiller's moral development in question, which entirely corresponds with Goethe's moral subtleties in his work on Elective Affinities; a degree of mysticism which even our best read critics seem scarcely to comprehend.

Karoline resided during the first month in Jena, but not in the same house, with the newly-married couple; and when

* The editors of this work exposed the very innocent alteration which Karoline had recourse to, by changing in Schiller's letters the "you," addressed to both sisters, into "thou," as exclusively Lotte's; but these editors have unconsciously committed a greater error, as they neither possessed Lotte's letters to Schiller, nor his replies. After the appearance of "Schiller and Lotte" they ought to have made some explanation to the public on this point.

she returned to Rudolstadt in summer, again to live with her husband, Schiller was by no means dissatisfied or disconsolate. His letters to her, as well as to his other friends, display a calm and joyous spirit. The fit of enthusiasm was over; henceforth Karoline was to him only an accomplished friend; indeed, in a letter of later date to Goethe, he even denies her æsthetic culture; and this was probable, for she was now, for a lengthened period, deprived of the training of his unremitting and progressing talent, a progress which the quick and clear perception with which nature had endowed Lotte daily facilitated; and also by her criticisms on the works of the Romantic school and the poet court at Weimar (where on this account she was no favourite). Her judgment on these points, though severe, was in our opinion just.* Karoline von Wolzogen's connection with Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who afterwards entered into the diplomatic career, became every day closer; at last she was divorced from Beulwitz, and in 1794 married her cousin Wilhelm.

We hear from Schiller himself, how thoroughly he enjoyed his present happiness, so long and eagerly coveted. Six days after his marriage, he writes to Körner: "What a delightful life I now lead! I look around with a happy mind, my heart feels a gentle satisfaction, and my spirit imbibes precious nourishment and refreshment. My existence has attained an harmonious equality, not passionately excited, but my days flow on, in the enjoyment of the most bright and pure felicity." After nearly two years had elapsed, he writes: "Even when I am overwhelmed with occupation, it makes me happy to think that she (Lotte) is near me, and that her love and care hover round me; the youthful purity of her soul, and the fervour of her love, inspire me with a degree of peace and harmony, which in my hypochondriacal state, it would other-

* Compare Düntzer, "Letters from Schiller's wife," p. 178.

wise be impossible for me to attain." And eight years after his marriage: "Your wife, Humboldt's, and *my own*, are the only beings whom I recall with pleasure, when I am composing poetry, and who reward me for doing so."

Nothing, however, proves so fully the harmony of this union (and it is indispensable, even at the risk of wearying our readers, to bring forward all such proofs) as the testimony of a witness, quoted by Karl Hofmeister, as evidence on the other side. I take the opportunity of this discussion, to mention some other intimacies of our poet's, so that I may not clog my narrative by again recurring to them. Although Schiller was, from the first, on a very cordial footing with his Jena colleagues, Schütz, Hufeland, Paulus and his wife, and Griesbach, declining intercourse with Reinhold alone, yet what he liked best was the society of those with whom he could feel quite unconstrained, thus recruiting his exhausted powers in a circle where he felt sure that he was neither watched nor commented on. The younger class of men, who were not restricted by the one-sided bias of a profession, and who were striving, in fresh vigour of mind, after that Ideal which Schiller had portrayed as true philosophy, on first ascending the professor's chair, could always rely on his warm cordiality. By personal intercourse, they compensated to him for the deficiency, which he recognised to be inseparable from the position of a teacher in the University—the impossibility of acquiring by any discussion between master and scholar, the conviction that the seed sown in the hearts of the pupils had sprung up. Many of these youths became his daily guests. The animated Grass, a theologian by vocation, was devoted to Schiller, a poet and a painter, both from inclination and talent; he came to Jena in 1789. There was also a Livonian, the hard-working, thoughtful, and tender-hearted Behagl von Adlerskron, who, to protect himself from being called out to serve in the Livonian militia, had, with the consent

of the Weimar government, changed his name into that of Le Bon in 1790. Von Hardenberg (Novalis), at that time eighteen years of age, gentle and enthusiastic by nature, had been recommended by his father to Schiller's watchful care (1790). A young medical man, Benjamin Erhard, a deep thinker, and of acute intelligence, had left Nürnberg in order to reside in Jena (1790–1791), principally on Schiller's and Reinhold's account. His friend, Baron von Herbert, from Klagenfurt, the possessor of a large manufactory, a man whose sentiments were as lofty as his fate was tragic, made a pilgrimage to Jena (a German merchant), to tranquillise his ideas and his heart, by studying the doctrines of Kant. A young philosopher too, the faithful Niethammer, and others, such as Hardegg, and Hornemann, aspiring spirits, became cordially attached to Schiller; two friends of Körner's, officers of hussars, Thielmann and Funk, the latter of a literary turn, came into intellectual contact with him during various visits, and subsequently, during the campaign of 1796, read his "Æsthetical Letters," with the most lively enthusiasm. A leaf from an album of Schiller's, given to Creuzer, shows us another connection of a similar kind. But young Fritz von Stein inspired Schiller and his bride with more interest than any one else. He had been educated by Goethe, and was the model of an amiable and intelligent youth. There was also Bartholomäus Fischenich, only two-and-twenty, and yet already appointed to Schöffen in Bonn, now staying in Jena to complete his studies. Fischenich lived in Schiller's house, and had gained his good opinion and his entire confidence, by his upright nature and pleasing address. Lotte, in a fashion not unusual with young married ladies, used to call him her son. When he left Jena, Schiller frequently transmitted to him the result of his most important investigations, and Lotte corresponded with him regularly on the most frank and confidential terms. The whole soul of this admirable

woman is mirrored in these letters: at a later period, when Schiller became closely and intimately acquainted with Kant, a Dr. Gros (1792–1794) from Würtemberg, assumed the place in Schiller's society which Fischenich's departure had left vacant. In the winter of 1792, Schiller invited these friends to dine regularly at his house; his former landladies still provided for all his household wants, which gave Lotte ample leisure to cultivate the Muses, to read, and to sketch,—but Schiller, at that time in very delicate health, felt it almost necessary to amuse himself in a larger society, and to acquire a certain degree of intellectual improvement by conversation, which he was often unable to gain from his more severe studies, not having health, besides, to pursue these steadily. He arranged that several of the collegians were to dine with him, and though, as Conz, the friend of his youth, relates, Schiller contributed very little to the conversation, yet he listened very attentively, occasionally uttering an acute and striking observation. Fischenich, Niethammer, and Fritz von Stein were for a considerable time members of this côterie; Schiller also included a young student of the name of Fichart, and his tutor Goritz, and as Schiller was in the habit of shortening the dreary hours of a slow recovery by cards and chess, many an insignificant individual became, by the force of custom, more intimate with Schiller than he would have permitted when in health. This seems to have been the case as to Goritz, for the reports which Hofmeister accepts without any reference to the credibility of the witness, emanate from this man. If it be the occupation of a base nature alone, to watch the words and actions of a young married couple, surely to record the fruits of this mean vigilance is, if possible, more contemptible still—and this was what Goritz did; he vilely abused his gift of observation, and what did this convivial companion discover? Nothing, save that Lotte was the most patient and discreet wife in the world; but that she had a failing which Goritz

had remarked in all nobly-born ladies: she treated her maid, whom Goritz declared to be pretty and obliging, with pride and hauteur. Moreover, she adopted the fashion of the Weimar Court, by speaking in a very low voice. She was also rather ashamed of some of her connections. Of Schiller, Goritz says, "He often seemed to me unfair and severe in judging of his wife's actions. She never danced but on one occasion, when she accompanied some of her friends to a ball, in an academical house in Jena. Years might pass without a repetition of this gaiety on her part. Gros and I, after dinner, sat down to play cards with Schiller in his own house, and we continued to play till his wife came home. It was three o'clock in the morning. In my life I can never forget the coldness, and disapproving tone, with which he received her. She might with great propriety have replied, 'And you, whose health is in such a delicate state, play the whole night through, thus utterly destroying it?' She submitted with much gentleness to his reproof at her having come home at so late an hour, and when her meek excuses were of no avail, she was silent." More than this, even a Goritz could not discover to reproach them with. It is unfortunate that this testimony to the harmony of the intelligence between Schiller and his wife, which even these occasional ebullitions did not in the least disturb, should lose all value, from our being unable to place any reliance on Herr Goritz's evidence.*

Finally, let us listen to Lotte herself, three months after Schiller's death, in a letter to Fischenich. "No one living," she says, after many heart-rending lamentations, "ever understood this noble being so thoroughly as I did, for no *nuance*, however subtle, escaped me. I knew how to define his cha-

* Goritz relates, that Schiller, at the beginning and end of his Course, was never received with the usual stamping of feet, which was a token of approbation, because the students respected him too much. Schiller himself writes the contrary to Körner.—P. 99.

racter, and understood the springs of his actions in a way no other person ever could. Ah! if he still continue to take the same interest in me which he formerly did, if he sympathise with my life, as mortals sympathise with each other, then he must mourn over the sad fate and the stern necessity which snatched him from me. He must know that I cannot endure life without him! and yet that I am compelled to do so, so long as Destiny ordains it. Years only bound us more closely together, for he knew that by living with him I was inspired by his sentiments, and comprehended him as no other friend ever did. I was as necessary to him as his existence, and he was the same to me. He rejoiced when I was satisfied with him and apprehended his views. This intellectual progress served as links to rivet us more firmly together. His poetic career, which I could follow with greater ease than his philosophical one, also tended to enchain our beings. This is all for your heart alone, dear son! I would not speak thus to any other person — I could not; but I wish you to feel what I have irretrievably lost, and that I must collect all the loftier energies of my mind to endure life. You shall be a witness of that life; you shall see that I am not unworthy to have been the companion of such a spirit as his; and by my courage and resignation I wish to show that I have not in vain fortified my soul by Schiller's example."

These words bring us to the end of the sublime struggle, at the commencement of which we have now arrived,—a struggle which, after the first happy year of his marriage, Genius began with the most inexorable powers of Life. Is it to be wondered at that Schiller should often feel that Fate was blind, and that he was the victim of hard necessity? Indigence, and misfortune, and trial tempted him in vain, for one sunny gleam of happiness swept away all sorrow. Passion and desire vanished like the Furies before the "Grove of Diana," for thus he designated his love. He suppressed the inward martyrdom

of jealousy and dependence on the judgment of others, by the unsparing energy of his strong will; but there was one enemy he had overlooked — an enemy who, since the unhappy days of Mannheim, seemed only to relax his grasp of his victim, in order to seize him again more surely.

In order to pay his debts, and to provide a certain competence for his beloved wife, and the means of going to Stuttgart to see his parents, Schiller had been labouring with all possible strain on his powers, enjoying only one week of leisure, when his mother-in-law paid them a visit. It is superfluous, according to the purpose of this work, to detail separately the fruits of this severe toil; bibliographers can amply do this. What seems of the last importance to a poet in his twentieth year, may appear of much less significance when he is thirty. Works such as his minor criticisms in the Jena "Literary Journal," were no longer of any value in his eyes, although these treasures offer as good a selection, as the events of his life. Let it suffice to say that Schiller was daily occupied fourteen hours, in reading and writing. His college lectures, indeed, no longer cost him so much trouble as formerly. Even during the second session he spoke extempore and with ease; and though, according to credible testimony, he only imparted what he had just learned himself, still he possessed the happy art of knowing how to convey instruction, for he spoke with fire and rivetted the attention of his hearers.* But Schiller had still more fatiguing labours. He had undertaken for Göschen's "Ladies' Calendar" a "History of the Thirty Years' War;" he was obliged to furnish the continuation

* In the Summer Session of 1790, he lectured privately on Universal History, and held a public course on that portion of Æsthetics which treats of tragedy. (This course is entirely wanting in the Jena Catalogue of Lectures.) In the winter of 1790—1791, he read, according to the Catalogue, daily from two to three, the History of European States; from five to six, History of the Middle Ages, and Modern History, and besides these delivered public lectures every Friday from four to five, on the History of the Crusades."

of the review of universal history for some historical memoirs, the publication of which had already commenced; and, besides all this, he was still editing the "Thalia," for which he was preparing various expositions from his work on universal history. He also volunteered to undertake three more *Kollegia* during the ensuing season. This was certainly trying his strength too severely, and in the course of the winter the indefatigable man fairly broke down.

Before giving the details of his illness, which forms a melancholy episode in this life, I must cast a glance at Schiller's course in the department of historical composition. Moreover, it seems to me the acme of merit on his part, to bestow his history on such a wide circle of readers, in the delicate shell of a "Ladies' Calendar."

These enterprises on the part of the bookselling trade prove that the German public was by no means so deficient in historical taste, as many literary men would wish us to believe. But German historical composition, till the year eighty, was chiefly confined to volumes of science and learning. But with Plunk, Spittler, and Justus Möser, it finally cast aside its ancient garb. Neither the works of these men, however, nor Johannes Müller's history of Switzerland, surpassed, in the eyes of the majority of readers, foreign works like those of Robertson, Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire; and for this simple reason, that the latter knew how to relate interesting matter in an interesting manner. The imagination of the reader was fully satisfied. We can as little conceive a dramatist without any delight in the tempestuous portions of history, as without any sense of its jurisdiction and its example. I already detailed, how independently these attributes of Schiller's nature struggled to light. The earnest desire of a great author is always produced by the exigency of his nation, and thus the fragment of "The Revolt of the Netherlands" met with extraordinary

success; indeed, it was the first historical work in which the public discovered the same beauties they had so much admired in the writings of foreigners. This work, intended to extend to six volumes, was interrupted by Schiller's appointment to Jena. Schiller lectured on universal history. When he ascended the rostrum, he was armed with two treatises of Kant's (in the "Berlin Monatschrift"), probably also fortified by Herder's ideas, with the ancient mosaic records, some works of Schmidt, Beck, and Pütter, with the perusal of Robertson, Bossuet, and his Plutarch, but never having read a single line of Thucydides or Livy. He meditated seriously on his design, for no one was ever more removed from mere dilettanteism than he was. He wished to study German history from the most authentic sources. According to his conceptions, there could be no universal history, without connecting with it the details of the progress of commerce, art, philosophy, morals and politics. In this sphere also it was his anxious wish to work vividly on the whole man. His introductory oration elevated youth, by its fiery enthusiasm, above all narrow and petty private interests. More expanded in his historical ideas than even Kant, or Herder, and assuredly of Jean Paul, he dreamt of no peaceful Utopia at a distant future period. Reason and progress were to him so many *living* deeds of the present, the results of the united past. He did ample justice to the final object of temporal government, at the same time uttering a warning against a premature introduction of its influences into history. He construes the origin of man in the spirit of Kant, and, in a bold though unorthodox manner, pronounces the fall of our first parents as the first step to freedom. From the mighty individualities of Moses, Lycurgus, and Solon, he deduces, in the most ingenious manner, the spirit of nations, though circumscribed by the temper of the times; but his glance rested with equal impartiality and admiration on the Athenian State.

He thought that Herder in approving of his summaries, which were indeed most intellectual essays, judged them more fairly than Körner by his lukewarm and passive assent. He altered particular views in the course of his studies, but in all these works an independent and daring spirit is manifest, a true man, speaking to true men.

Schiller's history of the Revolt of the Netherlands is to this day highly esteemed by the Belgians.* The learned collector of the documents of the family of Orange, Groen von Prinsterer, writes to his countryman Von Hall: "Schiller's merits are not, I think, sufficiently prized by you; where he had an opportunity of comparing the testimony of Bor, and Meteeren, with that of the adherents of the Spanish and Royal party, he succeeded in escaping many sophistries, which our more recent historians have adopted. Nor can we deny him also a genuine historical feeling, an invaluable gift, though in some degree dangerous." Altmeyer, a professor of the university of Brussels, who wrote a history of the 16th century, from materials at his command, says of Schiller: "I am glad to quote this great author. He was the first, by his splendid talent, to make our 16th century popular,—a talent more especially conspicuous in his sketches and portraits." Altmeyer is so impartially just, that although a Catholic, he frankly owns that "Luther saved the world."†

The purpose with which Schiller wrote was the same that inspired Dahlman to compose his work on the English Revolution. Could any one wish that he had not written this history, which has kindled enthusiasm far and wide, because he was not cognisant of the sources, which Carlyle has since that time brought to light, with regard to Cromwell?

* In 1844 it was again translated into English by Castwick.

† Compare "Deutsches Museum," of Robert Preetz, 1853, No. xli. p. 647. The admirable Karl Grün deserves much credit for having collected these testimonies in favour of Schiller.

When we consider how very little political ideas, I do not even say just conceptions, were circulated in Schiller's day, it appears truly astonishing how much his artistic genius and his political acuteness contrived to supply; the exciting cause which attracted him to the subject and the grounds of his sympathy, which he thus describes: "The spectacle of events, where we see oppressed manhood struggling to regain its noblest rights, and extraordinary powers combined with a good cause, where by acts of determined desperation, though in unequal combat, they succeed in emancipating themselves from the most subtle snares of tyranny" — did not make him unjust even to the party he hated. Indeed his sense of justice moderated his enthusiasm in the course of the narrative, and taught him to expect less from the efforts of individuals, however pure, than from the impulses of mankind at large.

When we say that Schiller, in his "Thirty Years' War," wrote down to the battle of Breitenfeld in six months, we relate one of those grand virtuoso feats which are told of Guido Reni, or of Mozart, and Diderot. And yet with what ease, in most other cases the fruit of long labour, the massive subject presents itself to the reader! What an achievement on the part of the "Publiciste Allemand," as he is termed in the Decree which invested him with the prerogative of French citizenship! At a time when chaos was desolating Europe, such as prevailed in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, he summoned the youth of Germany, by his powerful imagery, to the battle field, rousing them from the ignoble tranquillity and inaction in which they had basked since the Seven Years' War. He had renounced his idea "that many great men came forth out of this darkness."* But to elevate the few to whom this period did give birth, that the people might learn to associate

* Hoffmeister's Supplement, iv. 479.

themselves with great powers, and only revere names and titles when combined with the strategetical genius of a Bernhard von Weimar or a Mansfeld; this he considered a project sufficiently important to induce him to strive after its fulfilment. This epoch, when the fruits of a thousand industrious researches have been brought to light, may succeed in obtaining for its historian a man of genius, willing to devote a life of genius to this one subject. Such a man may bestow an equally comprehensive glance, a similar degree of earnest zeal, and the same consideration for an extensive circle of readers that Schiller did; but will he display the same lofty superiority with which, for example, the battle of Lützen is depicted, or equally congenial conception of character, Gustavus Adolphus among others, whose imperial schemes Schiller, with admirable patriotism, suggests as a crime on the part of the mighty Swede?

It was not wonderful that this work, at the time of its publication, should have a degree of success quite unexampled. 7000 copies were printed within a very short space of time. The Duke of Weimar wrote most cordially to the author on the subject; and in the year 1803 it procured him a visit from the King of Sweden, who presented him with a diamond ring. A French translation appeared in 1794 in Berne. The first English one in London by Blacquière, in 1799. Schiller was well entitled at that time to hope, that his destiny was to become the most distinguished of all German historians. He had a right, therefore, to dissuade Göschen from entrusting the history of the Reformation to Pestalozzi; for, though an admirable writer, he was not equal to such an undertaking. Here theological zeal alone was not sufficient, nor even the most eager Protestantism. It was Schiller's most anxious desire that this lofty subject, so closely connected with the nation, should be treated in the most elevated style.

At Michaelmas, the second volume of Memoirs was pub-

lished, and there also appeared in the "Thalia," detached portions of his lectures on Universal History, in the shape of essays. There was hardly a day when he could venture to be idle. Scarcely had he refreshed his spirits during the holidays in Rudolstadt, by eating and drinking, by playing chess, and blind-man's buff, than he applied himself with fresh zeal to his lectures, which he so often felt a heavy burden, and found with pleasure, that he could now always collect from them some materials for future intellectual creations. The idea of a German Plutarch, which occupied him even so early as 1788, became during this autumn a settled plan. In the course of this winter he wrote the celebrated criticism on Bürger's poems. It has been in some parts shamefully misconstrued. An attempt to justify him, will not cause us to diverge much from our legitimate path.

Schiller had himself suffered from the most malevolent criticisms. How disgracefully Moritz had treated "Cabal and Love," and with what dignity had Schiller submitted to the attack? By his dramas, he had certainly earned an equal claim to the consciousness of poetical power, as Bürger by his lyrics; but how calm was his demeanour, when exposed to such assaults. No public demonstration displayed wounded vanity. His great aim being that of attaining an honourable preeminence, he was dissatisfied with his own productions, and depreciated them himself most unjustly. He became personally acquainted with Bürger, at the very moment when in "the Artists," he had publicly put forth a manifesto, which in the style of Moritz and Goethe's pamphlet, stamped the author of this poem as the organ of an Ideal Nature. Bürger's individuality, by its somewhat commonplace texture, was in decided antagonism to this Ideal, and yet "for the Love of Art," Schiller agreed to a trial of strength. They were both to translate the same passages in the Æneid of Virgil, each in different metre. Schiller had every reason to believe that

his rival was sincerely interested in Art. In Bürger's poem to his second wife, he found "some truly admirable passages;" but it was impossible for him to praise in Bürger, the very same insipidities from which he had purified his own works, and which he hated the more bitterly, from having hated them in himself. Correctness by means of a file accustomed to polish individual defects, could not be ensured. As the captivating style of natural simplicity was here wanting, (let us mentally compare Robert Burns with Bürger,) and every separate poem required a vast amount of polishing, a radical cure had become absolutely necessary. If the beautiful were to bear the stamp of freedom, the individuality of the master must equally be subjected to the action of the file, in order that the creation of the beautiful by him should bear a different impress. It cannot be said of any German poet, that he has thoroughly fulfilled this demand, for even Goethe in his "Gross Kophta," and other compositions, sunk below his natural level, and the question now was, what poet, along with the attainment and purification of the most ethereal form, had exhibited the greatest power, passion, and vitality? To gain popularity, in Bürger's sense of the word, (a very inferior grade in the requisitions of art, in Schiller's opinion,) it sufficed carefully to choose the subject, and to treat it with the utmost simplicity.

It was with these views, that Schiller wrote his criticisms on Bürger's poems, and they will always unquestionably be considered just, for even to this day it is inculcated on the poet above all to work from the depths of his own nature. A. W. Schlegel, in the new edition of his defence of Bürger, has blamed Schiller with considerable acrimony, and what has the noble sophist himself done? After enforcing the necessity of viewing each separate poem as a free creation, entirely apart from him who created it, he detaches Bürger's poems still more from their roots, by disclosing the English source

whence Bürger drew, thus more plainly displaying the bad taste with which Bürger falsified an admirable original.*

Bürger was irritated, and wrote a reply. Schiller, at that time alarmingly ill, lost patience, and in his rejoinder he placed poets like Denis, Göcking, Hölty, and von Salis, above Bürger: he forgot that those who have a lighter burden to carry, can step out with greater ease. He undervalued strength in favour of style, and in a similar manner, this new apprehension induced him subsequently to pronounce so mild a judgment on Matthisson's poems, that then, and not till then, his criticisms on Bürger became unjust, while insinuating, that to whom much is given, of them shall much be required. So severe were Schiller's demands on himself, that he at this time gave up "the Misanthrope" as a failure. He resolved not to begin any dramatic work, until he had entirely mastered Greek theories, and Greek models. But his artistic love of creation could not be easily repressed. It is quite a mistaken idea to allege that Schiller renounced the Muse, in order to devote himself more zealously to scientific studies. His poetical impulses refused to tolerate such a severance. The poet does not compose poetry only when he is making verses; indeed, he is often creating the principal parts of a poem, when not actually rhyming. Karoline von Wolzogen mentions, that excited by the sense of happiness, and constantly urged by Körner and Dalberg to return to poetry, he begun this same year to ponder the subject of "Wallenstein,"

* We must not suppose that Schiller subsequently abandoned his intention. When he found this speculation very tiresome, he indeed wrote to Humboldt on the 29th of June, 1798: "Our mutual anxiety to acquire elementary knowledge in Æsthetics, has induced us to apply the Metaphysics of Art directly to objects with which they are not concerned, using these metaphysics as a practical instrument. I have often observed this, both in Bürger and Matthisson, particularly in the "Horen Essays." Nevertheless he held fast his views in the criticisms he had published of Bürger, and expressly declared this in the new edition of 1802.

which his studies for the history of the "Thirty Years' War," had brought under his notice. He writes on the 11th of January, 1791, "I have long been seeking a subject to inspire me; at length I have found one, and it is historical." He brought this plan home with him from a journey to Erfurt, which he undertook with Lotte, at the end of December; but at the same time a fatal foe, who most of all prevented the execution of his project.

At a supper party in Dalberg's house, Schiller was suddenly attacked by a violent feverish cold. He was obliged to remain one whole day in bed, and to keep his room for many days. On the way home, he halted at Weimar, where he was graciously received at court; looked over the drawings which the Duchess Anna Amalie had brought with her from Italy, and to his great joy met his friend Beck, the actor, from Mannheim, who was playing at this time with great applause at Weimar. On such occasions, Schiller was not the man to spare himself. He was again in Jena on the 11th of January. On the very next day, the fever returned with greater violence than ever. Soon his bodily frame was so exhausted by repeated attacks of illness and consequent medicines, that the trifling exertion of being carried from his bed to his sofa, caused him to faint away. After the seventh day, his state became most alarming. On the ninth there was a crisis, and also on the seventeenth day. The paroxysms were invariably attended with delirium. Not till eight days after the fever had subsided, was he able to pass some hours out of bed, and it was long before he could walk, even with the assistance of a stick. But the tender love of his Lotte, and the care and attention of his pupils, contributed to hasten his recovery. They strove with each other as to who should watch by his side. Adlerskron, in particular, showed so much attention and anxiety in nursing the invalid, that he ensured the lasting gratitude of the family. During the first twelve days,

Lotte was left quite alone, and nearly sunk under the fatigue. At last Karoline came to her assistance, and shortly after, the *chère mère* herself. Schiller ascribed his quick recovery to the affectionate solicitude of his family, and to the happy intercourse he enjoyed with them. The Duke sent him half a dozen of old Madeira, and absolved him from all further lectures during the summer. Schiller thought that the illness itself sufficiently absolved him!

At this period (in February and March) we may remark in passing, that he read for the first time one of Kant's standard works, — "A Criticism on the Faculty of Judgment." This work was to his spiritual sight, what the first glimpse of the bright light of heaven was to his bodily sight, after the long weary days spent on a sick bed. In March he went to Rudolstadt; his chest as much oppressed as ever. He was still subject to a sharp pain in his side, every time that he tried to draw a long deep breath, where the inflammation had existed, and his cough, as well as the oppression of his lungs, was very troublesome. He did not say to any one what he thought of his condition, but in reality he feared that he should never get rid of his complaint. When the weather became milder, he began to ride and to drink decoctions of herbs. He had courage to face the worst. Only too soon was this courage to be put to the test. He was seized with new and dreadful attacks, about the end of April and beginning of May. His breathing became so oppressed, that he feared injuring his lungs in his convulsive efforts to draw breath. His pulse was scarcely perceptible, his hands remained cold, even when immersed in the hottest water, and the strongest friction alone restored circulation to his limbs. One seizure especially, he did not expect to survive. His voice had entirely left him; all he could do was to trace with a trembling hand, a few lines to his loved ones, and to his dear friend Körner. He was obliged to take large doses of

opium, and the dread of suffocation rendered it necessary to bleed him in the foot. But at no single moment, did the composure and cheerfulness of his mind forsake him. The only suffering which unmanned him, was the sight of his Lotte, who could not have survived his loss. During the night, Starke, a very clever physician, was brought from Jena. By the time he arrived, the worst was over. Nature had caused a crisis, and the patient lay in a tranquil sleep. On waking, he was only too thankful to believe Starke's assurance, that his lungs were uninjured; but the sharp pain in his right side continued. It was well that Schiller called to his aid powers of endurance, sufficient to last during a long succession of years of suffering.

"This fearful attack," he writes to Körner, with a feeble hand, "has benefited my mind and my spirit; during its continuance, I looked death in the face more than once."

Körner, who during this illness was in a state of the deepest anxiety, receiving only occasional bulletins from Schiller's nurses, now wrote, "It was indeed most fortunate for you that you had so admirable a wife; without her tender care it would have been difficult to save you."

CHAP. II.

FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

Körner's Proposal. — Schiller is sent to Karlsbad. — His Condition causes him much Anxiety for the Future. — Visit to Dalberg. — A Circle of Friends. — Karl August grants additional Assistance. — Baggesen. — Solemnity in Hellebek. — The Duke of Augustenburg, and Graf Schimmelmann offer the Invalid Poet an Income for three Years. — Körner is equally generous. — Schiller's Journey to Dresden. — New Joys. — Visit from his Mother and Nanette. — Schiller's Journey to Swabia. — The old Major and the Duke. — Schiller from Heilbronn to Ludwigsburg. — Paternal Joys. — Friends of his Youth. — Depression, Indignation, severe Opinions. — Karl Eugen dies. — Schiller goes to Stuttgart. — The Academy abolished. — Variety of Associations. — Improvement. — Journey back.

THE melancholy part of mental, as well as of physical toil, is, that every illness brings with it the dreary prospect of want. Schiller's means of existence depended on the profits of his writings, and his gain was considerable, but these writings were for the present at an end. The sick eagle began once more to move his wings, in order again to soar into the sky. During sleepless nights, and days of less suffering, Schiller pondered over plans and poems, "Wallenstein," and also a theory of tragedy. In April, 1791, he recommenced an attempt he had made in the spring of 1790, to translate the Æneid into stanzas, and he found an inspiriting subject for a lyric poem.* He indeed read and meditated on materials for the continuation of his "Thirty Years' War," but he was totally unable to write, and thus to gain money.

The pressure of his circumstances only served to show how

* Probably the "Hymn to Light" is meant here, which he alludes to in writing to Körner on the 25th of May, 1792.

dear he was to his friends, and the axiom, "that the works of the noble are their best champions," was fully realised in his case. The worthy Körner, above all, strove to shield him from every petty care or anxiety. He wrote that Schiller must on no account be prevented resorting to all possible means to ensure his recovery; that Göschen was exceedingly satisfied with the sale of Schiller's works, and ready to make payments in advance on them. He also urged him in the warmest manner, to visit him in Dresden.

In case a residence at some baths were found advisable—the physician alone must pronounce on this—all considerations of finance were to be disregarded. "My circumstances are more flourishing than ever," writes this noble minded friend, "and if you do not choose to have recourse to Göschen, you have only to apply to me, and I can arrange for you." But however temptingly the new Appellations Rath (for such Körner had become during this summer), sounded forth his full purse, Schiller would not listen to such flattering assertions. He was already deeply indebted to his friend. Fortunately, the fruits of his own industry sufficed for the present. Starke ordered him to Karlsbad, and towards the end of July he went there with his wife and his sister-in-law. Those journies and intellectual objects of contemplation, which other poets enjoy owing to their prosperity, Schiller obtained by illness. When he was at Eger, he did not fail to visit the spot where Wallenstein was murdered, and to see his portrait. The presence of Austrian troops in Karlsbad, offered him a good opportunity of being initiated into the camp life, which he intended to represent in his drama. We hear from a letter of Reinhold's to Erhard, on the 7th of August, that though Schiller was at first very weak, he soon began to rally. He was obliged to give up all hope of meeting his dear friend Körner on this occasion, however severe the disappointment was to both. He went for some weeks to Jena, thence to

Rudolstadt, and in the beginning of September, to Erfurt. These various journies had fairly exhausted his means; he moreover in the course of this year, paid off some debts, and besides assisting a poor student, had become security for 120 dollars. Dalberg showed the kindest interest in him, but it was not in his power to prove this by deeds, as this magnificent gentleman never could succeed in making his income suffice for his own wants.

Though our poet did not suffer from any immediate or distressing pressure of circumstances, yet anxiety for the future was much in his thoughts. By Dalberg's advice, he summoned up courage, and solicited from Karl August, a certain sum of money in case of extremity; Körner felt very dubious as to the success of this application, the treasury of the Duke not being in the most brilliant condition. The good Duke, nevertheless, instantly sent a sum of money to Lotte, which with Schiller's pension, and the contributions of the *chère mère*, fully covered a year's expenditure. The Duke accompanied his donation by a regret that he could not "at present" promise a fixed increase of his pension.*

Schiller began dictating in Erfurt, the continuance of his "Thirty Years' War." As soon as he recommenced his labours, he heartily wished himself back in Jena, with all its comforts; he could not yet, however, resume his labours.†

He again occupied himself with the translation of the Æneid, and accomplished it with a degree of ease, which causes us to consider his subsequent complaint, that criticism had injured his powers, as mere idle words. During the short day of an invalid, he often wrote out sixteen stanzas. By the 24th of October he was so far recovered that he could energetically read aloud 135 stanzas. At the same time he translated the

* His letter of the 11th September. — "Schiller and Korner," vol. ii. p. 266.

† He remained there from January, 1791, till October, 1792.

"Agamemnon" of Æschylus into German, in order to acquire a complete mastery over the Greek style. He gave up all idea of a *Friedericiade*, not finding the character of Frederick the Second quite sympathetic; he also meditated an epic poem,—"Gustavus Adolphus," which commencing by the battle of Leipzig, and continued to that of Lützen, should develop, as an episode, the history of that hero in connection with the Reformation. Wishing not entirely to renounce society, he invited his friends twice a week in the evening, and participated himself in a club of a similar nature. He was very anxious to possess a carriage, but though this wish remained unfulfilled, he enjoyed to the fullest extent another restorative, the wondrous benefits of which he has himself enthusiastically celebrated. This restorative, and every physician knows its value, was happiness. The love of all those near and dear to him, and the kindness of the Duke, had facilitated his cure; and now the heavenly Muse rewarded her singer with every fair gift, (except indeed health), which could make this life a heaven even upon earth.

Jens Baggesen, a Dane, was one of Schiller's most ardent admirers. According to Varnhagen's description, his was one of those singular natures, wholly devoted to talent of any kind whether great or small. Susceptible to all merit, yet without decided cultivation or fixed ideas, the reckless, careless way in which he sported, both with his own feelings and those of others, did not prevent his being a very agreeable and amusing companion, so long as he was not put to the test. His enthusiasm admired all styles alike, "our philosophical Messiah, Kant, Schiller, Reinhold." It was thus he wrote to Erhard in 1791, but on this occasion his indiscriminate zeal bore good fruits. Baggesen, when coming from Switzerland with his wife, in 1790, visited Jena, where he formed a friendship for life with Reinhold, and at least succeeded in obtaining from Schiller—a contribution to an album.

Settled now in Copenhagen after a lengthened absence, he saw at once in Duke Christian Friedrich von Augustenburg a prince after the model of the Marquis Posa. The Duke was prejudiced against Schiller's early works, but Baggesen entirely converted him by "Don Carlos." This was not necessary with Graf Schimmelmann and his wife, for the latter, "a democrat by nature," as Baggesen calls her, had long been deeply interested in German literature.

Schimmelmann was on the most friendly terms with the Duke, and Baggesen, a particular favourite with this family, was in the habit of constantly reading aloud Schiller's works, in the most enthusiastic manner; so it cost him very little trouble to establish, even in this barbaric northern land, one of those literary communities, not unfrequent in Germany.

This circle had arranged in the beginning of June, 1791, while the Duke was absent at Karlsbad, to celebrate a *fête* in honour of Schiller, at Hellebek, a romantically situated seaport town to the north of Copenhagen. Various other friends were to participate in these festivities; a music choir was to be placed out of sight, the "Hymn to Joy" to be sung, and to be followed by a pastoral ballet. Everything was arranged for the entertainment; and Baggesen and his wife were on the point of driving to Schimmelmann's residence, Seelust, when he suddenly received a note from the Grüfin, to inform him that the festivities must be put an end to, for she had just received intelligence of Schiller's death; and, indeed, this false report had been extensively circulated.* As if struck by lightning, Baggesen sinks back in his wife's arms. Feeling it impossible, when he recovers, to remain at home in such a state of mind, they drive to Seelust, and there resolve in their excitement, while the most terrific storm is raging out of doors, after a short deliberation, to convert the intended

* Erhard heard it on the 17th of May in Göttingen.

festivities into obsequies for the dead. They proceed to Hellebek. The heavens gradually assume a more favourable aspect, and clear up to the brightest blue. The sun bursts forth in all its brilliancy over the troubled waves of the sea, disclosing gigantic rocks; and the Kullen stands out in all its rugged northern majesty against the clear sky, from the Swedish coast beyond. The repast commences, and glasses sparkle with champagne. Baggesen, as had been previously arranged, begins to recite, "Joy—Godlike Sparks!" when suddenly horns and flutes softly resound; and, as if impelled by some magic spell, all present join in the mighty strain, and never was a melody sung with more enthusiasm, or with more mingled feelings. When the sounds die away, Baggesen comes forward, and emphatically declaims—

"He is not dead: He cannot die!—
Ye friends and brothers gathered here,—
Here in this holy atmosphere;—
Be sure his spirit hovers nigh.

"Let every hand be rais'd on high!—
Swear by this free and flowing wine
To worship at his spirit's shrine,
Until we greet him in the sky."

All eyes are filled with tears; shepherds and shepherdesses, bearing garlands of flowers, form in procession. Schiller's poems are read and recited; the party cannot resolve to separate. The society remain together for three days; all Schiller's writings are enjoyed in concert, and the deep sorrow for the singer's death disappears before the mighty achievements of his genius.

Schiller heard of this incident before he was entirely recovered, and we may easily imagine how profoundly it touched and affected him. Soon afterwards Reinhold showed him letters from Baggesen, in which was depicted, in minute detail, the singularity of obsequies for the dead, having been performed

in honour of a poet still alive. Schiller's wife drew Reinhold aside; "When you write to Baggesen," she began, "tell him—say to him——" but a flood of tears extinguished her voice. Reinhold reported the scene he had just witnessed to Baggesen, adding that Schiller might possibly recover if he refrained from working for some time; but his position did not admit of this; for if either he (Reinhold) or Schiller were to be seized with illness, they would not know whether to apply the small annual sum of 200 dollars to procure medicine or food. Baggesen read this letter to the Duke of Augustenburg. The Duke having met Dora Stock in Karlsbad, who chanced to be there at the same time, anxiously inquired about Schiller's illness, and his circumstances. His intentions required no further impulse, nor was Graf Schimmelmann of that class of men who concern themselves only about *fêtes* and gaieties. These noble minded beings, probably with a view to prevent the joyful surprise coming too suddenly on the invalid, enclosed in a letter from Baggesen to Reinhold the following joint communication, which he was to deliver to Schiller, according to the instructions contained in a private letter to himself.

"Two friends connected by the ties of cosmopolitanism, address this letter to the noblest of men! Both are unknown to you, but both honour and love you, admiring the lofty flights of your genius, which stamp many of your recent works as the most sublime of all human compositions. They discern in these productions the mode of thinking, the ability, and the enthusiasm that originally cemented their own friendship; and, after having perused them, they cannot resist looking on their author as a member of their bond of friendship. Their sorrow was profound at the sad tidings of his death, and the tears they shed were not the least bitter among the many that flowed from the eyes of those good men who knew and loved you." The letter then proceeds to offer, in the

most delicate manner, a yearly gift of 1000 dollars for three years. "Accept this offer, noble being! Do not let the sight of our titles induce you to decline it. We know what the real value of these titles amounts to: our only pride consists in being men and citizens of a great republic, the limits of which embrace more than the lives of isolated generations, more than the limits of the universe. You see before you only men and brothers, not those proud grandees of the world, who, by such employment of their wealth, merely indulge in a somewhat nobler phase of arrogance." Finally, it was left to Schiller's option to choose where to enjoy the leisure thus secured to him; but an earnest wish was expressed, that he should, if possible, come to Denmark.

One of those unpatriotic reflections has been cast on Germany, which is really a reproach to our fatherland. It has been deplored that this succour proceeded from Denmark. We may be consoled by the knowledge that the Augustenburgs are Germans, and Graf Schimmelmann an excellent Pomeranian. On the 9th of December the above letter was in Reinhold's hands, and on the 13th, in those of Schiller. It is difficult for the biographer not to supply here deficient information, and to relate how Schiller's hands began to tremble, and how burning tears dimmed his manly eyes, on reading this letter, and how Lotte instantly threw herself sobbing into his arms. But I venture boldly to assert, even at the risk of being censured by captious critics as a "poëte historien," that something very similar to this did actually take place in the Schiller family. The letters which he despatched in such joyful haste to Körner, and to Karl August, justify us in thinking thus. "I must write to you without a moment's delay, dear Körner, to share my joy with you. What I have longed for so intensely during my whole life, is now to be fulfilled. I have got rid of every care and every anxiety for a long period, perhaps for ever. I have at last attained

the long coveted independence of spirit. I have the immediate prospect of arranging my affairs, and paying off all my debts, and unfettered by any solicitude about the means of existence, I can now live entirely in accordance with the impulses of my mind. I have at last leisure to concentrate my thoughts, and to toil for eternity."

Schiller wrote to Baggesen, and to both his benefactors in grateful and suitable terms. The incident at Hellebek, he designates as "fragrant flowers offered to an invalid by heavenly genius." He declined settling in Denmark, out of consideration for his connection with Karl August, but expressed a hope to make out a journey thither at some future period; which was never however realised. A correspondence naturally ensued; still Reinhold gained no further hold on his affections, nor could all Baggesen's enthusiasm succeed in obtaining his lasting affection.

Schiller's chief anxiety was now his debts. For years past, a certain bill had been preying on his mind, well known to the readers of Körner's letters, as "Beit's Bill." The renewals had cost a vast deal of money. Schiller had paid part of this claim through Körner, to whom he now writes, that he wishes to pay Beit in full, requesting him to ascertain what sum was still due: but what reply did Schiller receive? "Beit's bill has been long in my possession." Beit had made enormous demands at the period of the last renewal, and as Körner knew that Schiller's finances were at that time at a very low ebb, this hard working father of a family actually himself liquidated the whole debt, without saying one word to Schiller, or even making a note of the sum he had paid! Indeed it was with no little trouble, and by searching among old letters, that Schiller discovered the amount of money to be repaid to Körner. The latter strongly advised him to defray more urgent claims, adding, "I think we understand one another on such a point as this." Such a man *might well*

say, in reply to the announcement of the princely donation, "A melancholy feeling is blended with my joy at your good fortune; it is that we should live at a period, and among men, when such an action should create so much astonishment, and yet which seems to me in itself so natural."

In January Schiller's illness returned, probably from the conflict of emotions he had been subjected to. He had not yet a carriage; but the delight of possessing a horse, tended in a certain degree to restore his health in spring. He was able in April, 1792, to undertake the long talked of journey to Dresden, accompanied by his Lotte, Fischenich, and a young philosopher, the Dane Hornemann. He thus renewed his intercourse with his faithful friend Körner, which, though too often interrupted by suffering, cheered him exceedingly. When he returned to Jena, he was able to recommence working at his "Thirty Years' War;" and sent the last sheets to Göschen on the 21st of September, 1792. "Now I am free, and I intend henceforth to remain so. No further labour shall be imposed on me by others; nor shall any future production of mine emanate from any source but my own unbiassed inclinations."

While writing these words, fresh joys bloomed for him in his own house. Long had Schiller wished and promised to visit his parents; now he could fulfil this intention. But maternal love could no longer submit to such constant delays. Frau Schiller undertook this long fatiguing journey in dreadful weather, and through detestable roads, only accompanied by Nanette, her gay little daughter of fifteen; and two days sooner than Schiller expected her, his mother embraced the son, thus once more restored to her arms. This was a consolation for which she had longed with all the anxiety of a fond mother for ten years; a solace of which she had been so nearly altogether, and most cruelly deprived. The sight of his invalid mother, in far better health, however, than Schiller

himself, though still in the pride of manhood, delighted the eyes of her affectionate son; and her expression of happiness testified that he was blameless on a point where even the best of men are often open to censure. His sister Nanette stole quickly into all hearts, and not least so into that of her brother, who praised her goodness of heart and kindly disposition, in the warmest terms to Körner. Under a veil of modesty, however, she concealed admirable abilities. It was her secret, cherished wish, one day to represent on the stage the original conceptions of her idolised brother; and her powers of recitation proved that she had a decided talent for the stage. After Schiller had accompanied his family to Rudolstadt, they commenced their long journey homewards, taking with them a promise that those whom they now quitted would follow them to Swabia as soon as possible; for there also was a heart eagerly longing for the sight of a son. The old Major was nearly seventy, so delays in his case were dangerous.

In the ensuing summer, filial love attracted Schiller more than ever to his own family. His heart turned fondly to his home, and to that Swabia which he thought he had renounced for ever. But his love for his country again powerfully stirred within him. He thought also that the breezes of his native mountains might prove a cordial to his weak chest. Another motive, also, influenced him to undertake this journey. His Lotte had been in delicate health for some time, and her invalid state cast a shadow over his best joys. He hoped that the advice of the Swabian physicians would allay his anxiety, and contribute to her recovery. The friend of his youth, Wilhelm von Hoven, had been appointed court physician in Ludwigsburg, and was considered very clever. In Heilbronn resided Doctor Gmelin, who was much valued and sought after, owing to his magnetic cures, but such sages and prophets did not prove requisite, and Hoven was called in on a very different occasion; for it was discovered,

on the eve of their journey, that Lotte's illness proceeded from a very joyful cause. How great the rejoicing now was! "I shall experience at the same time," writes Schiller, in his delight, to Körner, "the happiness of a son and that of a father; with such feelings imprinted by nature, how blessed I shall be! I shall see the fading torch of my life rekindled at that of another, and I am reconciled with destiny!"

Schiller resolved to take up his abode in the Free Imperial city of Heilbronn. They hired a carriage, and set out on their journey, arriving at their destination on the 8th of August. Without a moment's delay, not even first inquiring about the Duke, Schiller hurried to the Solitude. What a meeting! what a stormy tumult of feelings and reminiscences moved every heart! Schiller once more restored to the paternal home which he had formerly quitted, a weeping fugitive, and without his father's knowledge! The strange self-willed eccentric Fritz! Each enjoyed the happiness of the rest, in his own delight. Schiller was especially surprised and pleased by the young and hale appearance of his father. The secret of this he imparted to Körner, when he writes, "My father is always occupied, and it is this which causes him to continue so healthy."

There was yet another in Swabia, whom Schiller had once on a time called father. Schiller was very anxious to know how his princely benefactor would act towards him. He had written to him from Heilbronn, in the tone of a former pupil; but Karl Eugen was at that time an infirm man, and had more important things to think of than the solicitations of an *élève*, whom he always considered to have acted very ungratefully towards him. Schiller received no answer; but the Duke proved that he felt none of the animosity of a petty or tyrannical spirit, for he frequently permitted the Major, whom he could not well spare from the duties of his post, to visit his son in Heilbronn. Schiller heard, through various friends,

that the Duke had publicly said, that Schiller might come to Stuttgart when he pleased, and remain there ignored by him; and with this permission Schiller was perfectly satisfied. He repaired to Heilbronn, with many expressions of pleasure at its various advantages, where he had also been recommended to the good offices of a magistrate there of noble birth. His second sister, Luise, managed his house admirably; for, tired of the expense of an hotel, he arranged an establishment of his own; but still Heilbronn did not seem to suit him as a permanent residence. Gmelin indeed was a "jovial companion," in whose society good and cheap Neckar wine could be very agreeably drunk; but his views on the subject of magnetism only made Schiller more incredulous on this point. After a stay of four weeks, he went to Ludwigsburg, where he had previously visited his friend, Wilhelm von Hoven. Scarcely had Schiller been there six days, when he was forced to pass some hours of intense anxiety, during which Hoven and Karoline von Beulwitz faithfully kept him company, and soon after (late at night, when Schiller, fairly exhausted, had laid down in bed) the happiest moment of his life arrived. All due honour to Kant and Göethe, to philosophy and wisdom! but the first cry of his young son, announcing that he was a father, weighed more in the scale for Schiller's "self-development," according to his biographer's opinion, than the longest or most scientific conversations with Goethe; and yet it seems almost a desecration, at such a moment, to think of any result but the most simple and genuine — that "he was happy in the feeling implanted by nature." Both the joys that he had anticipated were realised, for he constantly saw his father. The hale old Major suddenly discovered, that it was absolutely necessary for his health to take the Ludwigsburg baths; and though the Duke was well aware of the real meaning of this remedy, he gave his assent without hesitation. The old man could now witness, in his son and grandson

together, those domestic interests which his absence on the field had prevented his enjoying with regard to his own Friedrich. We can easily understand what Conz relates, that Schiller was foolish and speculative, like most young fathers, and that he declared, for example, that his gem, his heart's treasure, should be educated strictly according to the principles of Quintilian. Indeed, in those happy excited theoretical hours, it does him credit when we hear that he kindly undertook a lecture in Ludwigsburg for his former tutor Jahn, who was again deep in Ovid. He now saw many of the friends of his youth: Petersen came over from Stuttgart; and so devoted was Schiller to his old schoolfellow, that, according to Hoven's relation, one of these meetings entirely corresponded with the convivial days of the small *parterre* room during their student-life. Unluckily, to the no small detriment of his invalid friend, Petersen still acted on the principle, that the plant of friendship should be kept moist.

Schiller soon discovered that many of these worthies had become very provincial. Even Hoven had made little progress, and was never likely to proceed beyond Garve so long as he lived. Abel and Conz saw Schiller in Tübingen. With Conz there was a link of sympathy through the ancients; but both these friends were not a little surprised at the lofty air of superiority with which Schiller pronounced judgment on the greatest literary celebrities. This was not, however, wonderful, as he had himself become one of that very class. He appeared to his friends to have made vast progress in all respects; and Hoven draws a most attractive picture of his personal appearance: "His youthful fire burned more mildly; he had much more dignity of demeanour; a pleasing elegance had replaced his former negligence in dress; and his slender figure, his pale and delicate countenance, completed the interesting nature of his appearance. Unfortunately, the enjoyment of his society was frequently, indeed almost daily,

disturbed by attacks of illness; but in his hours of convalescence, with what charming exuberance did he pour forth the treasures of his intellect! How loving was his gentle, sympathetic heart! How visibly was his noble character impressed on all his expressions and actions! How pleasing was now his once rather free and jovial manner! How dignified even his playfulness! In short, he had become an accomplished man."

Could Hoven have read the soul of his friend! Could he have seen how Schiller lamented that this very cultivation and refinement on his part, so little suited his friends! As if the great joy he had experienced demanded its natural reaction, at the beginning of winter, even the soul of the enduring martyr sunk under the burden of sickness and pain, and the dread of its continuance; he fell into a state of the deepest gloom and depression, such as he had not suffered from since the days of Mannheim. It is true that Körner had not received his labours with regard to universal history and philosophy, with his usual warmth. These works we shall refer to hereafter. Körner was always eager to rouse the poet in Schiller; but, however bitterly and keenly the poet was mortified by this cool reception of his writings, he never would have owned these feelings if his unhappy state of health had not, at that time, deprived him of all courage, ease, and enjoyment of life. Never had he been richer in subjects for poetical works, and he could only write during the intervals of ease granted him from his constant severe sufferings. All his feelings were rendered more irascible by his debilitated nerves, and he became more susceptible to the follies and absurdities of mankind. The more he cherished the ideal of an æsthetic communion (he was at that time writing his letters on Æsthetic Cultivation), the more his friends appeared deficient on this important point. In January, he dreaded a fresh attack of illness. "Heaven grant," he writes to Körner, "that my patience may

not give way; and that a life, so often assailed by sufferings like those of death itself, may still retain any value in my estimation." From the description that Hoven gives of one of those attacks, which seized Schiller during a long walk, it must really have resembled the agonies of death; for even the physician shrank from the spectacle of such sufferings, caused not only by acute spasms, but also by the danger of suffocation. Who can blame the unfortunate martyr, in his present hopelessness as to all cure, for anxiously counting the leisure hours still allotted to him by the generous kindness of noble-hearted friends? Who can wonder, that thinking of his infant son, he should regret failing in his application to become tutor to the young Weimar Princes; that he should take a most gloomy view of the state of the political world; and be irritable with himself, with his genius, his friend Körner, and all the world besides?

The letter of the 10th of December, the most melancholy that Schiller ever wrote (and we must mark this), contains the well known bitter words about his royal benefactor; expressions of a very different tenor from those which Hoven mentions having heard from the poet's own lips, at the grave of Karl Eugen. While Schiller was residing in Ludwigsburg, Karl Eugen's life closed on the 24th of October. Much loud censure was now openly uttered, which, during his lifetime, had either been whispered in secrecy, or entirely suppressed. It is very natural that Schiller, standing beside his tomb, should raise his protest against such conduct, and seek to recall his many virtues. It is equally natural that two months afterwards, at a moment when he was at strife with himself, and the whole world, he should write to Körner, "The demise of this old Herod has no influence either over myself or my family;" and also that he should proceed to say, "besides, it must be more agreeable for any one who, like my father, has direct intercourse with their master, to have

now to do with a Man; and this the new Duke is, both in the good and evil sense of the word." Herod was surnamed, as we all know, the Great, and Schiller loved characters with a decided tendency to great faults, or to great virtues, more than "men." It is, therefore, my opinion that the expressions he used to Hoven, are by no means inconsistent with those in his melancholy letter to Körner.*

When the old Major urged his son to address a letter of congratulation to the new Sovereign, Schiller very properly at once declined such a proposal.

The inauspicious month of January passed away happily. By degrees the invalid begun to place faith in better days. Mother and child were in the most perfect health, and when Schiller finally transferred his residence to Stuttgart, at the first symptoms of spring,—imbibing the same mild breezes which had strengthened his youth, in the summer house of his garden, and among blossoming trees, in all the enchantment of an unusually early spring,—then at last light and life revived within his feeble frame. In Stuttgart, he found, to his infinite delight and joy, how much the Academy had effected in illuminating the mind, and in producing a flourishing state of art, hitherto unparalleled in South Germany; for here he met with what he had so much longed for in Heilbronn and Ludwigsburg,—communion with those as wholly devoted to the interests of art, as he was himself. It was at this period that Dannecker modelled Schiller's smaller bust, and from his intellectual conversation in his studio, Schiller was enabled to penetrate into many of the mysteries of plastic art, and into the artistic world of Rome, to which Dannecker had belonged for several years. All this stood him in good stead with his Æsthetics. He also frequently saw Hetsch, and Scheffauer, and

* Nowhere is the favourite system of patching together the portrait of a great man, merely from collections of his letters, proved to be more unsatisfactory than on such occasions.

Rapp, who had some fame as a landscape painter, though it is very improbable that, as Schwab suggests, he adopted the thoughts of the latter in his criticisms of Matthisson's Poems. He discovered a zealous disciple of Kant, in the Catholic chaplain of the deceased Duke; and at this time such society was almost indispensable to him. What marvel then that Schiller now acknowledged the value of the Academy, and deeply lamented the abolition of this remarkable institution, which occurred in the year 1794. Schiller could not resist visiting with his Lotte, the localities in which so many glad and sorrowful reminiscences returned like departed spirits. The Duke dead; the Academy no longer in existence; no doubt much, very much, passed through Schiller's mind at that time. This mood explains why he looked with peculiar favour on the poet of home and childhood, of elves and fairies—Matthisson, with whom he had become acquainted in Ludwigsburg, many of whose beautiful descriptions will be imperishable; his poetry never transgressing the bounds of good taste, imbued with mild, gentle, and poetical fervour,—was beneficial to the convalescent. An almost morbid longing for simplicity took possession of our poet, when, after the completion of "Don Carlos," he began to study the ancients. This desire he saw partly fulfilled in Matthisson; but it is his own conception of power and passion, which he describes at the termination of his "Analysis of Matthisson," when he compares the more tender style of poetry to the image of Achilles, who in the circle of Thessalian virgins is still a hero; but I must not forestall my subject. I only wished to point out the natural grounds from which a new Schiller arose; for there is no possible doubt, that not less by his illness, than by all we have related in this section, did Schiller's being receive that great purification and splendour, which subsequently, in the more solemn moments of his conversation, impressed Humboldt and Goethe with such prodigious power, and touched their

hearts with electric sympathy. It must have been beneficial to any man, even if no follower of Kant, to hear his nearest moral duties inculcated, devoid of all ambition, and the most intimate feelings of his nature in all their strength. With this satisfaction, and with the hope of once more returning to meet all his dear friends, Schiller quitted Stuttgart early in May, visiting his friend Erhard at Nurnberg, on the journey, and returning to Jena on the 15th of May, 1794.

CHAP. III.

SCHILLER AND THE REVOLUTION.

Strange and peculiar Position with regard to the Revolution.—The first Intelligence. — Increasing Interest. — Schiller intends to go to Paris, and to write a Memorial in Defence of Louis XVI. — French Right of Censorship. — Reaction of public Opinion. — Reaction of Governments. — Schiller clings to his Political Ideal. — His æsthetic Cultivation of the best Means to attain it.—His Letters not to be considered as an absolute System, but partly as an Exposition of Politics. — Wise Demeanour of some petty Princes during the universal Reaction. — The University of Jena and the Government of Weimar in possession of the newest Philosophy.

THE sight of the figures of the years 1789 to 1794, wherever we see them, display an historical background of very grand perspective. The boldest foreground is not capable of wholly concealing it. The simultaneous æsthetic and philosophical movement in Germany, and its leading heroes, Karl, Schiller, and Goethe, alone can do so. No German poet, however, assumes so singular a relation to the Revolution as Schiller; on none has it worked so enduringly; indeed, even in his personal lot, it seized him as with the mighty hand of Fate.

While Wieland, Klopstock, and a succession of writers, hailed the early deeds of French rationalism with vehement enthusiasm; while Goethe fled from them like nocturnal spectres; Schiller, from the moment of its first outbreak, viewed the whole movement with a sober historical glance. Associating in youth with Frenchmen,—I need only recall his enemy Masson,—he quickly hated, with a hatred like that of Lessing, their literary arrogance, Voltaire and the materialists, and condemned the nation that repulsed a Rousseau. His views be-

coming more moderate, even in 1787, in a letter to Körner, he placed Diderot above Rousseau, and in his criticisms on a work of Goldoni's, he openly ridiculed Rousseau's petty vanity. Schiller, indeed, did not read the newspapers regularly, but Bode's descriptions furnished him with a melancholy picture of the French nation as a whole, and these gloomy colours assumed even darker hues, from Wilhelm von Wolzogen's reports of Paris in 1788. Nevertheless, Schiller retained an æsthetic interest in Paris, similar to that which the spectacle of a mighty conflagration excites. He read at that time Montesquieu's "Considérations sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains," and "Gibbon's History of Rome." He wrote to the sisters in Rudolstadt, in reference to Wilhelm von Wolzogen's views as to the state of Paris: "No one who has a love or liking for the great and busy world of men, can fail to be deeply interested in these grand and expansive elements. How poor and insignificant are our burgher interests in comparison! Paris ought, indeed, to make a repulsive impression on the philosophical observer; but never a petty one; for even the aberrations of a refined and cultivated people are sublime. What a splendid spectacle is the Roman Empire in history, even in its decline and fall,"—but not a word of the political hopes to be fulfilled by France. On the other hand, we find in Schiller's "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands,"—"The energy which the people of the Netherlands displayed in action, has not yet vanished from amongst us; the happy result which crowned their hazardous enterprise, may equally attend our efforts, if similar causes call us to similar deeds." Though these words (extracted from "Wieland's Mercury" 1788, vol. i. p. 6) were effaced by Schiller in a later edition, still they sufficiently indicate his sentiments with regard to his own nation.

His opinions, however, were far from being restricted and national. In corresponding with Körner on the 13th of

October, 1789, on the subject of historical style, he wrote: "It is a paltry and narrow ideal, to write for *one* nation; limits like these must be intolerable to a philosophical mind! Such a mind could not submit to be restricted by an individual form of mankind, so evanescent, casual, and arbitrary, by a fragment as it were—for the most powerful nation is nothing more." Although he occasionally commends the State, which is national, as a means of cultivating the human race, yet the latter was considered by him the main point.

At the very time of Schiller's betrothal in Lauchstedt, news arrived of the storming of the Bastile. The ladies exulted, but Schiller received the tidings with ominous gravity. We know how closely at that time his future prospects were linked with Dalberg's ascending a throne, and thus political questions assumed a strong personal interest in his eyes. Owing to the resolutions of the 5th of August, 1789, France had, by a single stroke, contracted her resources. Many a State, and above all that of the Electorate of Mayence, the future land of the Coadjutor, was sadly impoverished; for its resources depended in a great degree on French jurisdiction, as the power of spiritual dominion extended far beyond national boundaries. In the very same year, France gave up the property of the Church, to supply the exhausted finances of the country. This was a blow that vibrated through the entire body of the priesthood. Dalberg—the liberal Dalberg—became uneasy. When Karoline von Wolzogen declaimed about the Mayence colony of pure souls, he gravely replied, "It was impossible that a society of 600 individuals—and there were many more than that number—could possibly arrive at any reasonable conclusions.* A storm might yet annihilate everything;" and this storm came. In

* Wachsmuth, in his meritorious work "Weimar's Court of the Muses," places these words in Schiller's mouth. The context of Karoline von Walzogen mentions that they were spoken by Dalberg.

December, 1789, the poet Salis brought the news to Weimar of the first outbreaks of popular fury in Paris, and the exultation of the ladies was silenced. The emigrations began. Step by step was the ancestral oracle "Après nous le déluge" fulfilled in the unhappy monarch; every effort which this miserably entangled Œdipus made to elude its inevitable fulfilment, only hastened his doom. The wisest, who could not but know, that the consequences of evil deeds cannot long tarry, only obtained by their efforts to turn them aside and to avoid them, the privilege of displaying to all nations and rulers, the dreadful power and sublimity of such results, and the utter inefficiency of every attempt at escape.

And the people looked on, and learned. The greater part of the public thought, like Körner, that the influence of a mightier hand was visible in this movement; others only awaited the issue, with a degree of theatrical excitement. Schiller was busily occupied with his own avocations till the spring of 1790. On the 28th of February, 1790, died Joseph II., the great "Sturmer" on the throne, bequeathing his thankless and vain labours to the people and to the kings of intellect. Warlike preparations were discussed, and England commenced them. Schiller, recently married, writes on the 15th of April: "The political world interests me now. I tremble at the prospect of war, for we shall feel it in every part of Germany." A considerable time elapsed, before the Princes became unanimous; all looked so calm and quiet near the Rhine, that in the autumn of 1790, Forster, Huber, and our poet wished to proceed to Mayence. Schiller, in the meantime, was in anxious expectation of Dalberg ascending the throne. He hoped that "certain persons" (the old Elector) would not live for ever. Shortly after, Schiller himself was on the verge of the grave, and his whole interest concentrated in being able to draw breath.

Now the avalanche rolled down from another country. The

King fled on the 21st of June; on the 22nd he was a prisoner. The mass of emigrants, Prussia, and Austria, by threats and preparations, succeeded in inducing the National Assembly to declare war on the 20th of April, 1792, and soon three French armies were stationed on the German boundaries.

A declaration of war on the part of the allies appeared; and a manifesto, announcing that the slightest attack on the Tuileries should be met by unmitigated vengeance.—The answer of the city of Paris was the storming of the Tuileries, and the imprisonment of the Royal family.—Military movements commenced; a fresh answer from Paris,—the massacres of September. The cannonade of Valmey resounded during three days—the rejoinder of Paris, the declaration of a Republic, (the 22nd of September). The extraordinary inclemency of the weather compelled the King of Prussia to retire; Goethe, who was in the suite of Karl August, when asked his opinion, said, "From this day dates a new epoch in the history of the world, and you can hereafter say, you were present at the time." The French now became the aggressors: on the 19th of October, General Custine advanced on Mayence; on the 21st the imperial fortress fell, and Georg Forster's tragic part commenced. Those who condemn him, must condemn Schiller also.

Schiller for a considerable time persevered in eagerly reading the "Moniteur," and from the proceedings relative to convents, which he studied with much excitement, he formed better expectations of the French nation. He wrote this to Körner on the 26th of November, adding, "The aspect of Mayence assumes a very doubtful hue, but as God will: if the French deprive me of my hopes, it is possible that *I may strive to seek brighter ones in France.*" He had serious thoughts at that time of undertaking a journey to Paris.* Did he wish

* Schiller's and Humboldt's Letters.

to adopt the French right of citizenship, which, as he must have seen in the "Moniteur," had been conferred on him by a resolution of the 6th of August, 1792? Or in the *Monsieur Gille* named in the document, did he recognise his own identity? It may amuse some readers to picture to themselves Schiller in a convent; but we may quite as readily represent him to ourselves on a scaffold, for his purpose was no less than that of pleading for the life of the King.

As the danger increased to the royal head of Louis Capet this project became more imminent in Schiller's heart. He soon began to disapprove of Forster's conduct, and the members of other clubs, whose proceedings seemed to him to emanate rather from a contemptible love of boasting than from sound principles. He began to write a vindication of the King, with the purpose of impressing serious truths on the government (indeed he had already recommended Körner to write a work on the English Rebellion, to serve as a loyal mask). He wrote to Körner, — "If every man of liberal tendencies had been silent, no step would ever have been taken towards our improvement." He inquired of Körner if he knew any one who could translate well into French; the cause was important and sacred in his eyes. As Körner seemed to have some scruples on the subject, Schiller applied to R. Zacharias Becker, in Gotha, who wrote French fluently, sending him the pamphlet which consisted of several sheets, promising a fair remuneration from Göschen, and adding that he hoped to be able to forward several copies of it to Paris by means of Karl August. But affairs proceeded too rapidly for this. On the 21st of January, 1793, the King was beheaded. All Europe felt the stroke, but certainly few so strongly as Schiller. He abjured with a shudder his newly-acquired right of citizenship. "For the last fourteen days," he writes to Körner, "I have resolutely avoided reading any French papers, so entirely do I loath these butchers."

He saw that in France the materials for a new republic were utterly corrupt. For a moment he had hoped "that it might be physically possible that laws should be promulgated from the Throne, mankind honouring them as their proper object, and making true liberty the basis of all political relationship." For, without desiring to see a newspaper every morning on his breakfast table, he considered "an edifice of true political Liberty the most consummate of all works of art." Vain hope! for moral efficiency was wanting, and the favourable moment found an insensible race. "Man is depicted by his deeds, and what form does the drama of the present day portray? On the one hand unruly passions, on the other indolence and inaction—the two extremes of moral decay united in one period." Thus spoke Schiller in his fifth letter on Æsthetic Cultivation, the product of the year 1793, one of the most disheartening epochs which could possibly be found for artists. But Schiller did not lose courage. He demanded from the artist to restore the inner ideal man before attempting to create, and he now demanded the same from the politician, as the one thing absolutely necessary before commencing a course of action; and on man, as such, and on his renovation from within, all periods have made the same call, thereby causing great delusions and exacting great energies. To restore moderation to rough and reckless natures, and simplicity and natural affection to languid refinement, he deemed the only path to political liberty; and true art was, in his eyes, the medium of accomplishing this. "The character of the times must first be elevated from its state of profound degradation — emancipating itself from the blind sway of Nature, returning to simplicity, truth, and integrity— a task for more than the duration of a century. In the meantime I gladly admit that many individual efforts may prove successful; but the masses will not thus be improved, and antagonism in action will always testify against unity of

principle. In other quarters of the globe mankind will be honoured in the negro, and in Europe disgraced in the philosopher. The ancient principles will remain, but clad in the garb of the century, and philosophy will lend her name to an oppression formerly authorised by the Church. Alarmed at the aspect of liberty, which, in its first attempts, invariably appears in the guise of an enemy, they will throw themselves into the arms of an easy bondage, and, rendered desperate by a pedantic guardianship, rush into the wild license of a state of nature. Usurpation will appeal to the weakness of the human race — insurrection to its dignity — till at length that great ruler of all human affairs, blind force, shall decide between the conflicting principles, like the settlement of an every day quarrel."

Who can doubt that Schiller always remained true to his ideas of freedom, and its historical development, although Eckermann declares that Goethe (this was after dinner, however) pronounced Schiller more an aristocrat than even himself? Who can attempt to deny the lively interest he took in politics, though in his letters he avoided discussing such points? — he who so closely examined the casting of a bell in Rudolstadt, an Esquimaux from the North Pole, and the frothy foam of a mill dam, from which he painted the celebrated passage in his poem of "The Diver," and who felt the importance and use of knowledge in all that concerned mankind! But he had, in truth, an acute prophetic glance, and an eye that could discern, even from slight indications, what was consistent, necessary, and possible, or of really vital interest. Or does any one suppose that Dumouriez, the precursor of Napoleon, was unheeded by him in his description of Wallenstein?* indeed, that he did not anticipate the career of Napo-

* "It is in fact the history of Dumouriez, only written in a far more solid style — more important for art." Thus writes Goethe to H. Meyer on the 6th of June, 1797, in allusion to Wallenstein.

leon himself? Although the sentences we have quoted above were first written expressly for the Æsthetic Letters in the "Horen," yet what Hoven relates in his "Personal Biography" is a proof that they were of an earlier date.

"The French Republic," said Schiller to the friend of his youth, at the end of 1793, "will crumble away as quickly as it has been reared. The Republican Constitution will pass into a state of anarchy, and sooner or later an energetic and intellectual man will appear, come whence he may, who will not only constitute himself ruler of France, but probably of a very large portion of Europe also." And is it not a confirmation of Hoven's account, when Charlotte von Kalb reports, "That all the influences of art and literature in Weimar were gradually dispersed by the storms which raged in the West; that Wieland had lost his playful gaiety, that Herder's moroseness had increased?" But she adds, "There was *one* who stood fast, calmly contemplating all these disorders and tumults, eagerly watching for the hero destined to subdue these raging waves, appointed by nature to accomplish this work, like Cæsar and Coriolanus; and the event proved that he did not watch in vain. The conqueror was celebrated by his strains." This *one* is Schiller, the conqueror, Napoleon, and the strains, Schiller's "Wallenstein."

When Schiller uttered these prophetic words to Hoven, he had already read aloud to him various scenes from "Wallenstein;" and in March 1794, he laid aside the Æsthetic Letters to work out more fully the plot of this drama. While demonstrating that æsthetic cultivation was indispensable, including for the first time a system of the Beautiful, founded on Reason, as materials for modelling a free state, he at the same time produced a work of art in "Wallenstein," which undesignedly became the text-book of that system, for we can scarcely imagine by how many ligaments this drama is connected with that epoch, and with our fatherland. While attacking the

German revolution, where in its course it resembled that of France, and where the soldier decided the struggle of principles, Schiller also included in his picture our losses and our gains, as well as the agency which produced both—viz., the egotistical intermeddling of the State and of the Empire in the cause of religion, and the brilliant but reckless soldiery, portraying, too, with slighter outlines, a dissolute and pampered town life, in order to enable us, in this chaos of unbridled passions, to pronounce a just judgment, formed on the scaffold of Louis XVI.; for certainly it is not simply Kant's conceptions of virtue (which, as I shall prove, were far from being identical with those of Schiller) that we must consider, but his own tender conscience, and that scaffold, so painfully affecting a heart, ever open to feelings of compassion, if we are to admire the unselfish sacrifice of a Thekla, the religious exaltation of a Mary Stuart, and the poet's stern judgment of an Elizabeth, and a Johannes Parricida.

In spite of the depreciation and unsparing harshness of illustrious critics, the voice of humanity above all, and none other, was essential to art; neither that of creeds, nor so-called progress, and party: and at that period to speak out boldly was imperative.

It is very unjust, however, towards our poet, to accept his half finished æsthetic letters as a complete confession of faith, to believe that Schiller considered this system alone capable of saving the world. We must remember what was at that time alone allowed to be written, properly to comprehend what Schiller achieved; and a fair critic will seek the conclusion of these letters in works such as "Wallenstein," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wilhelm Tell," and in the reverence for religious and historical life, which shines forth so brightly out of these works, in the eyes of any one not wholly blind; where alone the entire and complete convictions of the mature Schiller are to be found—for what was allowed to be

written at that time? Even the execution of the King caused no very vehement reaction in public opinion. It was not only men like Wieland and Klopstock who were converted by Valmey, only a little later than the Prussians; it was not Schiller alone who clung more closely to his native soil, displaying, in unison with Goethe, the aspect of a patriot, in direct opposition to the cruel policy of Forster and his colleagues. He confessed even in 1792 that no poet was entitled to desert his fatherland. Cosmopolitanism was for a long period utterly banished from the hearts of a kindly race of people, but an infinitely worse reaction ensued, from the blind terror and impotent fury of the cabinet.

The worthy Voigt, in a letter to Hufeland, fears what actually occurred, that "the Cabinet must visit their inner wrath on their own people, as they could not give vent to it beyond the limits of their own administration." They most unfairly revenged the death of the French King on their own subjects. Liberty of the press was curtailed in Russia, in Saxony, and in Austria, &c., and public lectures on liberty vigilantly watched and abridged. The ministry, with the instinct of those who feel that they are irrevocably lost, at last perceived that the most radical of all sciences, Philosophy, was the true inspiration of Jacobinism; for it is alone capable of transforming the results of all other sciences to obtain unity of spirit, and the moving spring of all action, into nourishing blood. Philosophy was therefore overwhelmed with prohibitions. Even the admirable Kant, in consequence of his work on "Religion confined within the Bounds of simple Reason," was subjected to the most severe interdict. Bonds and obligations too, exacted from teachers of the appointed dogmas of the church, as settled by symbolical books, imposed silence on many resolute lips. The "Mercury," and even the literary paper of Jena, was threatened with confiscation by Prussia.

Körner endeavoured, by means of a liberal yet moderate

pamphlet on the liberty of the press, to influence at least his own government. And the public? we must indeed learn to distinguish in badly governed States, between an open and a secret one. The public remained apparently entirely indifferent. The open public adored Kotzebue's comedies, whose "Misanthropy and Repentance" triumphantly appeared on every stage, from 1790 to 1794. The secret public, among whom were numbered Körner, and all those of a higher class of intellect, repudiated and anathematised such taste, and despaired of a public like the former ever being brought to comprehend a masterly production; and yet the æsthetic current was, next to enlightenment, by far the most powerful impulse of the preceding century, sweeping away in its course, as if from some affinity between the German and Greek spirit, all other efforts. Thus showing the probability (which will not be fully verified by us till a distant future arrives) of elevating the whole man, with all his powers of fancy, heart, mind, understanding, and reason, to the height of that grand phase of art, which Schiller esteemed the loftiest of all — that of *true* political liberty. The lowering of the standard of religion was owing to this, and Christian theology resolved by Kant into mythology.

Philosophy remained silent, for Kant was a man of unconditional submission to the higher powers, and contented himself by his former works speaking, instead of himself; indeed, he had arrived at that point, where a more expansive development of his system had become necessary for the German intellect.

In so contracted a circle of art as this, where it was prohibited to discuss philosophy, religion, or art, Körner might well appeal to his friend Schiller, and say,

> "The falsehood of the age hath served to scare
> Truth to the shelter of the Muse's chair."

Truth had found this refuge already in Schiller's poetry; and

what an invaluable blessing it may be considered, that truth had just at this period a representative to display in all their beauty and depth, her moral and historical ideas, for such is the meaning of truth; presenting her by the most finished forms of imagination to the hearts of men, so recently poisoned, through the medium of Kotzebue, by art itself, and to whom other sources were closed, and the regions of deep thought thus rendered unattainable. But not merely as an artist, but also as a thinker he contrived to console and to elevate the "secret public." The practical portion, effacing the antinomianism of art and life, was not alluded to in his æsthetic letters, because it was interdicted from being published at that time; but in what was already written, daring spirits of all degrees, officers of Hussars, like Thielmann, and statesmen like Genz, quickly seized what was left unwritten. These letters on æsthetic cultivation are quite as much public and political manifestoes, as philosophy of art; indeed it has been most cleverly said, that they contain the vindication of Louis the XVI., and the revelation of truth to Government.

These letters could scarcely have escaped the authority of the censor in Berlin or Vienna at that time, though dedicated to the Duke of Augustenburg. If it be quite legitimate to adjudge blame, even in the view that all the actions of men are over-ruled by Providence, it is of course equally permitted to bestow praise also; therefore, I expressly say the Weimar Government, not Karl August alone, may claim the honour of rescuing with truly admirable wisdom, and inimitable sagacity, the dignity and honour of our Fatherland.

Those were days of trembling reaction, never ending denunciations, and despairing injunctions and anxieties, on the part of the rulers of the University of Jena; yet at no moment of exigency or pressure, did Weimar ever prove false to her standard of thought and teaching.

In the letters of the worthy and humorous Voigt to Hufe-

land, published by A. Diezmann, the severe pressure of the times is indicated by many obscure hints and lamentations, but also the inflexible nature of German honour, however deeply depressed. Möser was right, it was the smaller States that saved the Fatherland. All prospects from Mayence were ruined for ever in so far as Schiller was concerned, but the Weimar aspect was more favourable.

During his absence, Karl August, in his camp, took measures to be minutely informed of what his Professors were reading to their classes. The vicinity of the King of Prussia and his Statesmen is very evident, when so noble a heart as that of the Duke could prevail on itself to utter such words as these "Literati are not to imagine that every crude thought, often the mere fruits of indigestion, is to be considered as an inspiration from within, to rouse the people to resist fancied oppression." But he defended in secret the temerity of his philosophers against Gotha and Dresden, and sanctioned the appointment of Professor Schmidt from Giessen, by Voigt, who was indefatigable on every side. At one moment listening to a denunciation with pretended horror, at another causing Hufeland to examine impartially into the affair, subsequently representing it either in all its nullity, or in as mild and favourable a light as possible to the Geheime Rath, and to his satellites.

In December, 1793, Reinhold having received a call to Kiel, the University had the audacity to propose appointing Fichte, who had the reputation of being a determined democrat and atheist. When the appointment was finally made by the decision of Karl August, to the horror of the Gotha Government, Voigt rubbed his hands together in high glee, and wrote to Hufeland in a mood, in which many contradictory ingredients were mingled, saying, "Thus we shall possess the very newest philosophy, and still further elevate the imaginative faculty."

The very newest philosophy! The great secret of Karl August was to reconcile the powers of the times. Schelling followed Fichte—and Hegel, Schelling. Many a mystery was revealed to these men, by their intercourse with Schiller and Goethe, (more than they probably ever acknowledged,) which the poets themselves had imbibed from the symbols of art; and they also effected a friendship of a singular nature, the friendship between art and philosophy, which, though never before cemented in this world, shall never again be severed so long as the German language is spoken; and the creator of this bond is Schiller.

CHAP. IV.

FRIENDS.

Wilhelm von Humboldt. — His Character and his peculiar Greatness. — First Meeting with Schiller. — Humboldt transfers his Abode to Jena. — Importance of this Acquaintance to Schiller. — Fichte and his System. — Schiller consolidates himself between Humboldt and Fichte — His intellectual Physiognomy, according to Humboldt's Description. — His Conversation.

"WHATEVER good I can boast of," writes Schiller to Gräfin Schimmelmann, "has been implanted in me by intercourse with some admirable men; a happy fate made me acquainted with them at decisive periods of my career; the history of my friends comprises also the history of my life." Such words however, translated from the language of modesty into that of truth, bear a different aspect. Schiller's "happy fate" was chiefly brought about by himself. He possessed the rare talent of attracting kindred souls into his orbit, at the moment when he most required them.

The summer of 1794 was, in this sense, one of those decisive moments; for this summer united him closely with Wilhelm von Humboldt, brought him into near connexion with Fichte, and consolidated his friendship with Goethe.

Wilhelm von Humboldt seems merely to represent a genus, and yet, on closer inspection he stands so isolated, that we are forced to say he is hitherto the sole representative of this genus. Humboldt was a Märker, descended from a noble opulent race, and born in Potsdam, on the 22nd of June, 1767. Though Varnhagen says that Humboldt's intellect and character were formed quite independent of his career, yet we

recognise in his development both the impress of the period and the land of his birth. The Prussian, of the epoch of Frederick the Great, attained in him all the perfection which is possible, without genius of the highest order, and which in fact can only be achieved without such a genius. Humboldt's greatness indeed consists not so much in the power, as in the extent of his endowments. A whole race of North German natures shares with him "a logical education," but he soared beyond it; with all his acute understanding, a whole race shares with him the characteristics of earnest longings, concealed under the coy veil of sportiveness and negation; but with Humboldt it became a fruitful source of ideas. Many have made themselves conspicuous in the world by a similar diversity of knowledge; but Humboldt surpassed them all, for he accomplished what seemed impossible: he combined the Prussian with the æsthetical statesman, with the most moderate knowledge of *men*, but the most profound knowledge of *man*—a statesman "with an intellect as lofty as that of Pericles," he transferred into a practical sphere those ideas, which, in the luxurious holidays of a thoroughly enjoyed leisure, he acquired by communion with the Greeks, and with our poets. A diplomatist, of whom Talleyrand says, "Que c'était un des hommes d'état, dont l'Europe de mon temps, n'en a pas complé trois ou quatre," he was the creator of the Philosophy of Philology, the translator of Agamemnon, the founder of the Berlin university, and the first Minister of modern times who wished to see the Fine Arts employed as a powerful means of cultivating the people.

The mystery of this greatness can be solved by reading Schiller's "Letters on Æsthetic Culture." The facility of passing from the sensuous into the rational, and again from the rational into the sensuous, a facility on which all that is truly practical rests, was peculiarly Humboldt's own. Energy of such a kind, cool, clear, ready for battle, and yet equally

fervent, earnest and deeply inspired, shunning no barriers, seems, if we may appeal to Varnhagen's masterly sketch, to have been also displayed in his bodily frame. Humboldt was thin, but with strong muscular power, tall, and round shouldered. The capacious forehead, the prominent piercing eyes, the delicate pallor of his calm countenance, his gentle distinct articulation, the more subdued from an organic *tic*, which forced him to pronounce the *sch* like s — all these form the portrait of an individuality ever striving and progressing, and yet self-possessed. Independent of the gymnastic perfection of his bodily frame, Humboldt in his full vigour might have stepped forward from the ranks of modern men to measure himself, the individual German, with the most celebrated Athenians.

When Schiller first came into contact with him, Humboldt was a very young man, but the names of his friends, Campe, Forster, Jacobi, and Friedrich August Wolf, indicated the singular ground prepared for the superstructure of his organisation. He followed each of these very different men into their own peculiar sphere, with his whole soul, and with the requisite knowledge; and yet with each of these he remained true to himself. With Forster and Jacobi he was a disciple of Kant's; with Wolf, though doing homage to Pindar and Æschylus, he was sufficiently modern to admire "Don Carlos," and "The Artists."

Sympathising with Schiller in the impulses of his heart even from a distance, at last, in December 1789, he became personally acquainted with our poet in Wiemar. He found his expectations even surpassed, and in the course of the same month Humboldt again visited him in Jena; but Schiller was at that time difficult to propitiate, and Humboldt himself was not a person easy to know intimately. He had the transitory animation of the fortunate man, the calm polish of one free from all care, without any decided impulse to a particular

vocation, for he had abandoned his career of jurisprudence in Berlin. Schiller did not wish to have a friend with incomplete convictions, and he thought that he could detect in Humboldt the worst phase of this state,—an inborn superficial tendency. That Humboldt was no genuine author Schiller quickly discovered when he sent him some of his works. A fragment of the thesis, "On the limits of Government Interference," was not transferred to the pages of the "Thalia" without being severely censured.

Humboldt, however, was not the man to shrink from corrections. His ruling thought was, that he who cultivated his talents in every direction best fulfilled the great problem of humanity. These were the same views, only carried to an extreme point, by which Schiller and Goethe regulated their lives. They looked upon culture as a great living power, in which all seed and all fruit are concentrated. Humboldt has been blamed for this, as if there were any cause to fear that such a principle of life, which in itself involves spiritual grandeur, should prove pernicious to the universe at large, or indeed ever become universal. He who can isolate himself like Humboldt may well be permitted to do so. In this state of isolation, in the solitary retirement of his country house at Burgöner, studying Æschylus with his Karoline, and exchanging philological letters with Wolf, he was gradually maturing his mind for Schiller's friendship.

So long as our poet, still a miserable invalid, occupied himself with the study of Kant's system, he found in Jena sufficient intercourse for this purpose, for there was no lack there of disciples of Kant, and no end to discussions on his philosophy morning and evening. Heinrich von Gros excelled all the friends he had hitherto known in clearness and acuteness. But the more Schiller advanced in æsthetic production the more he felt the loss of his friend Körner, who combined deep thought with a thorough knowledge of esthetics. He desired

to see the impress of the whole man, even on forms of intercourse; indeed, we know that at particular moments he longed for a more mild and indulgent nature than that of Körner, for a friend who would not perpetually seek the poet in him, but acknowledge and promote his never ceasing endeavours to attain unselfish and disinterested activity of thought. He found at last such a person in Humboldt.

In April, 1793, Humboldt visited Jena in passing, and cordially adopted the results of Schiller's researches into the beautiful, though he did not consider that Schiller's conceptions were all-comprehensive, or exhausted the subject. The lofty pinnacle, however, to which he elevated the beautiful by these conceptions, was most satisfactory and sympathetic to Humboldt's feelings. He had recently written to his friend Wolf, that by the close study of his dearly beloved Grecians, he had lost even the shadow of a desire to resume his occupations in active life. Now, the value of such studies was secured on the path of reason. From this novel point of view the materials he had acquired were to be examined. Humboldt's inclinations had long since decided him in favour of the more severe phase of the beautiful. He liked to enjoy, but the objects which inspired this enjoyment were to be grand and earnest. Pindar, Æschylus, Thucydides, were his favourites, and where he prized the Sensuous, enjoyment must at least repay him by furnishing food for observation. Nothing in the Greeks interested him more than the relation between the sexes. From the nature of spiritual generation, from the alternate working of susceptibility and spontaneity, he endeavoured to acquire some ideas on the singular nature of Greek poetry and the production of the beautiful.

Schiller urged him strongly at that time to reside altogether in Jena. Humboldt, besides being unable to resist such a wish expressed by Schiller, saw that there alone, and in the society of this poet, was the arena to be found, in which

German Hellenics, the aim of all his striving, must gain strength for battle. Deeply moved, he went to Dresden, to seek in Körner's soul the reflected image of that of Schiller, and the idea of the Beautiful. Enriched by Körner's contemplations, he returned to the solitude of his home at Burgöner. He again earnestly and diligently considered Kant's "Criticism," and thus prepared, he returned to Jena in February, 1794, with his idolised Karoline, and his boy. Fichte and the historian Woltmann were daily expected. When Schiller returned home, he found Humboldt already intimate in the circle of Schutz, Hufeland, and Gros.

Even during their first conversation, Schiller perceived what a valuable friend he now acquired in Humboldt. He wrote to Körner in Dresden, praising the rare universality of his Being, and declared that in conversing with Humboldt, all his own ideas and feelings were more easily developed. Still he thought that Körner richly supplied in depth what Humboldt gained on the surface; but Humboldt only the more prized profoundness in others. He never could have been capable of making so genial a transition as Schiller in his conception of the Beautiful, from the sphere of the conformity of Intellect, into that of the analogy of Reason. These peculiar ideas (for thus I apprehend Schiller's assertion with regard to Humboldt's deficiency) required to undergo the sharp polish of his intellectual powers, before they could sink into the rich soil as productive seed, which no one ever cultivated with more study or closer observation than Humboldt. The whole combination of his faculties impelled him to this course. Humboldt's mental intelligence tended to the exercise of reason, always comparing and analysing, distilling one drop of attar of roses from a thousand leaves, and requiring a thousand more. His imagination, and his highest powers of thought, had no self-dependence. His discernment, and his intellectual faculties, instigated him to the pursuit of universal knowledge, and

his feelings urged him in the same direction. Thus he endeavoured by the most diligent research, and by the most close and comprehensive appropriation of a world of phenomena, to supply those intellectual qualities in which he was deficient. Schiller, above all, was a phenomenon in his eyes. He constantly incited our poet to reveal his thoughts and frankly to disclose his utmost being. It was this which made Humboldt's friendship of such vast importance to our poet. He accelerated the process of Schiller's thoughts by perpetually renewing their current.

Fichte formed the greatest possible contrast to Humboldt. He was all energy, activity, and self-reliance: consistent and daring, his was a thoroughly manly and productive nature. It may be said of the speculative philosopher, that he might as well be born without eyes. Thought is his world, and he requires no other. Probably this axiom applies to no philosopher with greater propriety than to Fichte. Schiller had become acquainted with him at Tübingen, during his visit to Swabia. Two such kindred spirits could not fail to comprehend each other! Fichte had just embraced the fundamental principles of his doctrine, and was striving after form and knowledge of the world from his middle point. He carried out Kant's subjectivity to the purest logical sequence. The only genuine consciousness, according to Kant, was the Ego, or Personality. But Kant viewed this personality as limited and human, and fluctuated between consciousness and unconsciousness, while postulating a Divine personality. Fichte first soared into the sphere of pure thought by making consciousness the sole ground of science, and spoke no more of a human and a Divine Ego, a distinction only applicable to Man, but constituted an absolute Ego the basis of his philosophy. Such an achievement, as genial of its kind as Schiller's reconciliation of Sensuousness with Reason, could not fail to inspire Schiller with the most profound esteem. He would

not allow himself to be deterred by Fichte's hard and abstract form, from seeking in him his great substantive essence, and appropriating as large a portion as his nature could imbibe. Fichte's influence constrained him to arm himself with the sharpest weapons of solid thought. By this influence too he was induced once more to labour through Kant's "Criticism of pure Reason," and under its sway his letters on Æsthetics were remodelled. Schiller, however, took his stand firmly in opposition to Fichte, in his æsthetic form of thought. In the eleventh letter, he indeed accepted absolute Subjectivity, but he had an æsthetic aversion to the pure Ego, so difficult to the unphilosophical reader. The Essence and the Person, identical in the Godhead, are to him the most simple elements of man. Verbal utterances from Fichte, that the Ego, according to his conceptions, was creative, caused an estrangement between them in the autumn of 1794; but Körner's entire and unequivocal admiration of the doctrine* caused Schiller, as he observed to Humboldt, to feel renewed esteem towards Fichte.

Schiller, however, avoided that unity of system, which Fichte was so eager to see him adopt, probably apprehensive from Fichte's representations, that he must in that event renounce an agency to which his whole heart was devoted, that of working on the sensitive totality of man. He was content with consolidating his idea of the lasting results of his Idealism, that nothing from without could be shed into the mind, but that all his ideas must emanate from an original foreshadowing within himself. In the twelfth letter he says, "We shall continue to be *ourselves* to all eternity;" and he remains steady to this theory, amid every other change; indeed it forms the vital nerve of his views both concerning art and life.†

* Correspondence with Goethe, p. 26.

† Fichte's Correspondence, page 7, proves that philosophers sneered,

With what security and conviction he maintained his resolve never to desert the ground of individual thought, we learn from the tone of a remarkable letter to Fichte, of the 4th of August, 1795, which moreover casts the brightest light on the truthful and manly relations of these two noble spirits. Schiller had rejected, with severe criticism, a treatise of Fichte's "On the Spirit and the Letter of Philosophy," sent to him for insertion in "The Horen." This led to warm discussions, and, among other things, Fichte expressed the opinion that Schiller's philosophical writings were purchased, and admired, but rarely read, and not at all understood. Schiller, who was at that time peculiarly sensitive, owing to some illiberal and malicious criticisms on "The Horen," replied, in reference to Fichte's assertion, "My estimation of the German public must undergo a considerable change before I can respect its views on a subject with regard to which my own nature has only attained a state of harmony, after a painful and pertinacious struggle. Nothing can be more uncultivated than the taste of the public at this moment, and the earnest purpose of my life is to effect a change in these despicable predilections, and not to model myself according to them. Feeling entirely independent of either the opinions or the flattery of those around me, I make no efforts, detrimental either to my nature or to my reason, by truckling to the spirit of the times, to gain the favour of the public; although I own that, from external circumstances, which are those of many authors besides myself, it is certainly by no means indifferent to me whether a larger or a smaller proportion of the public, purchase my works. On the contrary, all my endeavours are directed to move, to excite, and to surprise my readers, by a vivid and bold exposition of my conceptions. The very nature of such a process renders it impossible that

not at Fichte, but at the class of popular philosophers, as well as at Hoffmeister, confounding Weishuhn with Fichte in his great work.

an author following a system like this, can be a favourite with the public, for they prefer ease to excitement. An author, however, has this compensation, that he is hated by mediocrity, envied by inanity, enthusiastically welcomed by soaring spirits, and worshipped, though in fear and trembling, by servile souls."

Fichte had prophesied a short duration for Schiller's philosophical works. Schiller, in only too sure a presentiment of early death, declared that though in ten years he would teach and write no more, yet his Philosophy would circulate as usual among the public; but even if in the course of a hundred or two hundred years, new revolutions were effected in the region of Philosophy, his works might not be more read, but certainly not less so, than at this moment. And why? because his writings are the transcript of the whole living man; while those of others, and of Fichte himself, are mere systems which must pass away. The general results may survive, but not the individual effect. Fichte had too profound a veneration for Schiller to be eventually estranged from him, though their personal intercourse ceased for a time. In 1799, Fichte had a dispute with the Government, which caused his removal to Berlin, and he sent his "Appeal to the Public," for Schiller's approbation. They remained in friendly connexion, until the moment when Schiller "taught and wrote no more."

We see Schiller's principles consolidated between Fichte and Humboldt. The latter, whose bias was individual thought, sought to retain the poet steadily in that sphere, so far indeed as a Schiller could be retained. Fichte's system of pure thought rather impelled Schiller back to poetry. I do not think that I estimate too highly the influence of these men, for the delineation that Humboldt gives of Schiller's idiosyncracy at that time, sufficiently proves how entirely he devoted himself to this intercourse, indeed that he fairly consumed

himself in it. Humboldt repeatedly extols Schiller's gentleness and benignity, declaring that thought, in its loftiest signification, was Schiller's peculiar element; but this mildness and restless activity of thought were the attributes of that Schiller who was the friend of Humboldt. The sketch of our poet that Humboldt gives in a letter to Körner * is far more energetic than that which he subsequently published. "No one," he says of Schiller, "can be less *distrait*, less fickle, or dwell more lovingly on a subject until it is thoroughly exhausted, or be more free from that spasmodic vehemence which other nations (for it is only the Germans who know what genuine passion is) designate the Passions. Therein lay the secret of his infinite and uniform sweetness of disposition, which being combined with so much greatness, frequently (for no man can be always alike) imparted a charm to his conversation, unequalled by any I ever enjoyed. It is incredible how inferior all those whom I have hitherto loved and honoured, appear to me when compared with him! How engrossed they seem to be with self, how circumscribed within one narrow sphere, how limited in their one-sided views, feeling so little of that enthusiasm for the discussion of the moment which suggests new ideas.

"Schiller possessed a superiority which could not fail to irritate those who were susceptible on such points, though no man was ever more fair or just; everyone obtaining his full rights before the tribunal of his opinion. He possessed the faculty of judging all things justly, and under every different aspect; but no one could fully judge him, for he walked in a much less lowly path, and had he been banished in turn from each individual circle, he must always have remained equally great and contemplative, because in the usual routine of life, from the moment of his awaking till night, he shook off all that

* In "Weimar's brilliant days," by Dreymann, p. 80.

was commonplace, with which even the loftiest are glad occasionally to occupy themselves, like dust from his feet; not, indeed, that he rejected any recreations or employment that came in his way, but that his treatment of each was different from that of others." So lofty a portraiture as this of Humboldt, could not have been drawn till Schiller's maturity. Mediocrity cannot paint in so grand a style: greatness alone can depict greatness. But the portrait scarcely displays a man of earthly mould, it bears more the semblance of a pure spirit. The word "Demoniacal" was employed by Schiller at this time in his Æsthetical Letters; Goethe resorted to this word to denote a complexity of mysterious agencies. Schiller too experienced such an instrumentality, for there were moments when he felt as if it were no longer he that spoke, but a power from within, ruling him independent of his own volition, like the sword in the hand of Joan of Arc. The style of his conversation bore this stamp: he made use of no fine phrases; he paid no attention to his mode of delivery, as Herder did; he never sought out an important subject; but the conversation soon assumed one general point of view. After a few digressions you saw yourself plunged into some exciting discussion; a single word from Humboldt sufficed to awaken some slumbering idea. Schiller was not aware that this idea was first-suggested within himself, he seemed to require the collision of those conversing with him; while they, on the other hand, were conscious of having received the idea from him. Schiller could follow in cheerful gaiety the impulses of his associates, granting the most entire liberty to others as well as to himself. It was not he who held the thread, it was the thread that held him fast: always busy creating and moulding, he would suddenly, to the admiring surprise of his friends, bring forward the result, couched in the happiest terms, but not yet fully satisfied with the Form, he would courageously let it sink again into the furnace; and

yet it never failed to be correct. Humboldt's acute glance at once recognised this, and revivifying the subject, he urged his friend to analyse it more closely, to be more sharp and precise in his definition: Hour after hour passed away, and at last, late at night, their problem was worked out; and thus was every evening closed. They met twice every day; the ladies, also intimate friends, frequently participated in these conversations. They lived together like one family.

There can be no doubt that this incessant exercise and scrutiny of his intellectual faculties, these constant disquisitions, contributed in no slight measure to the ease, freedom, and boldness which so eminently distinguish Schiller's later works, and in engendering those immortal thoughts, stamped with the impress of Eternity. Indeed in these very conversations, in which we shall shortly see another engaged, lies the moulding of a large portion of our most valuable intellectual treasures. There is something profoundly touching in seeing this man, with death in his breast, caring neither for distance nor for weather, in order to examine with his friend Körner the result he had won. Körner, returning from a journey to visit his family, was prevented going to Jena, but Schiller succeeded in prevailing on him to meet him in August at Weissenfels; and there they discussed and disputed, while Hannibal-Napoleon stood before the gates, with genuine antique recklessness, for a couple of days, on the true conception of the Beautiful, and on the possible means of prevailing on the German public to recognise the existence of the Ideal within them. We are almost reminded of Luther's disputations! Do not let Schiller be accused of one-sided Idealism, of estrangement from the real; it was a lofty political creed of German intellect, a creed which Prussia subsequently adopted under the influence of Stein and Humboldt, to entrench yourself in the Everlasting, and, as the degraded Present was irrevocably lost, to endeavour at least to rescue the Future.

Such were Schiller's political views, to which all his plans tended, driving him onwards, and urging him never to rest till he had won the convictions of his companions, and made them swear allegiance to his leading doctrines. He was in error at first, however, as we shall presently see, in believing that a journal was calculated to accomplish this object. It was only the form of clay; it crumbled to pieces; but a more brilliant and massive substance sprung from it, and this was — Schiller and Goethe.

BOOK IX.

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

1795 TO 1799.

CHAPTER I.

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

Nature and Commencement of this Friendship. — Schiller's Letters to Goethe. — The Realist and the Idealist.

THE German people can boast of an actual treasury of illustrious friendships. Apparently Nature wished to secure to our nation by stronger ligaments of this kind, that power and substance which other nations owe to the unity of their government. The names of Melancthon and Luther, of Blücher and Gneisenau, will ever be pronounced together. But we do not admire these friendships to the same degree as the alliance between our greatest poets: for strength requires circumspection, and action, counsel. We consider it quite natural that the sympathetic souls of newly awakened poetry, such as Klopstock and Gieseke, Lessing and Kleist, should cling to each other. We do not see any merit in this. Why then does the bond between Schiller and Goethe, excite and affect us so strongly? Because it was a reconciliation, springing as much from a voluntary impulse in both, as from the mysterious agency of ruling ideas.

I shall not repeat what is so universally known; it is unnecessary for me to detail how widely they differed in exterior, in nervous system, and in organisation. I have already indicated the points on which they agreed, and yet how austerely they differed. What was it then, that at last mutually attracted them?

Schiller, as my readers are aware, had already in Mannheim entertained the idea of promoting intellectual national unity

by an association of all German poets. Möser's "Patriotic Phantasies" retained Goethe in his fatherland; but both renounced any direct influence to accomplish this purpose as impracticable. Nevertheless both cherished the desire for unity. Goethe, besides striving to assemble round him his brother artists, expressed these aspirations so ingenuously in the year 1793, that at a time when all relations were rent asunder, and the war in South Germany disturbed and alarmed every one in his close vicinity, he coolly proposed to his brother-in-law Schlosser in Heidelberg, under the very cannon of the enemy, a plan for a great scientific society. Schlosser ridiculed the idea, but in Jena his friends were less sceptical.

For many years Schiller had brooded over a similar plan. His project was, to found a periodical publication capable of including all the most celebrated authors in Germany, and of attracting the more cultivated portion of the public. Göschen had prudently declined "a fourteen days' journal;" but during Schiller's visit to his home, he found the man he required. Johann George Cotta, with all his calm simplicity, a genuine Swabian, far-seeing and acute in business matters, immediately entered into Schiller's undertaking; at first, indeed, with a view to a political paper, which was to be ushered into existence under the appellation of the "Augsburger Allgemeine;" but when Schiller declined this proposal, Cotta declared himself prepared to make every sacrifice which the scale of the new project demanded. Schiller's design was to found an organ for higher subjects than the mere passing interests of the day. He had given up the "Thalia," which, after 1791, appeared under the title of the "New Thalia." After his return, he discussed his new plan with his friends at Jena; they mustered their Parnassus, and hoped to enlist three generations in the service of "The Horen," from Klopstock to the Schlegels, as fellow-labourers. The grand ques-

tion was, whether Goethe would consent to take any part in a journal edited by Schiller? Schiller hoped that he would: whence did this hope arise?

Neither had taken any steps to effect a junction, least of all Schiller. The gentle persuasions of a Dalberg had not approximated them. There was a slight connecting link, through Schiller's wife, whom Goethe had known and liked from her childhood, but this connexion was not of a nature to cause a close alliance between the two poets. It was a deeper sympathy, which we see gradually more powerfully affecting Goethe. He knew the requirements of his nature. He wrote to Fichte in 1793, "that he could not abstain from the society of philosophers, and yet could not reconcile himself to them." Every profound intellect must somewhere come into collision with the mental speculation of others, and Goethe sought such collision. What else induced him, in November, 1790, to visit Schiller in Jena, and to argue with him about Kant, before Schiller was at all versed in the subject? Schiller's perception that Goethe's philosophy grappled with too many objects, and that what emanated from his own soul was only in Goethe the product of mind, deterred Schiller at that time from discussing with him his most favourite topics. One word on the subject of art would probably have led to perfect harmony, even at that time, between these two friends of Moritz. For Körner, whom Goethe had recently visited in Dresden, was entirely engrossed by those views of art which chiefly inculcated objectivity, and Goethe was, in fact, through this medium, disputing unconsciously with Schiller himself. After this conversation Schiller perceived that Goethe's intellect sought the truth in all directions, and that he strove to construct a whole by the most laborious means, which, he wrote, "makes me think him a truly great man."

An irresistible impulse seemed to lie in Schiller's nature,

to test the gold of his character, by the ruthless manner in which he probed it. Those who assert that Schiller displayed a certain degree of craft, in order to obtain Goethe's cooperation in his journal, can scarcely have read the bitter attack on Angelika Kauffmann, in a treatise on the "Beautiful," written in 1793. Schiller knew from Goethe's own lips how highly he valued this friend. Why should he cite her, and her alone, as an example of "mere sensual charm" in painting? After his close connexion with Goethe, he omitted this passage. It was natural that the latter, with all his kindness and amiability, should entirely overlook the necessary leaning to Kant's ideas in the graceful "Petition from Nature to Intellect," and consequently be revolted by "certain severe passages," which were he thought, though unjustly, intended to apply directly to himself. Schiller had certainly disburdened his feelings by some observations on "Genius and its Arrogance," and on the "Favourites of Nature," defining them as "offshoots of Nature," which, if not applied to Goethe, bore a worse interpretation; for, in that case, even Genius, that absolute endowment of Nature, was denied him, which both he and Moritz considered the positive requirement of every artistic organisation. The chasm between their mode of thought appeared to Goethe vast indeed; and as every man observes most immediately in another what he is most deficient in himself, Goethe subsequently reduced this chasm to the formula, that Schiller took his stand on the side of Freedom, and Goethe himself on the side of Nature. Gervinus has explicitly shown the onesidedness, and also the propriety, of such formulæ. The chasm was profound, but not impossible to fill up. Their first solid discussion proved this.

Disturbed by the raging of political storms, Goethe, partly in mockery, and partly in mournful resignation, turned his thoughts inwards, and in the winter of 1794, absorbed in

physical and æsthetical studies, he and his faithful adherent Meyer, passed some very lonely days. It was long since Goethe had produced anything original, or worthy of the author of "Egmont." "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust" had been begun and interrupted a long time previously, and now lay before him like strangers. Meyer was not the friend to impel him, with an energetic impetus, into a new path, but he found inspiriting sympathy in Charlotte von Kalb, with whom he had been for years on terms of the most friendly intimacy, and he interested himself along with her, in Fichte's Lectures. He often went to Jena in order to receive fresh impulses there.

The invalid Schiller, who had just returned home, met Goethe there one day in May, when walking. His fragile appearance must have moved Goethe deeply, for he said to Meyer, who was with him, that he really thought Schiller had scarcely fourteen days to live. Schiller, he added, looked like an "Ecce Homo." This comparison from the lips of a rival was very touching; but Goethe was soon to learn, that in this apparently dying flame, there was life enough to kindle new creations in both.

It was probably, at this very time, that the two poets were attending a lecture by Professor Batsch on Natural History, in a society, founded by him for that purpose. They went out by chance at the same moment; a conversation commenced between them, and Schiller, who was always interested in physical science, made the observation, that such a fragmentary mode of treating nature, could not be very satisfactory to the unlearned. "To which I replied," relates Goethe, "that even to the initiated, it was probably sufficiently mysterious, and that there were other ways of representing nature, than disjointed and isolated, by displaying it in its living and working form, deriving a part from its totality. He wished to be enlightened on this point, but did not conceal his doubts: he could not admit that such a result as I maintained proceeded

from experience. We arrived at his house, the conversation tempted me to go in. I eagerly introduced the subject of the metamorphosis of plants, and by various strokes of a pen, I produced a symbolical plant before his eyes. He listened to all I said with the greatest attention and sympathy, showing the most decided quickness of comprehension. When I had finished, he shook his head and said, (justly,) 'That is not an experience, but an idea!' I was startled, and by no means pleased, for the point where we were at issue, was defined by this reply in the strongest light. I felt my old animosity stirring within me, but I controlled myself, and answered; 'I am glad to find that I have ideas, without being aware of it, and that I can see them with my own eyes.'" Schiller, who invariably showed the most entire toleration for liberty of speech in others, replied like a "thorough disciple of Kant." Both considered themselves invincible: no result ensued, but the first step was taken. "Schiller's powers of attraction were great, he fascinated all who approached him." On the 13th of June, Schiller in a formal note, requested the co-operation of his great antipodes, in "The Horen," enclosing the preliminary prospectus for contributors.

Goethe seems to have been quite delighted by this advance, for on the 21st he answered, that he would cordially and joyfully form one of the association. He communicated as a happy circumstance, to his friends, Fritz von Stein, Jacobi, and Frau von Kalb, (on the 28th of June,) that Schiller had become more friendly and confidential.

In July, Goethe was again in Jena, and in one of those conversations in which Schiller delighted, the first explanation took place of their mutual artistic convictions. They discovered an unexpected harmony in their ideas, displayed in their hardly-won convictions of the Beautiful, though the result had been produced from entirely opposite paths: for Goethe viewed the Beautiful as "perfection with freedom."

He made nature his starting point, and Schiller, "freedom in the phenomenon, with technical perfection." He deduced his ideas from practical reason as the sphere of freedom. Goethe immediately sent him a treatise in which he applied his "Conception of the Beautiful" to "Organic Nature." Meyer, who was at that time staying in Dresden, could inform Körner, from a letter of Goethe's, that the latter declared it was long since he had enjoyed such intellectual pleasure, as with Schiller in Jena. From these days Goethe dated a new epoch in his life.

Schiller now advanced to the ratification of the bond, with his usual energy and spirit, by his admirable letter of the 25th of August. With noble modesty he drew a comparison between them, reserving every deficiency for himself, and endowing Goethe with every virtue. He praised his well-balanced powers, and the searching glance "that rests with so much calmness and purity on every object." He wrote: "You seek the essential essence of nature, but you seek it in the most difficult way, which less elevated powers than your own, will carefully avoid. From the most simple organisation you ascend step by step to what is more complicated, in order at last to grasp the most intricate of all; to construct Man originally, from the materials of the whole fabric of Nature, you seek to penetrate into hidden technicalities. A grand, and truly heroic idea, which amply testifies how thoroughly your intellect unites the rich universality of its conceptions in one harmonious phase." He then goes on to consider Goethe as a poet:—"If Goethe," he says, "had been born in Italy, or in Greece, such a process would have been unnecessary, but now with his northern nature and education, he is constrained to bring forth his Grecian ideas from his inner self, and in a rationalistic form. This can be accomplished only by the aid of leading conceptions, however little this logical course corresponds with the æsthetical one, through which

alone the intellect can be cultivated. But here also Goethe is guided by his philosophical instincts, which harmonise with the purest results of speculative reason." He then proceeds (and this is, for us, the most important part of his letter,) to contrast the intuitive and speculative spirit. "At the first glance it would appear, as if nothing could be more totally in opposition, than the speculative spirit, which proceeds from unity; and the intuitive, which proceeds from multiplicity. If, however, the former seek experience, with pure and true intentions, and the latter the law, in free and independent power of thought, the result cannot fail to be, that they meet half way. The intuitive spirit, indeed, applies only to individuals, and the speculative to the species. If, however, the intuitive be genial, and seeks in the empirical the character of necessity, it will inevitably produce individuals, bearing, however, the character of the species; and if the speculative spirit be in the same way genial, and do not lose sight of experience, by being elevated above it, it will indeed produce new races, but with the possibility of life, and with a well founded relation to real objects."*

Schiller had in this way accomplished far more than merely "defining the sum total of Goethe's existence." In his cordial reply, Goethe expressed a desire to be made acquainted in turn, with Schiller's intellectual progress, though he had in fact, sufficient information already on this point; for Schiller had described both the ideals which they were separately striving after, within their own limits. But Schiller at once entered into the subject, apportioning to his friend intuitive genius, and reserving for himself only the modest title of a medium between conception and contemplation. He concludes thus: "If I acquire such mastery over these two faculties, that I can, by my freedom, define their limits,

* The treatise on the *naïve* was sketched this summer. Its elements are evidently to be found in the close of the above letter.

then a bright lot awaits me; unfortunately, just as I have begun to know and to use my moral powers, illness threatens to undermine my physical strength. I fear time will not be granted me to complete, within myself, a great and comprehensive revolution of mind, but I will do what I can, and when at last the edifice crumbles away, I may perhaps, have rescued all that was valuable from the ruins." Schiller sent Goethe a portion of his æsthetic treatises, among others, the letters to Körner, of February, 1793, on the "Conception of the Beautiful," and Goethe promised "Wilhelm Meister" in return. Already he began to view objects in the same light with Schiller, and to feel the greatest pleasure in doing so; and though it was not consonant to his nature, to express a degree of admiration which he did not as yet thoroughly feel, or to declare definitively his sentiments on their mutual convictions, still, he gladly recognised the singular earnestness which pervaded all that Schiller wrote; nor was he surpassed in kindly feeling by his new friend. He now wished to see him in his own house, for he eagerly desired to develope his ideas to him *tête-à-tête*, among the objects of art that he had collected. He invited Schiller to pay him a long visit, and in spite of his state of suffering, our poet joyfully acceded to the proposal. The daily contemplation of a life, the astonishing energy of which was registered by a thousand geological specimens, preparations, and drawings, displaying incessant contact with nature, and with models of ancient art, must have made Schiller feel the striking contrast between his own airy race of conceptions and this "rich kingdom;" indeed it even momentarily inspired him with an unjust antipathy to speculative ideas. He acknowledged in a letter to Körner, of the 29th of September, that this visit to Goethe had exercised great influence over him.

Wilhelm von Humboldt occasionally participated in this intercourse. Schiller had brought to Goethe, not only him-

self, but also two admirable friends, in Humboldt and Körner. I leave to the reader the interesting task of drawing a parallel between these great men — Fichte, Schiller, Goethe, and Humboldt — to compare the striking and energetic thought of the first, with the extraordinary receptivity of the last. They form the purest scale, gradually descending from the loftiest powers of reason, through the imaginative faculty, to feeling and intelligence; and, if we include Körner, as the emblem of the practical man, striving to complete the harmony of his nature, we may say that we have exhausted all the fundamental types of the German character. It would be unjust, in alluding to Goethe's friendship for Schiller, to forget that of others. Hoffmeister certainly goes much too far, in asserting that Schiller "was first matured for intercourse with Goethe in the school of Humboldt." Goethe himself never hesitated to acknowledge the store of ideas that he acquired from Schiller. According to Körner's opinion, what Schiller still required to enable him to attain self-possessed culture, was, "a more free play of fancy, and a passive reception of phenomena without prospective self-activity;" and these objects could not fail to be promoted by the survey of Goethe's "intellectual laboratory." The vast experience, and the talent for observation possessed by Goethe, led him to receptivity; but had this mitigation of his self-activity occurred sooner, the thorough cultivation of his speculative powers would have been impossible. It was Schiller also, who, according to Goethe's own acknowledgment, influenced him to method and order in his optical researches, exhorting him to extricate himself from the absorbing vortex of searching and collecting, to soar to spontaneous ideas; and Goethe followed this advice in completing his "Wilhelm Meister."

In truth, the essence of artistic productiveness is misunderstood, and also the nature of man, when a creative tendency is imputed to such influences. They are regulating, inciting,

and conservative; the inner source of individuality cannot be chemically blended: what Schiller made himself, lay within himself. However vivifying the influence which these two great poets exercised over each other, it is insignificant when compared to the unparalleled spectacle, which their close alliance offered to the German nation for all time. Gervinus may well maintain, that when the union and mutual acknowledgment of antitheses, which attained the purest form in these two poets, shall have advanced into more extended circles, and into a more spacious sphere, we shall then be able to date a new epoch from their reconciliation. The Reformation rent assunder the spiritual life of the nation, and it could not fail to do so; poetry reunited it. If a foreigner be asked. In what consists the greatest fame of Germany? he instantly names Schiller and Goethe. Their bond is the first prophetic indication of a new national Form. The genius of the German people was too noble, to expect from their exigency, what the power of ideas was alone calculated to bestow; and even before the great inimical races had united, to withstand the victorious army of France, the two greatest and most diametrically opposed poets fraternised. It was the ancient German custom, that bards should precede armies.

Their pretensions were fully equal. Schiller's range of ideas embraced the whole realm of Goethe's. They were in truth like companions meeting at the end of a long journey — a journey leading not only from the Sturm und Drang period to the death of Schiller, but from Homer onwards to all futurity. Thus it was that they had so much mutually to relate of the far distant and innumerable paths they had traversed. Schiller's most earnest desire was to define the precise direction of these. He did so by his "Æsthetic Letters." In October, 1794, he sent the first of the series to his friend in Weimar. This was at last the philosophy which Goethe was glad to

acknowledge; he says that "he gulped it down at one delicious draught." A feeling of tender friendship must have induced Schiller to say that he had drawn Goethe's likeness in "The Artists," considering him capable of giving a nobler impress to the times. The portraiture is much more that of a universal poetic ideal, and who ever sketched a finer?

The perusal of "Wilhelm Meister," the beginning of which Goethe sent to Schiller in December, was a delightful source of refreshment to him; a feeling of intellectual and physical health visited him, an inward sensation of well being. The full, clear, satiate life in the "Meister," the gay, graphic delineations, made Schiller at first despond as to his own powers, and in his melancholy moments hostile even to philosophy itself, where all is so severe, rigid, and abstract. "There can be no doubt," he writes to Goethe, "that the poet is the only true man, and the best philosopher only an exaggeration when compared with such a one." A very extreme verdict for an idealist to pronounce; which, indeed he himself speedily recalled, when Goethe commended the perfect balance between contemplation and abstraction, which ruled Schiller's new poems. Goethe caused "Don Carlos" to be given in the theatre, and regretted exceedingly that Schiller did not attend the performance. He now urged him to finish his tragedy of "The Maltese," if possible, before the Duchess' birthday. But however determined Schiller appeared to be to have the piece ready at all events by the end of the winter, there were both inward and outward causes at hand, constraining him to remain in the slandered but cherished region of reflection.

CHAP. II.

"THE HOREN."

Position in Life.—Literary Speculations.—Establishment of "The Horen."—Prospects of Success.—Announcement and Contributors.—Behind the Scenes.—Opposition to the Undertaking.—Its Reception by the Public.

IN Schiller's journalistic enterprises, our thoughts naturally recur to his pecuniary circumstances. His Copenhagen pension ended with the year 1795. Schiller, indeed, was tranquillised with regard to the future by a prospect opened to him during his visit to Swabia. He was to be called to Tübingen, but when in February, 1795, this call actually occurred, he declined it, chiefly from the wish to enjoy the vicinity of Goethe. He wrote to the latter that "he placed his trust in Providence and in his pen, which had never yet forsaken him." How delighted Goethe was by this resolution! The offer was repeated in March, under the most favourable conditions, and with the assurance of the most entire freedom; but this time also with no better success. Schiller, however, took advantage of this opportunity to extract a promise from his Duke, that in case of necessity his salary should be doubled*, but he trusted that no such exigency was likely soon to arise. He considered his income fully secured by "The Horen," and also by an additional undertaking of the same sort; his "Almanack of the Muses."

On the 12th of June, 1794, he wrote to Körner, "I am determined that our journal shall make a sensation, and be purchased and read by every one with any pretensions to taste."

* It was worth about 200 dollars (30*l.*).

The sale proceeded prosperously enough. The private prospectus, sent to the contributors, explained the nature of the speculation. It was thus he calculated. If each author can succeed in securing a portion of the public, and if all the most celebrated writers unite in one association, the joint work must infallibly secure the subscriptions of the whole public. Schiller's name as editor had so tempting a sound that at the mere announcement of "The Horen," the subscription lists filled, and even in the smallest towns a dozen of copies at least were ordered. The number of subscribers amounted to 2000. The promises that he received from various authors were most encouraging. His alliance with Goethe beamed on his undertaking like a bright star. Even Engel (a previous antipodes), Matthisson, Fritz, Jacobi, Herder, and old Gleim, agreed to send contributions; the latter requested that his share of the profits might be given to the poor. He never, however, sent a single article. The presence of Humboldt, and of two such active minds as Fichte's and Woltmann's, conduced greatly to the success of Schiller's project. Woltmann was of a most bold, productive nature, from the philosophy of history down to an operetta. The editor's salary from Cotta was 1000 dollars, with authority to pay as much as six louis d'or a sheet for articles. Schiller, in June, 1794, tempted his Dresden friend also into active co-operation with him, and even persuaded him to become a member of the committee, who were to sit in judgment on the contributions. Schiller wrote, "I am at this moment famously supplied with articles for a year to come." Never did materials evaporate more quickly.

Towards the end of the year, Schiller composed the formal announcement of "The Horen." "Eunomia, Dike, and Irene received the newly born Venus into Cypria, clothed her in celestial drapery, and thus adorned by these hands, led her into the circle of mortals; a charming legend, indicating that

the Beautiful even at the hour of its birth, must submit to the control of rules, and can only by subjection to the law, become worthy of obtaining a place in Olympus, in moral worth and in immortality. These goddesses encircle the world in gay dance, open and close Olympus, and harness the steeds of the sun, shedding vivifying light on the creation." Decorum and Order (Eunomia), Justice (Dike), and Peace (Irene), were the watch words, the union of the political party world, under the standard of Truth and Beauty; a structure of better conceptions, of purer principles, and of higher morality, being the declared object. Of freedom, not a word. Neither discussions on politics nor in religion were to be admitted into "The Horen." A brilliant list of contributors followed the programme, including the name of an archbishop — the Coadjutor of Mayence—Garve, Engel, Schütz, Jacobi, Fichte, Woltmann, Goethe, the two Humboldts, and others. But how desolate matters already looked behind the scenes!

A very few days after the announcement of the 10th of December, Schiller wrote to Körner: "Goethe does not choose his elegy to be inserted in the first number. Herder also wishes to wait till some numbers are out, Fichte is overwhelmed by his public readings, Garve ill, and Engel lazy! Speedy help, or I must sink!" Schiller was almost in a worse dilemma with regard to the articles sent. Goethe had certainly the best inclinations towards the journal, but if the author of "Reineke" had adopted the benevolent design of curing Schiller entirely of every disposition to journalism, he could not have shown more skill, or done so more effectually. Goethe, to his great regret, had recently sold his "Wilhelm Meister" to the bookseller Unger. He therefore sent Schiller "Dialogues of German Emigrants," and among other slighter works he afterwards contributed his "Roman Elegies." He thus violated the three fundamental principles of the prospectus; with "The Emigrants" the promise never

to discuss politics, but intellectual subjects alone; and with "The Elegies," what the public considered decorum. "The Horen" had fortunately not adorned this Venus. Even Karl August strongly objected to them.* Schiller expected at all events to receive a considerable portion of "The Emigrants" immediately, but in vain. He wrote to Körner deploring that "such a misfortune should have befallen the very first number." To sum up all, Goethe subsequently as a conclusion to "The Emigrants" sent Schiller "The Mysterious Legend," and when our poet begged to have some fragments of "Faust," he only gave him translations.

Dalberg was a still more dangerous associate. He had been invited to contribute, from motives of deference, and Schiller hoped that he would be prevented doing so, but soon we hear: "A miserably poor 'Treatise' has arrived from the Coadjutor, and I am very much embarrassed to know how to get rid of it." Schiller got out of the scrape by placing Dalberg's name, full length; at the end of the article, in spite of the declaration that all contributions were to be strictly anonymous. In such straits as these, the editor was obliged to look out for fresh talent. At that time young Friedrich Schlegel lived in Dresden, and was intimately acquainted with Körner. His brother, August Wilhelm, was residing in Amsterdam as a tutor. He had assisted in composing the articles on Belles Lettres in Bürger's journal, and was highly esteemed both as a translator and as a critic.

Both brothers at first proclaimed themselves enthusiastic adherents of Schiller, though Friedrich very quickly emancipated himself by various arrogant criticisms. By his intervention, however, his brother was engaged to devote his most

* See his letters to Schiller, No. 8.: "If it had been placed in the hands of some friends before publication, the author might perhaps have been persuaded to soften some strong expressions and ideas, and to have allowed them rather to have been divined, than put into plain words," &c.

active energies to the support of "The Horen." Older partisans like Erhard, Dr. Gras, and young Hölderlin, who in 1792 sent articles to "The Thalia," and had thus become personally acquainted with Schiller, remained true to his banner. Female genius, too, soon developed an astonishing fruitfulness. Sophia Mereau, the accomplished wife of Professor Mereau, began at this time to see more of our poet; Karoline von Beulwitz, at a later period, gave him her "Agnes von Lilien;" Friederike Brun, Amalie von Imhof, Henrich Meyer's gifted scholar in painting, and also Luise Brackmann, may be mentioned here as poetesses, although they did not contribute to the "Musen Almanach" until the following year. The rapid growth of Dilettanteism excited the astonishment of both poets — on the other hand, more solid branches of knowledge lingered sadly. Kant did not answer the application to him till after the lapse of nearly a year, and even then in a discouraging tone, defining, with his usual acuteness, the very subjects on which "The Horen" was bound to silence, as being the most interesting to every class of readers. We know already what irritating contentions ensued from Fichte's contributions, and even those of Körner and Humboldt required gentle and tender handling. It was a trying and unexpected task when Schiller found himself under the necessity of correcting for his "Almanach" all the vapid rhymes sent by Kosegarten, Langbein, Schmidt, and Meyer, Pfeffel and Neuffer, Steigentesch and Woltmann; and in all directions he was forced to be forbearing and encouraging.* What a vast amount of energy was requisite to endure this drudgery! and yet the trouble was at last all thrown away.

The enterprise suffered from an unfortunate incongruity. It is always a mistake not to consider the public as a whole, and in the light of judges with sound perceptions. While

* Letter to Meyer of Bramstedt, 14th September, 1795.

Schiller inserted his "Æsthetical Letters," his treatise on the "Naïve," and similar writings, evidently intended for the benefit of readers "who were capable of soaring," what class did he think of when he accepted very indifferent romances? He felt the insecurity of the ground on which he stood. To secure the outward success of his periodical, quarterly reviews on it were ordered from the editor of the "Literary Journal," and separately paid for by Cotta. "These reviewers," wrote Schiller, in an access of superciliousness, to Goethe, "are to be named members of our society; we may therefore be as prolix as we please, for even our dulness will be connived at, and the public must be taught what opinions they ought to form." Goethe, who for twenty years had been well versed "in the farce of authorship," Humboldt, Körner, in short the whole staff of contributors to "The Horen," saw nothing reprehensible in this proceeding. Biographers have expressed such pious horror of this expedient, that it is clear our morality must have made immense progress since those days. We may, however, venture to suggest that the customs of that period were less refined — but was a device like this wise, especially with such a programme?

It would, however, be unjust to the journalists of that day, were we to suppose that the universal hostility which "The Horen" encountered, was caused solely by the envy or ill will of the book trade. This can be by no means substantiated. Persons entirely independent of similar influences, such as Funk, Thielmann, and Erhard, expressed their disapprobation; and when Schütz, in his first review, boldly trumpeted forth the great talent of the new periodical, even Körner joined in the well-merited censure bestowed on it by Henning in the "Genius of the Time." Peculiar animosity had been called forth by Goethe's "Emigrants," and Körner exclaimed in a dejected mood: "Is this *decrescendo* to go on?" On the other hand, Schiller's letters, so far as they were under-

stood, excited deserved enthusiasm. Genz recognised their political importance. Sommering quoted passages from them. The partisans however of popular philosophy, declared that they were chiefly Kant's ideas, clothed in bombast. In Halle, in Leipzig, and in Gotha, hostile opinions increased. Wilhelm von Humboldt, owing to his mother's alarming illness, had left Jena in June 1795, to settle on the family property of Tegel, near Berlin. To him was entrusted the by no means enviable commission of ascertaining the state of opinions there with regard to "The Horen." The same condemnation was pronounced of Goethe's "Emigrants," the same prophecies uttered of the speedy fall of the periodical. Schiller's "Siege of Antwerp," alone had decided success — hastily sketched by him, merely to increase the number of articles to fill up the number, but in it he displayed all the skill of masterly historical delineation. This performance, however, was attributed not to him, but to Woltmann.

CHAP. III.

"THE MUSEN ALMANACH."

New Poems. — Characteristics. — Opinions of the Friends. — Humboldt's Analysis of Schiller's Poetical Character. — Schiller makes use of his Researches into the Critical and Historical Views of Ancient and Modern Poetry. — Classic and Romantic Ideal. — Humboldt on the Nature of German Poetry and its Construction, especially that of Schiller, compared to that of the Greeks and of Goethe. — Schiller wishes to learn Greek. — Alternate effect of his Speculative and Practical Aims. — Wish to write a Comedy.

SCHILLER was wonderfully indifferent to the pelting shower, poured on the unlucky goddesses from all sides. He had discovered a magic mantle, by means of which he soared far above such petty annoyances. Goethe had gone to Karlsbad, Humboldt was at Tegel, all succouring elements were withdrawn. Schiller wrote to Körner on the 4th of July: "I live quite happily, for I am writing poems for my 'Musen Almanach,' and foolish enough I am to do so." "The Musen Almanach," to which he refers for 1796, was to be published by Michaelis, in Neu Strelitz.

From June to September* were composed, under the pressure of severe corporeal suffering, "The Poetry of Life," "The Power of Song," "Pegasus in the Yoke," "The Dance," "The Ideal and Life," "Genius," "The Ideal," "The Veiled Image at Sais," "Dignity of Woman," "German Fidelity," "The Walk," "Columbus," "Evening," "The Partition of the Earth," and other minor productions; a

* Letter from Schiller to A. W. Schlegel, 9th January, 1796.

mass of noble creations, as much distinguished by originality, as by their vast variety of merits, within a limited range. From the lofty height of an antique chorus, to which I would compare the "Dignity of Woman" to those compositions like the "Partition of the Earth," and "Pegasus" conceived in that strain of grandeur so peculiarly his own, there is a wide step, a gradual progress, by which all the nobler attributes of the soul are embraced. From the most simple description in the ancient ode measure, like the poem of "Evening," up to the grandest objective elegy brightened by the colouring of historical culture, or from the epigrammatic "Columbus" to the mystic devotion of "The Ideal and Life," all display the impress of genuine poetry, imbued with the lofty individuality of the poet, whose most sacred emotions they embody, and inspired by that pure and prolific spirit, that vehement passion, which Humboldt ascribes peculiarly to the German character.

But away with all comparisons! A choral is no song of spring, and there cannot be worse taste than to wish the tones of a violin to resemble those of a flute. Away then with all comparisons of the universal with the special! The special would be a fault if it attempted to thrust itself into this world of airy conceptions, into the lofty solemnity of a soul absorbed in self-contemplation. Away also with that commonplace understanding, which cannot comprehend passionate faith in the Beautiful, which is unable to fathom, that the only possible realisation for the poetical illustration of this belief, is antagonism to the world, and to its every-day precepts. Nothing can be more false than to designate such poems as "The Ideal and Life," philosophical poems, if by this be meant, that Schiller's principal aim was to teach, and to extol philosophical truths. Schiller's life demonstrates in its every phase, that in order to devote himself to the sacred service of the Beautiful, he first depicted life with a powerful hand. It is precisely as

if we were to declare that Luther inculcated the doctrine of sloth, because he sings, "a strong tower is our God." To impute the fine phrases of the Romantic school to the influence of Schiller, by hinting at the bias of his minor poems, is utter folly. Schiller was so definite in his principles as to what was admissible in poetry, that he, for example, at once declared war against the theoretical exaggeration of Friedrich Schlegel, who maintained that the study of the Grecians, was the sole saving dogma for art. Our poet well knew, that from one such untenable doctrine, ten more would arise, exalting this one sided view.

Schiller justly affirmed, in opposition to Körner, that poems of the class of "The Ideal and Life" did not require a knowledge of his philosophical system to be understood; and woe to the poem that necessitates first a study of philosophy. He sailed, as he says, round the shores of philosophy, and we gaze with him into the fairyland of ideas, but the light bark of the poet bears us sportively along on rhythmical waves, a spacious firmament overarching the land of truth, and the restless ocean of poetry. Hegel defined this class of production as belonging more especially to songs; a style in which, according to Vischer, Schiller offers the highest model, and the most perfect rule. Vischer adduces the Epigram as the only known instance of a class entirely indefinable. The definition "Poetry of Thought" is scarcely sufficiently comprehensive, for it includes, as we have already said, the passion of a sublime soul, devotion, faith in the Beautiful and the Ideal. Still less can we agree with Hoffmeister, who calls these poems "unsolved problems," though their solution is so clear.

It is always ungracious to exalt Schiller at the expense of Goethe; and yet the one-sided criticism of others compels us to do so. Indeed the compositions of both poets cannot be more strikingly characterised, than by comparing Goethe's "Dedication" with one of Schiller's "Poems of Thought."

Goethe begins with the most definite situation; he depicts the morning, the mists, celestial woman; all is sensuous, stately, and physical. We feel that he will explain the allegorical metaphor; and behold we soon learn the unvarnished truth, that he is to receive the veil of Poetry from the hand of Truth. Every impartial person must consequently feel something resembling a debasement of the sphere of intellect. We should have a similar sensation if Schiller were to unmask his favourite enigma, "Das Mädchen aus der Fremde." But Schiller avoids doing so. He employs allegory as that which it actually is,—a problem. He walks on a narrow boundary line, but with astonishing security. He bestows no more corporeal consistency on his thoughts in "The Ideal and Life" than the ethereal nature of his poetry can sustain. He clothes his thoughts with such wonderful vitality, energy, and refinement, that they closely approach mythical forms, those ethereal essences; and thus they blend so easily and so smoothly with each other. He never, like Goethe, condescends to a didactic poem, nor to allegory in the drama. When it is deplored that such poetry cannot be instilled into the popular mind, it seemes to me that it is our deficient popular culture that should first be lamented. But, in truth, they do penetrate into the hearts of the people; but only with the invisible power which they impart to the leaders of the community. A man like Körner found in these poems alone the essence of his inmost being revealed. Schiller, indeed, pointed out to his friend Humboldt the mode in which these creations were to be enjoyed. "When you receive my letter, my dear friend, lay aside all that is profane, and read this poem in sacred stillness." It was thus he wrote when sending "The Kingdom of Shadows;" and Humboldt, after perusing it, answers: "Now that I fully comprehend your poem, I approach it with the same feelings with which your conversation inspires me in its most hallowed moments. The

same earnestness and dignity, the same ease emanating from fulness of power, the same charm shines forth in it, and, above all, the same tendency to unite all this in one whole, in one extraneous superhuman nature." Well might Goethe say of these poems: "They are now what I formerly hoped they might one day become. The peculiar combination of contemplation and abstraction which lies in your nature, displays itself now in *the most perfect equipoise*, and *all other poetical virtues* are exhibited in beautiful array." Each of his friends had his particular favourite among the new poems. The practical Körner preferred "Nature and Culture." Humboldt, at first, liked "The Power of Song" and "The Dignity of Woman," in which he saw his views on the sexes so ethereally reproduced. Goethe's favourite was "The Ideal;" which chiefly approximated to the subjective style; and all with one accord admired "The Walk." Körner praised the mastery over the antique measure; and Schiller thought that this facility would do him good service in the choruses which he intended to introduce into the "Knights of Malta."

However depressed he had been previous to this trial of his strength, he was now inspired with fresh courage. He saw that severe and positive thought, the fruit of his thorny philosophical path, was indispensable to ease. He resolved now to "navigate the boundless ocean." He had a project of a romantic tale, and oscillated between an epos and a drama, appealing to his friends to say which he should decide upon. Körner, Dalberg, Humboldt, all advised the drama. Humboldt declares that this incessant, restless pressing onwards, was to him inexpressibly affecting. "Such an energetic spiritual existence as his, seems to owe little more to this earth." Humboldt also, in his answer, gave an analysis of Schiller's poetical character, equally generous and faithful. Humboldt says that Schiller, from his bias to the sublime (and "Don Carlos" proves that this tendency by no means excluded

the play of more tender feelings), acquired an eminent claim to the Heroic Drama. Körner maintained that Schiller had hitherto studied characteristic individualities, more closely than harmonious or consummate organisation. And Humboldt fully agreed with another opinion of Körner's, that Schiller's too energetic productivity obstructed his calm reception of the great truths of nature; and that on this account most of the forms he had hitherto created were encircled by a kind of halo, distinguishing them from natural beings. This discussion, which always assumed Shakspeare and the Greeks as its basis, led to the distinction between Schiller and Goethe. Schiller's arguments were chiefly taken from his treatise on *Naïve* and Sentimental Poets, which appeared in the last numbers of this year's "Horen." It was a comprehensive exposition of his truly remarkable poetical idiosyncracy. The treatise, as Schiller confesses to Humboldt, is more in unison with instinct than with principle, for the first portions were printed before the latter were ever thought of. Unsophisticated readers, and thus Lessing graphically defines a very large class, will find no difficulty in extracting Schiller's true meaning. When we are told in "Eckermann" that even Goethe did not consider the *naïve* sufficiently extolled in this treatise, we almost begin to doubt whether *this* Goethe ever enjoyed communion with Schiller; for in the very first pages Schiller states the axiom that all genius is *naïve*. But undoubtedly there have been both times and circumstances more favourable to simplicity, than those of modern culture. The more profound depths of consciousness seem to neutralise the sensuous freshness, and harmony, which all poetry demands. This reflection disquieted not only Schiller but Goethe also; for both would have unhesitatingly renounced poetry had they been forced to despair of fulfilling their ideal.

The chief question that Schiller addressed to Humboldt was, "How far can I, thus estranged from the spirit of Grecian

poetry, still remain a poet, and indeed a better poet, than the extent of this estrangement seems likely to permit? * He had neglected the Greek school, devoting himself to philosophy; and yet he had become a poet, and more quickly than any other had ever done; he had mastered the Grecian spirit through the misty mediums of translations. Still further, he remarked a superabundance in all modern poets, an excess of intellectual depth. In fact, to speak plainly, the more closely a production adhered to nature, the more barren it became in intellect. He found this opinion substantiated in historical models. How much more fervent, profound, and tender was Shakspeare's Juliet, or Sophia Western, than Helen, Penelope, or other women of the ancients. Goethe's elegant mind was preferable to these. We may add to this, a remark in a letter to Goethe of the same date; that he recognised in the Christian Religion *virtualiter*, a tendency to all that was lofty and noble †; that it was the only æsthetic Religion, the religion of pure morality, magnifying the law; absolute and imperative. We see that Schiller was in full possession of the proper distinction between the Greek and the Christian Ideal, and felt the higher unity of both, in the pure Incarnation fulfilling the Christian Ideal. Goethe could with truth say, that the difference between classic and romantic art originated with Schiller and himself.

Humboldt contributed to solve this problem in another form. He not only considered the Christian Religion, but the primitive type of the national German character. The Greeks, he says, have grandeur and depth of thought, and in later times, acuteness and reasoning powers, but not the fruitful

* To Humboldt, 26th October, 1795.

† The 17th August, 1795. How can Julian Schmidt, on reading such a passage as this, attempt to maintain his assertion (in Weimar and Jena, page 54) that *both* poets, till the end of the century, displayed a *truly Julian hatred against Christianity?*

productivity of mind in which multiformity and profoundness unite. In this consists the superiority of modern nations: "It varies," he says, "in different countries. In the Italians and English, it appears in the form of exuberant imagination; in the former voluptuous and sensual (Ariosto), in the latter, profound and enthusiastic. In Germans, the spiritual and sensitive faculties are prominent; and with regard to the latter, Goethe, especially in those dramas which are neither imitations of the Greeks nor of the English, is peculiarly original, more particularly in 'Egmont,' 'Faust,' and 'Tasso.' In yourself, my dear friend, the faculty of thought is most conspicuous, but it would be unjust to depict you as circumscribed within its limits. When I think of your inherent attributes, and the manifold obstacles opposed to your progress by time, health, study, and language, your intellectual form must be pronounced more pure and absolute than that of any other." Humboldt proceeds to say: "Schiller indeed derived this intellectual Form principally from reason and from his own powers, but the Greeks from the senses and from nature; although Schiller's Form also spoke to the senses, and that of the Greeks likewise rested on the analogy of reason. Schiller's ideal is to unite both, but he will indeed find it no easy task to fulfil such a conception." We must remember, this was written before the appearance of "Wallenstein."

After such soothing and encouraging declarations, Schiller resolved to employ all his faculties in accomplishing this ideal. He wished to study those great intellectual authorities, the Greeks, at the fountain head. He confided to Humboldt that he wished to learn Greek, and asked him for advice and instruction. Humboldt, knowing well that Schiller had something better to occupy him, than plaguing himself with grammar, was rather lukewarm on the subject, and the plan was dropped. The same analogy of reason, however, which Humboldt commended in him, urged our poet to create new forms. This is

unquestionably the most surprising process in Schiller's whole life, and it may here be fitly described.

Schiller in the course of his development of sentimental poetry, deducing nature from the antithesis of consciousness, produced an entirely novel and singular classification of all modern poetry, which, if the principle be once admitted, is incontestable. He distinguished first of all between satire and elegy. Satire is an exponent of the contradistinction between the ideal and the real. The elegy tends to its glorification. The elegy is subdivided into another class of elegy, representing a desire for the elevation of the former, and into an idyll, producing unity or the reconciliation of both antitheses. The poet reflected, that if the mission of art be chiefly to restore the totality of man by the free exercise of his powers, which of these classses of poetry would be esteemed the highest ? He answered; the idyll — not indeed that style of idyll representing the unbroken unity of the natural man, but that which effects restored unity from cultivation — a ransomed and happy race, rescued from strife and misery, is the proper theme of the heroic idyll, — and Schiller occupied himself with this lofty task.

" The Ideal and Life " winds up with the reception of Hercules into Olympus. The nuptials of Herakles with Hebe, was to form the subject of his idyll. The passages in his letters on this project, cause us deeply to lament that the idea never was carried out. " Imagine the enjoyment, my dear friend," he writes to Humboldt, "of a poetical composition, whence all that is argumentative is banished, where all is light, freedom, and power; no shadows, no limits, no traces of such impediments. It makes me actually dizzy to think of this problem, and of the possibility of its solution. To describe a scene in Olympus: would it not be the loftiest of all enjoyments? I do not entirely despair of success, if my mind were only free, and purified from the alloy of the Real. I would then

summon up all my energies and the more ethereal portion of my nature, were it even to be wholly consumed in the task."

Schiller never fulfilled his design. He then asked himself, What phase of art is the next highest, in reference to pure efficacy? In which is freedom of intellect least impeded, and yet in the exercise of art, the full exercise of every energy of the soul attained? In a word, what style represents the contradiction between the Real and the Ideal, with the most free solution?

Schiller naturally clung to satire. He discriminated between pathetic satire, its loftiest form being tragedy, and sportive satire, comedy. The former deprives us of the impartial exercise of our freedom of judgment, by the strong emotions it excites; comedy, on the other hand, annihilates the opposition between the ideal and the real, by laughter, approaching nearest to the conception of an amusing but trivial recreation, incurring no risk of destroying the balance of our mind, in the effort to restore it. "If it could be shown," writes Schiller in the same letter, "that such treatment of the idyll is impracticable, then comedy must rank as the highest of all poetical works; which indeed I always considered it to be, until the possibility of such an idyll suggested itself to me." That Schiller was no obdurate theorist, that though uncertain in his projects, he was most pertinacious in his ideal, is best shown by the fact, that although entertaining such views, he has scarcely written anything but tragedies. He instantly, however, commenced the most assiduous study of comedy. We learn from a letter of the 30th of November, that he was busily occupied in reading the Roman Satirists, Juvenal, Perseus. Soon after, we find him translating the "Adelphi" to his wife, and substituting the perusal of Roman comic writers, for his usual nightly novel reading, to which his sleeplessness forced him to have recourse. He writes on the 30th November, "Ramler will soon make me acquainted with Martial."

So methodically did Schiller at that time follow up the results of his enterprise! How useful such studies eventually proved to him! Not indeed producing a comedy in his sense of the term, but a satire closely resembling the highest style of comedy. It was now as difficult for him to refrain from writing satire, as to write it in the faultless style of genuine comedy.

CHAP. IV.

"THE XENIEN."

The first Idea of "The Xenien" suggested by Schiller.—The Adversaries muster strong.—The Dioscuri.—Arrangement of "The Xenien."—Appearance and Effect of the Xenien Almanach.—Characteristics and Appreciation of "The Xenien."—Anti-Xenien.—Demeanour of the two Poets.

THIS summer brought nothing but heavy thunder clouds to "The Horen." Schiller himself declared, on the 21st of August, that the censure excited by the work was too universal to be either despised or ignored. In the ninth number he began to insert his own poetry, but in vain. His credit was gone. What was valuable remained unnoticed; what was indifferent attracted immoderate praise. The more unmerited particular censures were, the more irritating were those felt to be thoroughly deserved. A Treatise of Herder's "Homer," a favourite of the day, which criticised, slighted, and depreciated the "Prolegomena" of F. A. Wolf's, appeared like a comet at that period in the sky of philology, and caused a fierce attack on him by Wolf's "Heavy Cavalry" in the "Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung." Other less merited assaults were inserted in the Halle "Annals of Philosophy," and the Leipzig "Geschmacks-Herberge," and in Weisse's "New Library of Belles-Lettres," which contained a depreciatory criticism, forty pages long, of Schiller's "Æsthetical Letters."

But most violent and contemptible of all was an onslaught made by Lessing's sturdy old corporal, Nicolai (who had not certainly learned refinement from his great general) in his tiresome "Traveller's Library." He spoke of the many

"wrong-headed philosophers who destroy our German literature by a mass of writings pretending to depth, and only filled with transcendental chimeras of the brain." This was only another notch in the long score of his sins, registered against him by both poets. It is well known how this man, in other respects worthy and honest, received "Werther" and "The Robbers" on their first appearance. Schiller had overlooked all other attacks; but, "this last and lowest," he writes to Körner, "I am resolved not to pass over." Körner and Humboldt recommended him not to take any notice of this attack, at all events in "The Horen;" but Schiller could no longer be restrained. In the tenth number he inserted "A Hare Hunt," lashing, in this treatise, sentimental poets under the heads of platitude and exaggeration. He not only referred to the general race of meddling critics, "who bring forward their own poor and scanty ideas as the universal opinion, and in the 'sweat of their brow' presume to pass judgment on the Beautiful;" but specially honoured Nicolai's solid person with some very plain allusions, comparing the critic of the above-named journal to the *soubrette* in Molière's comedy; only that the German had less right and less talent to enable him to discuss literature below stairs.

The chase had begun, the nets were set, the bows of the Dioskuri were bent. For Goethe also, since September, had been of opinion, that towards the end of the year both hope and fear must be disseminated among the critics and authors, and a tribunal sit on judgment on the adversaries of "The Horen" — this tribunal was "The Xenien."

It is quite natural that foreign readers should scarcely appreciate "The Xenien;" and yet, even viewed in the light of a literary undertaking, this work is one of the most remarkable which the history of poetry can offer. It has no parallel in the annals of any nation. Every country has its satirists. Shakspeare combined the most inimitable comic power with

the grandest tragic ability; but never, in our experience, has the same poet who punished with the sharp weapons of mockery the despisers of the highest law of the Beautiful, himself fulfilled this law by the most noble works of art. We cannot be too cautious in comparing the literary genius of Germany, with that of other nations. The idealist is always inscrutable. What sublime hardihood Schiller displays at the very moment when, after a long interval, he intended to present to the world a fresh great work of art, and when his "Musen Almanach" was well received by the public, in exposing himself to deadly criticism, in order to scourge a whole race of authors, and finally, by the vigour of his Muse, to reduce them to mute and despairing admiration!

The original idea of "The Xenien" * emanated not from Goethe, though it has been hitherto so thought, but more probably from Schiller. He had been studying the Roman satirists, and alludes to "Martial" on the 30th of November.† We are tempted to assume that he sent his copy of "Martial" to Goethe, and possibly at the same time imparted his sudden idea to him. It is only thus we can understand Goethe's answer of the 23rd of December. He writes: "The scheme of epigrams on each periodical, in a separate distich, like 'The

* Xenia; it was the custom of the ancients that the host should bestow gifts on his guests, as a farewell token. At first they consisted of provisions, then in a skilful imitation of these, and latterly merely in couplets and epigrams. Schiller and Goethe found their *types* in the 13th book of Epigrams, of the Roman poet *M. Valerius Martialis*. Schiller translated several of these. See Xenien Manuscript, p. 8—52.

† Correspondence between Schiller and Humboldt, p. 334. This important passage has been hitherto overlooked in every description of the Xenien storm. Although it is in fact of little consequence, who originally suggested the idea, still let each reclaim his own. The passage in Schiller's letter of the 29th December, 1795: "The idea of the Xenien is admirable, and must be carried out," by no means disproves my assertion. For Goethe having agreed to the project, it thus had become a mutual one. We also know from the supplement with which Riemer has furnished us, of Schiller's correspondence with Goethe, that many letters were omitted in the collection.

Xenien of Martial' which I received to-day, we ought to cultivate, and bring out such a collection in your 'Musen Almanach' next year." And they did cultivate the idea. Goethe forthwith sent a dozen as an experiment, and was delighted to hear that Schiller liked them; and Schiller, not less enchanted with the idea that the project was to be mutually carried out by Goethe and himself, at once discovered "method in this madness," and perceived the power of parody, of satirical grouping, and of a pathetic garb. He scanned the inimical parties and their leaders with the acute glance of a tactician. From individual periodicals he wished to ascend vigorously to individual works, and then to the whole classes of composition.

The ancient warfare, descending hither from the gods of Greece, was now to be fought out. The good old Arcadian times were departed, of which Gleim says, "How fair and peaceful was our Helicon," &c. No one escaped this crucible of satire; the devout and the fanatic, Stolberg and Lavater; censors and friends of expediency. At the head of these were Nicolai and Zacharias Becker; a Grecian mania, F. Schlegel; officious critics, Reichardt, and F. Schlegel*; silly devotees of Gallomania, Kramer Eulogius Schneider, and Karoline Schlegel; pedants of philology, Kampe; shallow babblers, Racknitz; carnal minded, æsthetic moralizers, Ramdohr and Sulzer; philosophical plagiarists, pathetic melodramas, the German kingdom, scientific societies, and many other venerated heads, were crowned with a fool's cap. Schiller wrote in a playful mood, "So long as we do not altogether

* Friedrich Schlegel criticised in the "German Journal" Schiller's first "Musen Almanach," and denied almost all poetical merit to the "Dignity of Woman." "Yet," said the critic, "if the rhythmus be transformed into ideas, and the whole of the strophes read backwards, it is much improved." In another passage he says of Schiller, "a healthy imagination once so entirely *diseased*, is utterly incurable."

spare ourselves, we may run a tilt both at the sacred and at the secular."

Goethe plunged into the polemical stream of his "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland." His heart overflowing with mischievous humour and Mephistophelian irony, he came to Jena the beginning of January. Now the grand chase begun in earnest. For both poets, the idea had the attraction of being quite unprecedented, and the still greater charm of combined execution. Goethe was rejoiced to hear that Schiller's "Partition of the World" had been attributed to him. This was an irrefragable proof that they were gradually casting off all mannerism. "What grand expansion," said Goethe, "we could display by clinging together, and yet extending our ideas as far as nature permits." At last they were thus closely united. Both agreed never to reclaim their individual compositions in "The Xenien." Schiller now exercised his faculties in a very different manner, than with his friend Humboldt. It has been doubted whether that perpetual tossing to and fro of the ball of thought, from one to the other, which Goethe details, were actually possible; with productions like these it was quite practicable. The one pointed to the goal, and handed the arrow, the other shot. The one made the hexameter, the other polished the point, and each rejoiced in the sparkling wit of his friend. They gladly adopted their mutual antipathies; thus Goethe attacked Reichardt and Schiller, Newton and Lichtenberg. They were as much delighted as fishermen hauling up their nets together, and already they felt the weight in their hands, and the convulsive struggles of the prey in their meshes. In January a huge pike entangled itself in their nets. Kapellmeister Reichardt, Goethe's guest, who in 1788 composed the music for "Claudine," was detested by Schiller for his arrogance and insolence. His hand was anonymously at work in several periodicals. In his "Journal for Germany" he criticised

Goethe's "Elegies" in the character of a stern moralist, and considered "The Emigrants" by a French standard, animadverting on the fact of its so manifestly offending against the Programme of "The Horen," which professed that no politics were to be admitted. Schiller, who had returned to Vienna, informed his friend of the ungrateful action. Goethe, who thought that such an outcry as to a cause so noble in itself, a breach of good faith on the part of an adherent, especially in one whom he had benefited, wrote in reference to one of Schiller's Xenien (Die Maske von den Fuchs schwanzen).* "Since he has thought fit to emancipate himself, he shall be pelted on his buffalo hide by a shower of plaster carnival comfits, till he looks like a hair-dresser." These Diumviri remind us of "Julius Cæsar,"—"Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?" "I do consent." "Prick him down, Antony."

The numbers of the "Xenien" now amounted to several hundreds, and shortly to thousands. Hatred became more bitter; "wild and reckless satire," "clever impertinence," were employed, as Schiller owned to his friends; but love and earnestness were also displayed, as in the following pleasing affiche:—

"We mixed at ease, in literary leisure,
A store of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre,—
Some iron tubes to make the mass completer:—
And hope the harmless squibs will give you pleasure."

A Variety.

"Some rise in fiery balls, and some in flames ascend on high;
While some in wantonness we toss, to please the idle eye."

Gradually an airy structure was raised; a "Xenien" cuckoo's nest, formed of authors' souls, and cemented by witty apophthegms. It soon became evident that this was more than a mere supplement to the New Almanach; that

* Xenien Manuscript, p. 54.

it was likely to become a separate book, and the epigrams were to be ushered into the world in this shape; but as a whole it could not remain in the varied forms in which it had been written. Yet to Schiller was confided the task of sorting and grouping. After many troublesome attempts he returned to his original plan. All that was actionable he carefully excluded. The muses did not wish to appear in the character of executioners. Two hundred "Xenien" in a graver style, and 414 sportive and pungent ones were selected. Larger poems, such as Goethe's "Idyll" (Alexis and Dora), Schiller's "Lament of Ceres," and others, were placed first, along with the graver epigrams. The sportive "Xenien" formed a satirical supplement to the second part. Thus was the momentous "Musen Almanach" presented to the public in autumn, with an innocent Terpsichore as a vignette. The effect was astounding. The edition of 2000 copies was quickly bought up, and also a second and third, which closely followed. Those who were vehemently attacked, raged; those who were more slightly grazed, sighed; the malicious, laughed; the accomplices turned up their eyes in pious horror; the whole of the reading public in Germany was in an uproar. If this satire benefited no one, (and who could expect it to do so?) at all events, like the artist in Schiller's Letters, it sharply defined the line of demarcation between the Ideal and its antagonists, and in a classical form. Such men as the Humboldts, Wolf, and Körner, knew how to prize this; and even some of those assaulted were by no means unforgiving.

The "Xenien" have recently set in motion the pens and the acute intelligence of several authors.* Gervinus made a spirited attempt to restore to each poet his property. Goethe considered this bad taste; he pronounced Schiller's *tabulæ votivæ* to be very beautiful, and declared that he always read

* Eduard Boas deserves the highest credit for his delineation of the whole Xenien Battle, in his work "Schiller and Goethe in the Xenien Combat."

his "Race of Animals" with fresh admiration. The Xenien manuscript, published by Maltzahn, and also a copy, in which Schiller's wife distinguished each author by ciphers, have rendered a division possible. Hoffmeister justly denominates Schiller our greatest epigrammatist, and there can be no doubt that, not only are the most striking Xenien from his pen, but also the greater part of "The Masks." He introduces "Spectres" and "Judgment of Wooers" into his letter of the 31st of January, and wishes to conclude with a comedy of epigrams. The excesses, if we may so call them, in such a satire, are to be placed to the account of both poets; for in this case the passive colleague was even more guilty than the more impulsive perpetrator.*

If we wish to do justice to the "Xenien" we must not search them for individual witticisms. Their value consists in the charm and rapid mutability of their forms, and in the original application of "The Masks." We feel them from the beginning fanning our brows with graceful ease, refreshing as mountain breezes, or gently shed like a bright sunny shower. The curtain rises. The Xenien, a merry band of winged

* In such excesses the couplets on Forster are included, with many a bitter reproach against Schiller. I will only give one here. Forster is represented as exclaiming in the world below:—

> "Oh! fool! distracted fool! Distraught is ever he,
> Who plants at woman's weak behest, the tree of Liberty!"

We have no right to attribute this onslaught to mere personal motives. Huber broke off his engagement to Dora, and married Thérèse Forster after her husband's death. Her friends were indignant at this, it is true. But Thérèse was chiefly blamed as the cause of Forster's misfortunes. Her own father pronounces the most severe judgment on her. It is also a fact, which is distinctly proved in Sömmering's "Life of R. Wagner," (pp. 265, 266,) that Forster had abandoned the French cause in utter despair. His unpublished letter to Gleim (in Gleim's Collection) shows that he accused his German friends also. We must remember that the Xenien ridiculed the *despairing* enthusiast. If it appear cruel to attack one who was dead, we should not forget that it was not the deceased Forster alone who was designated, but, through him, a whole class of *despairing enthusiasts.*

creatures, are hurrying to Leipzig Fair. A tall æsthetical gate-keeper stops them:

> "Halt, travellers! your names? Your rank and calling say?
> Without a proper passport, no one can come this way."

The Xenien answer, undismayed:

> "Sir, we are epigrams; we scorn our calling to deny;
> Secure the portals as you please; we have our wings to fly."

A pompous custom-house officer presents himself:

> "Open your trunks; — I must be sure you have no mischief there,
> No contraband of Church and State, or French-concocted ware."

The careless crew reply:

> "We have no trunks;—we've only got a money-bag or so;
> And surely all the world's aware a poet's pouch is low."

They reach a second toll. A man with an alms-bag accosts them:

> "Gentlemen,— our custom is, before we draw the bolts,
> To levy some small charities for cripples and for dolts."

The Xenien rid themselves of his importunity by a "God bless you," and a reference to the poems in the first part:

> "We'll give thee nought, damn'd mendicant; already have the throng
> In front of us, paid well for all; — so coachman drive along."

The scene changes: the merry band are at the fair. Having no goods, they set up a fortune-teller's booth:

> "This is the Fair-day; quick, unpack the leaves of magic lore;—
> Come authors, draw your lots, and try what Fortune has in store."

The authors draw near with boorish reluctance, but with considerable curiosity. They denounce all such booths as repositories of trash, but proceed to draw. Lavater draws:

> "Pity that Nature only framed one man from so much stuff!
> For one good man, and one great knave, in truth there was enough."

After a hurried muster of authors, the Xenien are transformed into fireworks; then into a legion of foxes with fiery tails, for destroying the vapid race of Philistines. The foxes vanish, when the Xenien unfold their wings, and headed by the poet, soar up into the ancient mythical heaven, where they are admitted with a shudder into the circle of animals there assembled. In heaven, German authors are now transformed into animals. The Xenien continue constantly changing their forms; they flutter from person to person, from place to place, administering to one a box on the ear, to another a fillip on the nose; facetiously and jocosely cajoling and praising, and only assuming gravity for the purpose of seasoning pleasantry. They rush from river to river, and at last plunge with the poet, masked as Odysseus, into the regions below. Achilles (Lessing) is warmly embraced:

> "Aloft on godlike pedestal, thy living form did stand;
> Thy disembodied spirit comes, our spirits to command."

But Odysseus (Schiller) pushes his way through the ranks of the Homerides and philosophers, seeking Heracleus (Shakspere) whom he at last discovers:

> "Around him sounded, like the cries of raven and screech owl,
> The clangor of tragedians, and the loud dramatic howl."

Friedrich Schlegel had said, in a criticism of Schiller's first "Almanack of the Muses," that Shakspeare invariably evinced mannerism, and left an impression of despondency on the mind. Thence the following squib:

> PURE STYLE.
> "The monster stood with solemn air; the bow was duly bent;
> The arrow straightway through the heart inevitably went."

And here commences that imitable and well-known dialogue between Shakspere and the poet of Wallenstein, a prophetic prologue to the new tragic career on which Schiller now

embarked; deserting alike the Greek mania of a Friedrich Schlegel, and the vapid realism of a Schröder and a Kotzebue; becoming the disciple of Shakspeare, of Nature on her grandest scale, and of the Greeks. As a *finale*, a sky-rocket gently ascends, lighting up the warlike stores of a new battery:

"'Twas but a jest; ye wooers all, still breathe the breath of life;
Here is the bended bow, and here the theatre of strife."

But the competitors carefully avoided lifting the tightly-bent bow. On recovering from their first consternation, they hurled sand in their blind fury right and left, which was quickly lost in air, while some had recourse to mud and stones; proving, as Schiller remarked, that the police was as wretched as the taste; for, in countries where the press was usually watched so vigilantly, such coarse rejoinders ought to have produced regulations for the observance of public decency. The most offensive lines which our poet wrote were on Nikolai:

AN EMPIRICAL ODDITY.

"Poor devil! Groping after all the drivellers before ye; —
Your dulness was not all your own; you had it *à priori*."

And on Reichardt:

ARTIFICE.

"If scribblers only wrote *incog.*, in Post and Advertiser,
Then you might puff *yourself* in print, and no one be the wiser!"

The *Anti-Xenien*, and a whole mass of similar hostile rejoinders which sprung up, only extracted the following remark from Schiller: — "Not to perceive that the 'Xenien' are poetical productions is to be very slow of perception." Wit and humour could not have been more thoroughly purified from rudeness or offensive matter. The most cutting and sarcastic Anti-Xenien, were the replies with scurrilous abuse of Jena and Weimar; the worst "Die Ochsiade" and the "Mücken Almanach." Goethe's connection with Vulpius was, we may imagine why, severely commented on. In a prose retaliation there was a contemptible attack on Schiller's official duties, on

his intercourse with Goethe, and also an allusion to his provision from the royal treasury, his bad health being declared all a pretence to get rid of his lectures. Schiller, like Goethe, retained the most perfect composure.* At last Reichardt endeavoured to separate the two friends, by asserting that Schiller was the mainspring and principal author of the Xenien, pronouncing Schiller to be "a cowardly dishonourable liar" if he did not refute such imputations. Not till then did Schiller request his friend to assume his own share of responsibility, sending him the sketch of his reply.

Goethe, however, delayed the matter, and Schiller soon returned to his original resolution,— to maintain a consistent and contemptuous silence. Goethe, so sensitive to everything connected with his "Optics," displayed on this occasion a truly Olympian calmness. He writes — "It is most amusing to see what has so infuriated this class of people, and how little idea they have of the strong fortress in which the man lives who is invariably in earnest, both with regard to his work and to himself." The public expected another Xenien Almanach in the ensuing year; Zelter, in Berlin, made a bet of a dozen of champagne to the contrary, and he won his wager.

* Some of our literary historians declared that Schiller thought of having recourse to the police for assistance, but this is an entire invention. Gervinus' idea that "Schiller in after days repented of the whole Xenien strife," is taken solely from Œmler's untrustworthy book, "Schiller, or Scenes and Traits of Character in the latter part of his Life," p. 35. The same Œmler who says that Goëthe was in Weimar when Schiller first arrived there, also declares that Schiller called Goethe "that arrogant genius." These are things, however, which have since been transferred into many works.

CHAP. V.

SEPARATIONS.

Distressing State of Schiller's Family. — Nanette's Death. — The Father's Death. — Isolated State of the Poet. — German Parnassus. — Wieland, Herder, Jean Paul, the Schlegels, Tieck, Gries, Hölderlin, Schmidt, Amalie Imhof, Sophie Mereau. — Joh. Henrich Voss. — The two Humboldts. — Karoline and Wilhelm von Wolzogen in Jena. — The circle of intimate Friends disperses. — Goethe longs for the South.

THE "Xenien" have carried us rapidly over the space of many months; but during their course they brought many serious interruptions, many great projects, and many harassing anxieties, all regarded by our poet, however, in the light of temporary annoyances. In the beginning of the year 1796 he was still meditating on "The Knights of Malta," which Humboldt had recommended. In March he decided on Wallenstein. At the same period he was doomed to experience the miseries of war in his fatherland, in all their aggravation and in the world of reality.

The French army under Jourdan and Moreau had advanced into South Germany. Schiller trembled for the dear ones in his own home. He learned that the chief imperial hospital was established at the Solitude, and that a malignant fever had broken out there, which raged with so much virulence, and was so infectious that no one except the doctors from Stuttgart ventured to approach the spot. Soon the distressing intelligence arrived that Nanette was prostrate with the fever. Schiller knew the sad import of such news, and every moment dreaded the worst. Goethe, indeed, with touching solicitude, strove to cheer the desponding feelings of his friend. He invited Schiller and his wife so kindly to pay him a long visit,

that towards the end of March they went to stay with him in Weimar, where Iffland, who had quarrelled with the Mannheim Dalberg, was giving a succession of performances.* As there were no private boxes at the theatre Goethe had one arranged expressly for Schiller, that he might remain undisturbed, and when he did not feel equal to society, be thus enabled to enjoy the representations at his ease. Egmont was given. Goethe sent the work to Schiller to revise, and allowed him to deal with it so entirely as he pleased, that it almost became a joint composition.

During such recreations, Schiller's thoughts constantly dwelt with deep anxiety on the future. The sad news he had anticipated arrived but too soon. His father, on the 23rd of March, wrote that the fever had proved fatal to poor Nanette. "Her fate," added the pious old man, "cannot fail to be a happy one, for her life was one of the most pure and unsullied innocence." Such a charming young creature, and in mind so congenial to her brother! His consent to her most cherished wish, brightened with joyful lustre the last months of her life. She was to have appeared on the stage at Weimar under Schiller's superintendence. He was profoundly affected this blow; besides how much more sorrow was yet to be dreaded. His sister Luise was also ill, his father confined to bed with gout, and his delicate mother obliged to bear the burden of all this severe domestic affliction alone. Schiller knew the duty of a son, and his first natural impulse was to go instantly thither himself. During the last year, however, he had scarcely been able to leave the house, and, even had he been able to stand the journey, he would undoubtedly have been laid up when he arrived, thus only adding to his mother's cares and anxieties. He thought of his sister in Meiningen, but she was also at this moment much indisposed.

* Böttiger did homage to this *Cyclus* in a separate book, which was the origin of Tieck's well-known persiflage in his "Puss in Boots."

In April, Körner came with his family to Jena. How Schiller had cherished the thoughts of this visit, the two fathers so happy in their domestic relations, anticipating the joy of seeing their children together. Theodor Körner * was also at that time with them in Jena. What interesting topics Schiller had to discuss with his friend; the Xenien, the plot of Wallenstein; and yet how difficult it was for him to appear cheerful; but in order that the pleasure of his guests should remain unalloyed, he actually had the resolution to conceal from them all the misery he was enduring, and they were quite ignorant of it, till after their departure.

Fortunately Christophine was not only well enough, but anxious to relieve her invalid brother from a duty which she felt to be equally incumbent on herself. Schiller provided her amply with money for the journey, and gave her an order on Cotta, for anything further that might be required. Christophine by this kind action probably saved her brother's life. He could now at last breathe more freely. Luise recovered; Christophine remained with her family the whole summer; and when a sudden invasion of the French occurred, by her courage and presence of mind, she proved the guardian angel of the family. The poor father, indeed, was languishing under a severe and painful complaint, now hastening to a fatal termination; and when, in September, he was relieved from his suffering by death, much as his children lamented him, they felt that for himself it was a happy release. Schiller sought to comfort his mother by this reflection, and after offering a just tribute to his father's virtues, he wrote, "In truth it is no small merit to have so faithfully accomplished such a long and laborious career, and to leave this world at the age of seventy-two with such pure and simple feelings. I would gladly submit to all his sufferings, could I hope to yield up

* At that time bearing the name of Karl, subsequently changed into that of Theodor.

my life in as great innocence of heart as he did. Life is a severe trial, and the privileges that Providence has conferred on *me*, in many respects, are great, compared to those he enjoyed; but they entail many dangers on the soul and on true peace." He entreated his mother at the same time, to choose her future place of residence, whether with him, in Meiningen, or in Leonberg. She decided on the latter place, as she had every right to expect a pension. There was also the prospect of a good marriage for her daughter Luise in that part of the country. But though so far locally severed from her son, he was always ready to give her every possible assistance both by words and deeds. Christophine did not return to Meiningen till everything was finally arranged. Rewarded by the gratitude of her brother, who felt her kindness as deeply, as if by this visit, she had made a sacrifice for his sake, instead of simply fulfilling her own strict duty.

Along with the melancholy, and often long deferred intelligence from his paternal home, Schiller also had cause for anxiety in his own family, as Lotte shortly expected her second confinement. But this care was ere long removed by the birth of a son, and Schiller could now begin to number his family. He wrote to Goethe, "the step from one to two is far greater than I thought." Though Goethe was not present at the christening, as such ceremonies were distasteful to him, yet he gladly undertook the duties of a godfather to the little Ernst.

Schiller at this period performed the same service, for an intellectual child of his friend, "Wilhelm Meister," the manuscript of which, as it advanced, being sent by Goethe to Jena. It was returned to him with many subtle annotations. How gladly Goethe owned that Schiller "drove him out of his boundaries!" Undoubtedly Schiller's letters are models of comprehensive criticism, and yet we gather from them how very differently he would have solved such a problem.

He curtailed the episodes and the subordinate action, such as the descriptions of theatrical life. He also wished to see the leading idea, that of transferring the hero from a hollow and indefinite ideal into positive active life, yet without injuring his ideal faculty; this he wished to see more clearly and satisfactorily carried out. Even the formula of Wilhelm Meister's apprenticeship could not, he said, exhaust such a rich and prolific life. He desired to see him æsthetically free, which is indispensable in an age of speculation, but only to become so with the aid of that *admirable guide* (speculation). For philosophy alone can render philosophising innocuous to a sentimental character. It does not seem to be much known that Schiller subsequently with regard to Faust, strongly urged the poet to conduct his hero into active life.

The reader knows how Goethe in both cases profited by such counsels. As for Schiller, what he wrote to Körner on the 3rd of July was perfectly true; he hoped to acquire, from the perusal of his friend's works, so much assistance in the equilibrium of his poetical receptivity and spontaneity, that he had resolved to make criticisms on novels a regular branch of study, even were it to cost him the sacrifice of the next three months. He was again very much disposed most unjustly to depreciate his own powers; a fault of the idealist, of which Körner radically cured him; and Goethe delighted in expressing his convictions that no one analysed his Wilhelm Meister with so much talent and efficacy as Körner.

The editorship of the "Xenien" continued to drag its slow length along in August; and later in the autumn (we may once for all allude to this kind of worry) came the despatching of endless parcels of almanacks, usually the office of a bookseller, which Schiller himself was forced to undertake, the almanack being published privately by Göpferdt, though the name of Cotta was placed on the title-page. In all such matters Schiller was very particular; selecting paper, type, and en-

gravings, with the anxious care of a practical and methodical man.

The battle of the Xenien, could not fail to isolate the two Dioscuri from many of their former associates. It was indeed quite consonant with Schiller's nature rather to seek than to avoid such isolation; but still more with his grandeur of character, and the petty nature of his poetical contemporaries.

The German Parnassus offered at this time a melancholy spectacle. Bürger died in 1794, Klopstock had adopted an affected style of German, the old grenadier Nicolai was an invalid, Claudius, according to Humboldt's term, had become a Zero; the Stolbergs and their circle on the Baltic, a scourge to all who did not fulfil their ideas of Christian art. As for Wieland, Schiller's opinion was, that he had no more title to be classed among genuine poets, than Pope or Voltaire, though his national feeling sometimes caused him to become more genial. This disciple of Aristophanes talked as much folly about the Xenien as any *Philister*. Herder furnished another melancholy instance of a clever man who had outlived his powers. How anxious the friends were to save him! With all his real greatness, he was fast sinking into a state of painful irritability and nervousness. When he saw Schiller and Goethe, he made a point of admiring all that was old and decayed, and found fault with all they wrote. Gleim and Gerstenberg he praised in the most extravagant manner, and said the most offensive things to Goethe, on the subject of his Wilhelm Meister. Schiller wrote to Körner, "Herder cherishes the most bitter hatred of Kant, and the whole new school of philosophy, but he does not venture to express it openly, fearing to hear disagreeable truths." He still further injured his reputation by publishing the "Metakritik." He could not forgive Schiller's "Kantish iniquities," and would have pardoned any sin in Goethe, except his inborn greatness,

and (if we may believe Herder's wife) his friendship for Schiller. Herder extolled Jean Paul, who brought the rare offering of admiration to "the old man on the Topfberge," designating him as "our greatest genius." When his mood changed, which occurred not unfrequently, Goethe's "Natürliche Tochter," was praised as a bright light, before which, Schiller's flickering and feeble *ignis fatuus* must vanish.

The two Dioscuri would gladly have enlisted younger recruits, but their efforts signally failed. Goethe somewhat resembled Schiller's "Realist," in the treatise to which we have so often referred. He wished each person to do what he could do best. Schiller, though most forbearing towards all beginners, consistently persisted in avoiding those who professed a fixed antagonism to his ideal. Jean Paul's "Hesperus," won some evanescent praise from him; but it was not a style he wished to become permanent. "Such goats were not to pass for noble stags," although ladies even in Weimar wore locks of hair from Jean Paul's poodle next their hearts. In spite of Wilhelm Meister and Goethe, Schiller defined the novel writer as only half-brother to the poet, and even Goethe's romance, he called a pseudo epic. In 1796, Jean Paul visited our poet. He seemed to Schiller like a man dropped from the moon, disposed indeed to look at all objects, but not with the organ by which they are usually seen. Schiller by no means displayed to him that mild aspect which his friend Humboldt commended. "Yesterday," narrates Jean Paul of this visit, "I presented myself to the rugged Schiller, from whom, as from a precipice, all strangers recoil. His exterior is gloomy, austere, and dignified, full of acute and sarcastic power, but without love. He speaks nearly as admirably as he writes." The connection between them never went further.

The Schlegels met with a kinder reception from Schiller. In the course of the same month, August Wilhelm came to

Jena, chiefly at Schiller's suggestion, who informed him that Schütz's bad state of health, rendered a vacancy in the University probable. Schiller had already enjoyed considerable intercourse with Schlegel by letters. He did not agree in Schlegel's theory of Rhythmus, which he derived from a physical source, but Schiller from "incessant change;" but Schlegel was no mere rhymer, he had talent to imitate forms. Schiller much admired his translation of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," alleging that it was no small merit to have freed us from Eschenburg. He read this drama with Schlegel to his great profit.

There were indeed many points on which there was a decided difference of opinion between them, graphically defining the boundary line of these two natures. Schlegel on the one side attributed too much power to the understanding, and on the other, he persisted in declaring that a fundamental speculative type was injurious to a poet. Nevertheless their good intelligence might have continued, had not Schlegel shortly afterwards brought his wife, (formerly Karoline Böhmer,) and if Friedrich Schlegel, who also came to Jena, in August, had displayed a little more modesty and candour. Körner wrote that Friedrich Schlegel arrived at Jena with rather an evil conscience, alarmed lest Schiller should have been offended by the criticisms in his "German Journal," on the first "Musen Almanach," but Schiller was by no means so sensitive. Friedrich pleased him personally more than his brother, and appeared to him both more profound and real, though deficient both in clearness and in facility. The Xenien had given him some hints to restrain his "Grecianism," and his rash critical acumen. Still the families continued on friendly terms. Schlegel invited Schiller "to come and eat a pike with him, which Goethe had sent." When Friedrich, however, on the appearance of Goethe's "Cellini," attacked the "Horen" on account of its numerous translations, and when it was rumoured that

Karoline Schlegel also wielded the critic's pen, Schiller no longer felt at ease in this family of censors. He had accepted a great many translations for the "Horen" from August Schlegel. Our poet's process was short; on the 31st of May, 1797, he settled his accounts with A. Schlegel, and in the same note, written in sharp curt terms, declined all further intercourse. Schlegel requested permission to have an opportunity of justifying himself in a personal interview, but Schiller refused this, and wrote, "In my limited circle of friends, full security and unlimited confidence must exist; and after what has occurred, this could never again be the case in our connection. It is better, therefore, not to resume it. I feel that I owe this to myself, for it would seem rather incomprehensible to others, that I should be the friend of your family, and yet the object of your brother's insults." To such an extent, indeed, did he carry out the chastisement, that he desired no further contributions might be sent for his "Musen Almanach."

This explosion however on Schiller's part, was chiefly caused by the decided antagonism of their natures. Schiller saw with that piercing glance, which Humboldt attributes to him, that Schlegel's elegant, but superficial mode of philosophising — which Kant had speedily crushed in the "Berlin Monthly Journal," with true Königsberg sarcasm — only tended to injure the good cause by its devotion to Greek forms, even though they embraced the better part in contradistinction to Nicolai and Kotzebue. When "Alarcos" and "Lucinde" fully displayed what a muddy swamp lay hidden under the polished mirror of Friedrich Schlegel's doctrines, then Schiller's timely breach with this school appeared to him an instinct of his own sound nature.

When Schlegel's criticisms appeared in the "Atheneum," Schiller thought it a bad sign of intellectual capacity, to accept the trash sometimes seen there. He, as well as Goethe, did

ample justice to their talent for language and verse, and like the latter, tranquillised himself by the conviction, that though the Schlegel philosophy was pernicious, still it superseded what was infinitely worse. According to Goethe's report (to Zelter), Schiller at one time considered even Kotzebue more respectable in his fruitfulness, than that obstructing class of men, who limp after others, and strive to hold back those who are making more rapid progress than themselves.

Ludwig Tieck, whose "Puss in Boots," Schiller had read, made at first a favourable impression on him. "His expression of countenance," wrote Schiller after Tieck's visit in 1799, "though exhibiting no great power, is refined, intelligent, and imposing; his manner is neither arrogant nor capricious." As Tieck was much absorbed in Don Quixote, Schiller endeavoured to retain him in the sphere of Spanish literature, believing that in this direction he would work with good fruits, and pleasingly; but when, some weeks later Tieck's romantic poems appeared, and Schiller saw that here also a style was adopted not consonant to the capabilities of life, although praising his style and his fancy, still he thought him much too hollow and paltry, and that his connection with the Schlegels had been most prejudicial to him.

He prized the now forgotten "Genoveva" as a step in advance; but on the 27th of April, 1801, he pronounced his definitive judgment on the whole school. "The fruitless efforts of these gentlemen to attain the loftiest heights only irritate me, and their presumption I loathe. I never thought hollowness and vacuity the way to excellence: vehemence however and vigour, may compass clearness; and rude strength, may attain polish." Thus Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion" (1799), with all their pretensions to warmth and fervour, seemed to Schiller both dull and arrogant.

Schiller continued on the most cordial footing with Schelling, while he lived in Jena, and when philosophy failed to

bring them together, *l'hombre* effected a meeting. Knebel indeed, declared that Schelling's partisans denied Schiller all intuitive perceptions. As Schelling maintained that nature proceeds from unconsciousness to consciousness, and art from consciousness to unconciousness; Schiller tried to plead for the unconscious commencement, which consists in an obscure idea of totality. Upon the whole, production at that time, estranged him so entirely from speculation, that no lasting alliance could possibly be formed between these two men.

Schiller always felt warm sympathy for those who openly and faithfully adhered to him, and strove to cultivate their faculties. He offered the kindest encouragement to young Gries (Johann Diedrich) who came to Jena in 1795, and accepted his "Phaeton," for the "Musen Almanach." He tried, however, to dissuade him from subjects such as Schlegel's "Prometheus," and "Pygmalion," which may be considered equally in the light of poetry and of philosophy. Schiller was most affectionately concerned about Hölderlin. He recognised in his noble nature, much that was akin to his own early disposition,—a vehement subjectivity combined with a certain philosophical spirit, and deep thought. In 1797, Hölderlin was living at Frankfort on the Maine, as a teacher. Another *protégé* of Schiller's was residing in the same country, Schmidt of Friedberg, a young merchant, devoted to poetry. Schiller requested Goethe, when he passed through Frankfort in 1797, on his way to Switzerland, to spend an hour with these two young men, and to report to him on their merits. His opinion of Hölderlin was more favourable than of Schmidt. Schiller did not rest satisfied with this. His most earnest wish was to rescue Hölderlin from his own solitary thoughts. He tried to account more particularly for the fact of Richter, Hölderlin, and Schmidt, being so exaggerated in their ideas, though so reserved; and yet the two former were both fervent and profound. He thought that he discovered the cause in their

isolated condition. He saw this idea substantiated even in the case of his female adherents. Sophie Mereau, nurtured in unbroken solitude, was distinguished by dignity, depth of thought, and enthusiasm; Amalie von Imhof, educated in more enlarged circumstances, had arrived at poetry, not through the medium of her heart, but by that of her imagination. As Æsthetics bear both an imaginative and a serious aspect, Sophie Mereau was always deficient in Form, and Amalie von Imhof in Substance. We of course speak of Form here, in its highest sense. The loftiest mission of poetical form, however, is Man, and the treatment of Man. In this point, the whole range of those we have named, from Klopstock down to Amalie Imhof, were defective. The chief basis of many conversations between the Duumviri was, that Man in an objective form, can only be artistically represented by an epos or by a drama. For this reason, they preferred one particular poet to all others, and crowned Johan Heinrich Voss with a complimentary couplet in "The Xenien." His "Luise" had Form, and notwithstanding many trite passages, it could boast of being genuinely German. Both poets were more grateful to him for his "Homer," than his other contemporaries. How gladly Schiller would have seen Voss fulfil his promise of coming to Jena! unluckily this did not occur till 1803, when Schiller had gone to reside in Weimar; but there were other delineators of man to be found besides Voss. It was perhaps more difficult to keep Kotzebue and Iffland at a respectful distance, than to become intimate with the Schlegels and Jean Paul; but more of this hereafter.

The circumstances of Schiller's life ordained that his intercourse with others, should be limited to a small and confidential circle. There was no lack of passing strangers and visitors. Matthisson came, Blumenbach, and the *beaux esprits* of Dresden. Zelter himself made a journey to Thuringia in 1802, more on Schiller's account than to see Goethe. If

Schiller could only have retained Humboldt! This far travelled friend had returned in 1796 to Jena, at a most propitious moment. The Schlegels were still closely connected with Schiller's family. Karoline von Beulwitz, now Karoline von Wolzogen, had come to Jena with her husband in August, thanks to the advance of the French army, the rapid approach of which had hurried away the newly married couple, first from Stuttgart, and then from Bauerbach. Wilhelm von Wolzogen was now an accomplished man of the world, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of architecture. Karoline at length saw her long dreamt of colony here realised, and they one and all enjoyed the delights of this intercourse, free from all solicitude, having every reason to anticipate a speedy peace. Alexander von Humboldt, for a time, also formed one of this exclusive circle; restless and energetic, the true master and inheritor, of Goethe's unceasing efforts to construct the universality of nature from the most simple organisation, he was so entirely buried in the deep mine of solitary contemplation, that Schiller was unable at once to define his character.* Schiller was at this moment entirely absorbed in his own ideal world, and yet "Wallenstein" demanded the whole man. It is one of the finest testimonies to his receptivity, as well as to his great, unenvious heart, that even at such a time as this, he showed the deepest interest in his friend's new composition, "Herrmann and Dorothea." Karoline von Wolzogen dwells with enchanted memory on those days; on the "interchange of light" between these great poetical natures.

With the spring, however, the dissolution of this congress of royal souls took place. Wilhelm von Humboldt, anxious

* "I cannot yet form a correct judgment of Alexander; but I fear that, in spite of his talents, and his restless energy, he will never distinguish himself greatly in Science:" thus writes Schiller to Körner (4—47). His opinion was chiefly founded on Humboldt's work on "the Muscles;" in which scientific men tell us there was no symptom whatever of that mighty genius which has made the author of "Cosmos" immortal.

not to leave anything unseen or neglected, wished to go to Italy for two years, and departed at the end of April, to Schiller's deep regret; he mournfully anticipated that their connection might now be considered as finally severed, by distance, and above all by time, which brings so many and such great changes. Humboldt could still be of infinite service to him, for Schiller was eagerly pursuing the search into Form and Substance, and Humboldt was peculiarly qualified for communion on this subject. Two years hence, — so precisely did Schiller fix particular epochs, — Humboldt's vicinity, in an artistic point of view, would not be of so much consequence to him.

Their friendship stood a severe test, when Humboldt, in the spring of 1798, sent him his remarks on "Hermann and Dorothea" in manuscript, for approval. I do not hesitate in fact to say, that to a less noble mind, this deification of Goethe would have been a trial, rendering him a worthy rival of the Greek epos. The treatise, however, in Schiller's unenvious eyes, was not sufficiently laudatory or effective, and written in too metaphysical a style. On Schiller, it acted merely as a spur to win similar praise. There is a region in the spiritual relation of such men, where conjecture may venture to penetrate. Thus I may say, that it always appeared to me, that Schiller (whom Humboldt designated as the most modern of all poets), in his "Bride of Messina," had chiefly in view the purpose of extorting from his friend in Rome the avowal, that Schiller also "would have carried off a prize, as a contemporary of Sophocles." Humboldt, however, though always desirous of seeing the antique form taken as a model, inserted an expression in his letter about an "artistic subject," which amply indicates his sentiments to those who are acquainted with Humboldt's mellifluous mode of hinting his real opinion. Such a Form, however, as Schiller, supported by Shakspeare, assumed in his "Maid of Orleans" and in

"Tell," Humboldt could not value as it deserved, for latterly he clung to the idea, that the whole progress of which our tragedy was capable, lay in chorus and forms. However greatly Humboldt may have differed from his friend on individual points, their ideas on most subjects of importance were entirely congenial, and Humboldt's preface to his correspondence with Schiller, is the most noble monument of their friendship. They met only once again by chance, in 1801. In March the Wolzogens also went to Weimar, where Wilhelm had been appointed Kammer Herr, and Kammer Rath. The most melancholy prospect of all for Schiller, was, that Goethe, whose passionate restlessness apparently impelled him to fly from the too strenuous impulses of his creative powers, was preparing for a third journey to Italy, whither his friend Meyer had preceded him, in 1794. His friend in Jena, viewed this journey as so much time lost for Goethe's highest and loftiest aims. He also longed to leave the confinement of four walls; a locality too circumscribed for the warrior world of "Wallenstein;" but his most cherished wish was, a garden, where, fanned by the living breath of Heaven, he might complete his new work undisturbed and in peace.

CHAP. VI.

PROTÆAN NATURE.

Schiller takes possession of a Garden House. — Ballads. — Lyrics. — Conclusion of "The Horen." — The last "Musen Almanach."

SCHILLER had recently formed a project to transfer his residence to Weimar. He was looking out for a small garden house, to reside in during the summer months, and asked Goethe if he would allow him to rent his pavilion. The latter would gladly have agreed to this, but he reminded Schiller, that it could contain only a very few persons, and was not at all suitable to his mode of life. He thought of the garden house of Geheime Rath Schmidt in Weimar; but as there was one in Jena for sale, that had belonged to another Schmidt, a deceased professor, Goethe advised him to purchase it. He probably hoped that in this event Schiller would remain a professor in Jena for life. After some correspondence between the College of Wards, the Senate, and Schiller, the small property was sold to him for 1150 dollars (172*l.*). The garden is situated on the borders of a lofty eminence, at the foot of which the little stream Leutra winds its way through a green valley. Light grey hills rise on the opposite side, which in the red light of evening glitter "like distant times and golden legends." In the ensuing summer the garden hut was extended to the dimensions of a cottage, with a slanting roof towards the south, a bath was also put up in one of the rooms.* There was a

* Schiller's building cost him about 500 dollars (75*l.*, Drezmann). A spacious kitchen was built on the other side of the garden, which frequently, to Goethe's extreme horror, filled the garden with smoke.

splendid view from the cottage, over the valley of the Saalthal, where the beautiful stream could be seen for miles, flowing along through thickets. When the moon rose over the bold undulating outlines of the chain of hills, Lotte was never weary of gazing at the grand masses of lights and shadows, visible on the bright sandy surface of the rocks.

> "He watches in his pretty garden-tower,
> And hearkens to the voices of the stars
> In eloquent and infinite discourse
> Mysteriously descending on his ear; —
> And there; — to our and his immortal gain,
> He worketh wondrous miracles on Time.—
> Now sank the moon, to freshen our delight,
> And from the mountain-top shone out the sun."

On the 2nd of May, Schiller took possession of his garden hut. The first evening that he passed on his own soil and property, was full of joyous anticipations. He was delighted with the beautiful landscape, the sun went down brightly, and the nightingales warbled melodiously.

A portion of "Wallenstein" was written in this garden, and Schiller's ballads. "After our wild escapade with 'The Xenien,'" wrote Goethe, "while anti-Xenien were pouring in from every quarter, we felt it incumbent on us, to occupy ourselves entirely with great and dignified works of art, and to the confusion of our adversaries, to transform our Protean Nature into the sphere of the good and the noble." The new "Musen Almanach" offered an admirable opportunity to confound their detractors. We know that Schiller, since the summer of 1795, had been meditating a romantic tale. A year afterwards a similar production of Goethe's appeared in the "Letters," along with "Hero and Leander." There was a constant discussion till 1798 between the two poets, as to the superiority of the epos or of the drama, and on the nature of both classifications, and they finally arrived at the simple result, that the epos represents the

past, and the drama exclusively the present. But while these views were carried out in "Wallenstein," and "Herrmann and Dorothea," in their most absolute phase, both these species were united in an intermediate and lyrical form, by the beautiful ballads and romances of our poets.

On the 2nd of May Schiller asked for the text of Mozart's "Don Juan," in order to compose a ballad from it. Goethe esteemed it a most suitable subject for a romance, and expected it to have great success, but it remained only a fragment. Soon after Goethe came to Jena, and here the associates seem to have selected the "Cranes of Ibycus" as a trial of strength. A collection of rare poetical blossoms bloomed this summer simultaneously with the roses. On the 14th of June, as Schiller's memorandum book shows, "The Diver" was completed.* On the 17th, "The Glove," taken from an anecdote in St. Foix — Essais sur Paris. On the 23rd, "The Ring of Polycrates," from Herodotus. "Knight Toggenburg" was finished on the 31st of July; Goetzingen says it originated in a Swiss legend, which probably Lotte heard on the spot itself. "The Cranes of Ibycus," written on the 14th of August, was, according to Goethe's advice, at this time revised, greater stress was laid on the phenomenon of the cranes, and a more tender transition sought. Hoffmeister suggests, and probably with justice, that Schiller borrowed the subject from Plutarch's work "on Babblers," in which the discovery of the murderer takes place in the theatre. In "The Artists" he says, —

> "Startled by the dismal song,
> Midnight murder rears his head,
> Heralding a spectral throng
> Of the undiscover'd dead."

Schiller once more carefully revised his Ibycus, and sent it to Böttiger, for his opinion as to whether it contained any viola-

* The authorities that Schiller used are not known. The story is told of the Sicilian diver, Nicolaus Pesce (the Fish).

tion of classical rules. "The Walk to the Forge" closed the series. On the 29th of September Schiller alludes to "a year of ballads," but in the ensuing summer of 1798, from the 18th to the 21st of August, he wrote "The Combat with the Dragon," taken from Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, and on the 30th of August "The Surety," derived from Hygenus' collection of fables. "Hero and Leander" was written in 1801, "Graf von Habsburg" in 1803.

Ballads and romances are descendants of the ancient heroic songs, which were first chanted separately, and then collected and perfected in the epos. The Lyric and the Epic are combined in the germ. The Epic principally represents the past, but the poet concentrates his whole feeling on the object as entirely as if it were present in time, as well as in fact. Descriptions are made subordinate to melody of tone, the whole moulding and style are subjectively treated, the action quickly outstrips all retarding elements, and hurries forward to a catastrophe. The rhythm is musically constructed in lyrical strophes. Finished pieces of this class bear a certain resemblance to the strains of wandering minstrels. The singer entered a numerous and festive assembly, where there being no time gradually to delight and to surprise, he was forced to plunge at once into his subject, by a few sharp, well defined strokes. Everything depending on producing instant excitement, the feelings and the imagination were to be immediately more or less affected. The requirements of intellect were placed in the lowest category.

The Ballad is of Italian origin, but it was England and the North that first imparted to this transplanted exotic its vigour, and its peculiar character. Its distinguishing type is gloom, vehemence, and mystery, love of dramatic action and dialogue, the sublime, and deep heartfelt laments. The Romance, of Spanish descent, is more sunny and bright, bearing the same

relation to the Ballad (to use Vischer's expression), as sharps do to flats in music.

It is natural that in artistic poetry, both these classes should divest themselves of their national colouring, and blend together. This more ideal intermediate style of poetry, which probably loses in depth of feeling and melody, what it gains in lasting form, by clearer delineation, conscious gradation, and more classical composition, was created entirely by Schiller and Goethe. Throughout all the collected Epic and Lyric poetry of Schiller, stalks a gloomy form, either the elementary, or the animal, the Nemesis of Love or of Destiny. This tone of melancholy, and of dramatic energy, assimilate it to the ancient ballads, while the intellectual transparency and luxuriance with which even these dark forms are depicted, and also the powerful delineations of human will, cause it to approach closely to the Romance. Indeed "The Glove" by its epigrammatic conclusion, is in the style of an anecdote. Schiller, in a copy of his poems still extant, which was designed for a new edition, effaced all definitions of different classes in the titles, except in one poem, "The Combat with the Dragon," and probably only allowed the word "Romance" to remain in that instance, from an oversight.*

Schiller's ballads have sunk so deep into the hearts of the people, that no criticisms could ever succeed in eventually displacing them. They require no commentary for æsthetical enjoyment, and certainly the best commentary that could be written, would be one totally opposed to the many expositions of Hoffmeister, and others. No spectres appear in Schiller's ballads, nor do they treat of any generic problems. I shall not, I hope, be misunderstood, if I lay particular stress on this: but as the declamatory style of these ballads has been censured,

* For a particular study of the ballads, "Schiller's Poems, elucidated by Heinrich Viehoff, Stuttgart, 1859," is highly to be recommended.

we ought especially to observe, that this adornment could not have been employed for a more innocent and simple purpose. There is a pure and virginal tone in the imagery of these ballads, like the frank, fresh, and spirited countenance of youth. They are exciting and affecting, without overstraining the mind; they are intelligible to every one, and yet not vapid; full of nature, and yet full of prodigies; a sparkling spring playing freely in the light, at which the young may gladly and innocently refresh themselves. How admirably design and tone harmonize, how simple and yet how genuine are the more profound artistic expedients!. The page "gentle yet bold," who steps forth from the faint hearted company of squires; how charmingly does the poet contrive to elevate him above the common herd by a few delicate touches, placing this solitary figure on the brink of the giddy precipice, and of the howling world of waters! the waves surging upwards, and then rushing down again into the depths of the whirlpool, two equally appalling acts of a tragedy, hiding a still more dreadful purport. Then the gesture of the youth, commending himself to God; and his spring into the deep, indicated by a shout from the assembled multitude.

> "Mysteriously, — the dauntless swimmer o'er
> Shuts the abyss, and he is seen no more."

Certainly the picture of the anxious pause which ensues, and

> "The waters foam, and seethe, and hiss, and roar,"

are well worthy of admiration — but not less so, such neutral tints as the following,

> "And see! — upon the dark and surging pool,
> There gleams a lustre like a snow-white swan."

The very sound conveys an idea of rushing waters, and

> "A gleaming throat, a glistening arm are there,
> Steering with cautious courage for the land; —
> And it is he; — and joyfully in air,
> He waves the golden goblet in his hand."

Such verses can be read over a hundred times, and each time the imagery, and the creative fancy, seem renewed in all their original luxuriance and freshness. . This is genuine art, clear, and yet of unfathomable depth; each strophe is hung with sparkling images, like a vine with glittering grapes. The revelations of the diver can only be compared with Clarence's dream in "Richard III.," but the lines,

> "And down below, lay mountain deep
> The purple darkness there."

make even Shakspeare's description of the depths of the ocean, appear a less dreary asylum.

How well also Schiller observed continuity of treatment! He was endowed with the most refined conception of technicalities! How terse his introductions, how opportune his catastrophes! Never too much matter for spirit, never too much of the characteristic for the action. Viehoff has already demonstrated, how essential all his separate imagery is to the whole. How admirably he contrives by a single epithet, by one word of homage and praise from the lips of the people, to make us love his creations.

> "Ibycus! — thy name of love
> Stirs every heart with sorrow."

I shall only attract attention to one point, which has hitherto escaped comment. Körner censured the "Ring of Polycrates" and the "Cranes of Ibycus" for representing rather conceptions (Destiny and Nemesis), than lofty human nature in action. Humboldt and Goethe defended them; indeed the latter considered them as extending the field of poetry. He did not think they ought to be confounded with those poems which symbolize abstract thought.* In the "Ring of Poly-

* We think Viehoff is mistaken in thinking that Goethe, by this allusion, had Schiller's Ideal Poetry in view, in which he found all poetical attributes already combined. It is more probable that he was thinking of Schlegel, Gries, and Herder.

crates," the universal human feeling, that great and incessant temporal good fortune is a most dangerous gift, is represented in its most striking light. The sensations which we see stealing over the friends of Polycrates, are elucidated at last, as the religious belief of a whole generation. It is an historical ballad. "The Cranes" also are equally descriptive of an historical idea. All nations form a mental image of such a Nemesis, and the poet seeks it where it is to be found in greatest power. The murderer, according to Schiller's express intention, remains quite unaffected by the chorus. The soil of Greece was requisite for the contemplation of a lurking Nemesis, in the appearance of the Cranes; and how could this be more forcibly depicted, than by a chorus of the Eumenides, thus combining the religious feelings of the people with their artistic tendencies? The "Combat with the Dragon," the "Good Knight Toggenburg," which Gustavus Schwab shall not induce us to depreciate, are historical and characteristic pictures of the time of the crusades; and "The Glove," is a fascinating incident from the noble days of chivalry. The Nadowesian "Death Song" (from Thomas Carver's travels in North America), as a national type, concludes this collection.

The trooper's song in "Wallenstein's Camp" must be regarded, not as a song, but as a wild soldier's ditty. It is a conclusive proof that Schiller was thoroughly master also of more forcible and energetic strains. That his ballads had scarcely any musical element, we consider an advantage, instead of lamenting it as a loss. Schiller was victorious in this way, by the force of words alone, independent of any charm of recitation. When we consider the great want of an adequate and proper representation of our glorious language, a want which is especially felt to the most annoying degree, in our churches and schools, in our theatres and our tribunes, I think we cannot sufficiently prize the gift which he offers us in these minor productions of æsthetic language, even though

not included within the strict limits of artistic value. "The Diver," and "The Bell," must be read aloud by Sophie Schröder, fully to show what a "living form" these ballads can assume.

Other poems, such as "The Meeting," "The Mystery" (1797), "Expectation," "To Emma," may uplift their melodious voices, to proclaim Schiller's wonderful versatility, and his ability to leave, and to re-enter the ideal sphere at will. Schiller is inimitable in the light sparkling ease of his epigrams, such as "Native Offerings;" genuine golden grain of gnomic poetry, which we with Vischer acknowledge to be the proper region of poetical art; but he concentrated all his excellences in one noble whole, in his song of Burgher Life, "The Bell."

He conceived his first idea of this subject in Rudolstadt (1788), where he often visited a bell foundry in the vicinity, thus acquiring a practical knowledge of casting metal; but it was not till 1797, nearly ten years later, when the fire of life, the hard ore of cares and trials, the inevitable lot of man, which he had so bravely endured, had refined and purified his nature into unalloyed metal, that this ballad began to work in his mind. He writes to Goethe on the 7th of July, "I take a deep interest in this poem;" at the same time he mentions, that it would cost him several weeks of toil. He obtained all information on technical points from Krünitz's "Encyclopedia," and among other things took the motto from it, "*Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango:*" "I call to the living, I lament the dead, and I control lightning." It is engraved on the great bell of the Minster at Schaffhausen. The work was unfortunately soon obstructed by various interruptions, by sickness, and by the editorship of the "Musen Almanach;" so he found it advisable to give it up for the moment, and it was not till the end of September, 1799, after a visit to Rudolstadt had refreshed his remembrance of old

times, and of the casting of the bell, that the poem was finished; and well did it repay the time it had occupied. It appeared im "The Musen Almanach" in 1800, the last that Schiller edited. In 1798 he gave up "The Horen," and on the 26th of January, 1798, he informed his friend, that he had formally signed the death warrants of the three goddesses, Eunomia, Dike, and Irene. During the year 1797, this publication had scarcely paid Cotta's expenses. "The Musen Almanach" which followed "The Xenien," did not succeed so well as had been expected; so at last Schiller resolved to cast off this burden, only too glad, as he wrote to Körner, "to have no further concern with any worse poet than himself." The more his dramatic creations demanded the concentration of his whole energies on one point, the more odious to him was the superintendence of literary undertakings, which necessitated his negotiating with twenty or thirty German poets.

"The Bell" assumes a high position in this collection of poetry. Perhaps no poem ever penetrated so deeply into the hearts of our burghers, or cast a more poetical and refined lustre on a higher sphere. How often is it represented by *tableaux vivans*, accompanied by Romberg's music! The crisis of the moulding is most graphically realised in the words of the master, and how effective the moral picture! We only perceive this when we toil through a commentary, detailing the whole process. Here the demand in the criticism on Bürger's poems, is fulfilled in another sense; we lose sight of the poet; it is the burgher class whose strains we hear; he has expanded his heart to describe the weal and woe of toiling men. All that adorns the burgher — piety, modesty, industry, order, the defence of liberty, the respectability of home—is sounded in louder or softer accents in our ears. The coming and the departing race of man, dangers from the elements, the Revolution, all that naturally obtrudes itself on the eye of

the laborious and peaceful burgher, and master, connected with his toil, is interwoven with charming simplicity and solidity, as well as with the most exciting descriptions. To Schiller's entire lyric poetry we may apply what he says of the bell:—

"High o'er this lowly hemisphere,
It shall within the blue vault swing,—
To the bellowing thunder near, —
On the star-world bordering. —
A voice seraphic it shall raise,
Like the Hallelujahs clear
Of planets in their wandering maze,
Leading the flower-enamelled year."

CHAP. VII.

"WALLENSTEIN."

Mastery over the Subject. — Moral and æsthetic Contents of the Drama. — The Tragedy considered as moral Intelligence and technical Art. — Problem of "Wallenstein." — The Appearance of the Drama, its Reception on the Stage, and in other Countries.

THE modern dramatist is placed, externally, at considerable disadvantage when compared with the ancients. No mythic poetry, scarcely even a legend, prepares his plot. He has many drawbacks when we place him beside Shakspeare and his theatre, on which the Briton, without the impediment of scenes and decorations, could speedily rush through five acts of the grandest drama. In the present day, even the audience restrict a poet, for they come before the curtain with a fixed idea, which places every illusion under the control of a prosaic temperament.

These disadvantages particularly affect the historical drama. Its basis is public life, its plot is not concentrated, its subject irregular. In "Fiesko," such difficulties were less prominent, for there the action was circumscribed within the narrow limits of a city; but in "Wallenstein" the obstacles were formidable indeed.

The most spacious arena, the most complicated circumstances, innumerable political parties, scattered threads, extending from Rome to Paris, from Vienna to Stockholm and Prague, by which the whole knots of the plot were constructed. A hero and his army placed between two powers, both unsuitable for delineation: for the Emperor remained in his fortress at Vienna, and the Protestant party was split into in-

dividual military leaders, into isolated creeds, Lutherans and Reformed. It was still more difficult to depict the most conspicuous object in the plot; the leader attains distinction only by the aid of those whom he commands; his greatness is relative. The more ruthless, unbridled and licentious an army is, the greater, in proportion, is the merit of the commander who keeps it in check. To realise the marvellous energy displayed by Wallenstein, we must also realise the incongruous elements of which his troops were composed, even down to the common soldiers. For it was the masses of soldiery who at last decided the catastrophe. Indeed such a realisation becomes indispensable, for it is on the fidelity of these soldiers that the success or the failure of the crime rests, on which the poet makes the whole plot hinge.

Schiller had worked assiduously in the course of this year at his drama, and already felt conscious that it possessed more form and aim than any of his former works. Nevertheless, in November, 1796, he complained to his friend in Dresden, that it lay before him without form or finish. The "History of the Thirty Years' War" had indeed given him the grand colossal outlines of his hero, but to depict the army, he found it necessary to acquire the impress of the period from deeper sources. His journey to Carlsbad had yielded him some insight into the austere land of Bohemia, and the physiognomy of the Austrian troops, but the details of the masses of an army, the materials of which had been gleaned from every country, must necessarily be gained from books alone. No poet could probably have found any other organ within himself to enable him to do justice to the subject; and yet this was the lightest part of his task. It was far more puzzling to create a tragic hero from such a character as Wallenstein. I presume my readers do not require that I should here transcribe any passages from Schiller's "Thirty Years' War." We know this daring nature from the pages of history:—

" . . . . . the fashioner of fearless hosts;—
The camp's grim idol,—but the country's scourge;—
The mainstay of the monarch, and his dread;—
Fortune's most favour'd and most dauntless son,—
Who, by propitious chances upwards borne
Swift mounted the ascent of Honour's fane,
And by insatiate impulse onwards driven,
Through frenzied unrestrained ambition fell."

Such was Wallenstein. However unconcious Schiller himself might be of the fact,—though indeed he declared that the more finished technicality with which he commenced his work, was a proof of coldness towards his hero,—still there can be no doubt that "the great criminal" and his violent death tempted the poet of "Karl Moor" as much to choose Wallenstein for his hero, as the conspirator did in the case of Fiesko. His theory of tragedy maintained, that the daring freedom of the villain, was most conducive to delineations of the most sublime morality. But was Wallenstein in reality a tragic criminal? Had he any title to our interest? Was any moral power hidden within him?—nay, even any sublime energy manifest? Was it not merely rude fortune that elevated him, ruthless revenge exciting him to revolt, and the gross error of a vainglorious confidence in his army—a blind chance—eventually causing his ruin? Karl Moor and Fiesko had all the lustre of youth; the one was seduced by his unbridled impulses, the other by his genius for intrigue, and both by the inert condition of those around them. The former deluded himself by the idea of becoming a redresser of wrongs, the latter aspired at least to liberty. Wallenstein was a gloomy, mature, reserved man; cold and stern even in his magnanimity; his faith in astrology and his solemn gravity excited ridicule. Gustavus Adolphus said, "The Emperor has three generals: a priest (Tilly), a madman (Wallenstein), and a brave soldier (Pappenheim)."

Had "Wallenstein," then, no historical rights? We grant these

even to "Richard the Third;" true, we do so, but "Richard the Third" was added as the keystone of a succession of pieces. Shakspeare represents him as the distorted offspring and scourge, of a barbarous race and their bloody deeds. If Schiller could thoroughly have worked out his subject, by describing, in a cycle of dramas, the guilt of the Emperor, the intrigues of the Jesuits, the unmitigated hatred existing between the Lutherans and the Reformed, and the employment of Wallenstein in services which were criminal — could he have accomplished this, how easy would it have been to bring forward the historical rights of this scourge, imposed by Providence.

Schiller was not disposed to attempt this, and was probably wiser than Tieck, who lamented that Schiller had not written a cyclus. Far wiser indeed! for without the privilege of Shakspeare's theatre, or Shakspeare's audience, the difficulties of every drama of this cyclus would have been identical with those in "Wallenstein," and where was it to end?—with the "Peace of Westphalia?" Then farewell, poetry! But while considering Tieck's suggestion, we must not lose the thread of our narrative.

Schiller could not represent his hero as historically justified. Was, then, the historical Wallenstein devoid of all moral purpose to justify his actions? Such moral purposes cannot at all events be defined. Had he, then, no passions? There are two passions, bearing on their brow the shining diadem of their prerogative. Romeo is the hero of the one, and Brutus of the other. Schiller might have endeared his heroes to our hearts by *Love* and *Liberty*, but both these mighty intercessors were wanting in the historical Wallenstein; and in addition to this, the character was so uncongenial to Schiller's own natural impulses, that it seemed to him he never had adopted a less promising subject. There were two forms alone, Max and Thekla, on whom he dwelt with love surpassing that of an artist. Yet he was fettered to Wallenstein, and

had remained faithful to the theme during the space of seven years. Was this a less tender friendship for his hero than he had experienced in former days for Don Carlos when at Bauerbach? Assuredly; not and so surely as Shakspeare cherished his Richard, with no less love in his great heart than the fascinating Romeo, just as surely did Schiller, from the same impulse, incessantly strive to inspire the spectators with his own interest in his hero. He repeatedly analysed the character. A realist like Wallenstein seemed unsuitable for tragedy, but in this character Schiller in truth loved the realist Goethe. He thoroughly scanned Wallenstein's passions. Ambition and revenge are cold and repulsive influences, for they are entirely egotistical. Even jealousy is not so repulsive an egotist as revenge, for it is kindled at the flame of Love.

In the above paragraphs I have concentrated the chief substance of Schiller's letters to Körner, Humboldt, and Goethe. Let us now inquire what expedient Schiller adopted to elude so many difficulties; and how did he transform these vanquished obstacles into the bold lineaments of æsthetical freedom?

Schiller discovered one quality in the historical Wallenstein, in which we find a problem of universal validity; an attribute far more grand and profound, than the mere description of any passion can ever be. In Schiller's history, and of course it is to this work alone that we now refer, Wallenstein is represented as a procrastinator. He has prepared everything for revolt, but he hesitates to carry it into execution till Gallas has fairly entangled him in the meshes of Imperial suspicions. Wallenstein is thus *forced* to take the step which he had previously only meditated, and perhaps would never otherwise have had recourse to. Here Schiller seized his theme in that dim totality which he says invariably dawned on him at the first conception of every work.

He endowed his hero with a demoniacal pleasure in the consciousness of his commanding power, and his unquestionable ability to injure the Emperor when he *chose* to do so. Schiller's Wallenstein also hesitates and temporises, lulling himself by visions of the evil deed, by the lust of will, and by the intoxication of power. It is a satisfaction to him to show Questenberg what he *could* accomplish. He negotiates with the enemy, but he still keeps the path open. Cautious in one point, he gives "nothing in writing," he binds himself to nothing; on the other hand, he demands that the Generals should unconditionally engage their affiance to him in writing, only that, if necessary, he may have the power of showing their signatures to Sweden. He means to remain in this vacillating state till the stars speak. But when the stars finally encourage him to action, while he rejoices with barbarous delight at this sanction to his chosen destiny, these stars are already types of fatality. Wallenstein's plans reposed in the hands of men, and men are not machines. They are exposed to the coercion of chance, of duty, and of necessity. Wallenstein, who never valued men, and only makes use of them as means to an end, who, with demoniacal subtlety, relied on Butler's thirst for revenge to secure him in case of necessity, must now learn that these very means become in themselves purposes and personalities. His negotiator is seized — his confidant and faithful servant—a crafty adherent of the Emperor's. Wallenstein has no longer the power to return to the Emperor, he must press forwards to action, and in the firm conviction of this necessity, and in the full belief also, that what he is about to do will infallibly prove his ruin, he signs the alliance with Sweden. This action is the most pure æsthetic demonstration, that the intention to commit evil is in itself the true crime, and that the evil deed itself, is the penalty and the inevitable result of such criminal designs, — a pro-

position exhibiting equally sublime simplicity and profound morality.*

Did the poet, then, write this tragedy chiefly for the purpose of contributing this axiom to the realm of Reason? that it might be inscribed in her code of laws? and to anathematise a criminal will? By no means. The poet, as an intelligence, is the representative of reason; but the artist is the representative of nature. As an artist, he places his criminals before a jury, men of heart and intellect, of all tribunals the most just; and while, as representing intelligence, he points out to the spectators the laws by which they must be guided, as an artist he uses all possible means of vindicating his culprits, in order to inspire the audience with feelings of compassion, which render all condemnation impossible. He is probably not himself aware of this subtlety of purpose, for it does not appertain to the sphere of the artist, who, while creating, feels within him no impulse so strong as that of sympathy with his subject, his chief ambition being to inspire interest in his hero in every possible way. Schiller followed this method in his "Wallenstein." There were two paths to attain his purpose, and he adopted both. First, he idealised his hero. In Schiller's "Wallenstein," revenge is almost entirely kept in the background; he only assumes the tone of an injured man in the presence of Questenberg. Ambition takes a noble moral flight, precious to the heart of every German, to attain its purpose. Friedland is resolved to become a Prince of the Empire, but solely with the view of protecting that empire.

> "No root nor fibre of a foreign growth
> Shall ever prop the tree of Wallenstein; —
> And least of all, the starveling hungry Goth,
> Glaring with envious and marauding glance
> Upon the glories of our German land."

* Tieck, in his "Dramatic Pages," 1—63, has admitted this problem, but considers the exhibition of such a doctrine of too circumscribed a nature for poetry,—a great error on the part of Tieck, which would alone have rendered

Schiller also bestowed on his hero not only the loftiness of a Cæsar, but his fascinating influence. He enchained this mighty realist to the youthful Max, the idealist. He also conferred on him another great quality. We shall see that with the assistance of Goethe he purposely elevated his hero to the most entire totality of which a realist is capable (according to Schiller's own development in a well-known passage). The realist is influenced not by his sense of freedom, but by his nature, and by circumstances; but he is raised above these limits, when his whole nature is controlled by stern necessity. Thus Wallenstein conceived an illusory idea of nature, as a great and living whole, with which his own being was mysteriously interwoven by the stars. From this point Schiller proceeded to the second path on which he might plead for his hero. He made him morally blind. When we see a blind man groping his way, it is always an affecting sight. Every inward conviction, even when delusive, has its justification. Wallenstein's belief in the stars ensnares him; that belief which, in its strange paganism, elevates him so far above the contracted, dogmatic ideas of that period, and in which even a Melanchthon could not have surpassed him. This blind faith induces him to place the most implicit and touching confidence in Octavio, his betrayer. Then we have his despotic power, displayed in the idolatrous devotion of his army, and in the anxiety of Questenberg, the tempting opportunity, and at length the visible necessity, which drives him to rebellion. Schiller could say of art:—

> "'Tis ever thus,—that in the war of life,
> We cast the heavier half of all our crime
> Upon the influence of some baneful star." *

him unfit to be a dramatist. It is precisely this distinct, clear, almost commonplace doctrine, as he calls it, which concentrates with plastic power the flowing nature of the subject, and thus makes this work of art so easily understood. The most valuable analysis of "Wallenstein" ever yet written, the reader will find in Hieke's "Characteristics," *Rötscher's Jahrbuch*, 1848—49.

* The profound, but easily misapprehended signification of this expression

The pillars of the mighty structure still stood aloft, after the influences we have detailed. The poet purposely made the action spring from the inner feelings of his hero, from his superstitious faith, and from his "game with the Devil." He then proceeded to emancipate the subject from the fetters of history, and, as he had done in "Fiesko," exalted it to a character-tragedy, but to one of universal application. The nature of man was exhibited by the most strange men, and a symbol of vast importance presented by individuals.

Considered in this point of view, this extraordinary masterpiece, with its finished historical colouring, its "smell of powder," and its camp, forms quite a universe, like "Prometheus," "Faust," and "Hamlet." We must excuse the poet for shivering to pieces the dramatic form. We must also include "The Camp," and the two divisions, "The Piccolomini" and "Wallenstein's Death." Even though an experienced manager should think it wise to curtail some hundred lines, it would not detract from the performance; and the drama must ever remain a never-dying monument that the development of our stage is by no means at an end, and that where great objects are aspired to, great means must be employed. At any commemoration of Schiller, these three pieces ought to be performed consecutively, with appropriate intervals.

I should consider it most presumptuous to attempt to do justice to this great work in a few pages. "The Camp" has no dramatic action; but could the troops, in this state of in-

leads us to observe that tragedy does not represent the hero as being gratuitously precipitated into misfortune, or that fate, more than his own actions, causes his fall. On the contrary, if the moral law be inclined to burden the will of man alone with the ruthless deed, art, on the other hand, as the representative of nature, is disposed to devolve as much blame as possible, in fact all blame, if it can be done, on the circumstances, position, and outward compulsion of the hero, and not on himself. From the combination of these two tendencies by the poet, arises that lofty truth of tragedy of which he is often himself unconscious.

action, be depicted in any other light than by this idle camp-talk and under this simple aspect? Carlyle has graphically demonstrated that every soldier is the mirror of his regimental chief. The admirable stamp of reality in the early scenes in "The Piccolomini," and in the banquet, and the amazing sagacity displayed in the interviews with Wrangel, have already been extolled by Tieck; and yet, although I myself esteem those very scenes, in their ancient historical rust, as fully equal to some of Shakspeare's best, yet could they alone have made the work popular? From my own experience, I should very much doubt this. Indeed, the brilliant idealism, the lofty tone, the pathos, and the not infrequent cold, hard expression of the prevailing thought, were probably the sole medium of imparting that clearness and sublimity to the organisation of the work, which as Aristotle says, renders it "more philosophical than history itself." I dare not trust myself to enter into its characteristics; for when should I be able to stop? In history, Wallenstein deceives Illo with regard to the title of Graf, without any evil consequences resulting from the imposition. How admirably has the poet made use of this incident! Wallenstein speculates on Buttler's thirst for revenge to secure him to his interests, and this very revenge causes Wallenstein's murder. There is here the same consistency of tragic justice which causes Laertes, on being wounded by the poisoned dagger, to exclaim, "I am justly killed with my own treachery." The statesman Octavio, too, that babbling slave Terzky, the Swede Wrangel,—a brilliant reflex of the world's great stage seems to shine on them all. Where did the poet acquire such a knowledge of politics? The wily ambassador, Questenberg, and Buttler also, a fatalist when a crime is meditated, yet boasting of his free will when his pride is offended—a Wallenstein on a petty scale—what a consummate finished sketch! Hieke has shrewdly observed, that perhaps, contrary to the design of the poet, and certainly

in opposition to Tieck's opinion, Max and Thekla—the pure idealists of bright youth—could only feel despair in such a stormy conflict, and by this despair violate the sacredness of that very sense of duty to which they sacrifice themselves. In Thekla, however, the same contradiction of the categorical imperative is delineated, that Schiller found in pure Christianity, where duty is transformed into inclination. The English thoroughly understand and admire this character. Here the loftiest conceptions of the tragic are fulfilled within a small orbit, which Schiller describes as such in his Theory. I cannot at all agree with Tieck in pronouncing the catastrophe unsatisfactory: any other conclusion would have been both petty and forced; and it displays the most astonishing sagacity in the artist, that the more powerless, forsaken, and solitary Wallenstein becomes, the more Schiller encompasses his hero with mere commonplace natures; nay, that his murderers talk of the straits to which he is reduced, in the most undisguised and prosaic manner. This is fatal to all true greatness; and in contrast with such men as Gordon, Illo, and Terzky, a glorious light of vindication illumines the princely hero at the moment of his fall, causing his death to affect us deeply.

I shall now proceed, by a few lines, to indicate the outward history of the gradual composition of "Wallenstein," and its subsequent reception on the stage. I have already alluded to the period when the subject first attracted the poet's attention. In October, 1796, he was still watching for a strong impulse to induce him to resume the theme; and it came at last. While still working at the plot—for he could scarcely make any use of the one already sketched—a new idea occurred to him for the completion of his drama. He resolved to represent the army by a prologue. With regard to the piece itself, the old question of form suggested itself,—whether it were to be written in prose or in verse. He asked the advice of his friends. Körner judiciously recommended iambics, and Hum-

boldt prose. Schiller followed the advice of the latter. He faithfully promised his friends steadily to refuse showing any portion of his work, even though entreated to do so. Goethe, however, early in December, wrote to Heinrich Meyer, that the commencement of this work was very remarkable, and that what he had seen of it promised great things. In April, to secure for the piece every advantage in the performance, a great *scenarium* was commanded. The astrological element exacted especial studies. Here Körner could be of use. This indefatigable friend turned over quantities of trash on the shelves of the Dresden Library, and, among other things, Schiller learned from him, that "the heavens are divided into twelve *Houses*, of equal size, in the direction where the meridian cuts the horizon, and that in the corners of these houses true wisdom is to be found." Schiller himself had received some crazy productions in this department. One was a Latin Dialogue, translated from the Hebrew, betwixt a certain Sophia and Philo, on the subject of Love, in which the greater part of mythology was brought forward in connection with astrology. We can easily perceive that from such sources as these Schiller was not likely to imbibe much liking for "astrological freaks."

In the meantime the study of Sophocles, more especially his "Trachinier" and "Philoctetes," proved a polar star which to him, adrift on the ocean of this historical subject, was of all stars the one he most required. It taught him a lesson, which in the beginning of May he found theoretically confirmed in Aristotle's poetry, that in tragedy the main point is the combination of events. He rejoiced that he had not sooner perused this "Demoniacal Critic" of bad dramatists, as he now approached this empirical theory with a mass of experience, and of solid conceptions. Like Lessing, he agreed with Aristotle on all points, and did not concern himself about "apparent contradictions."

In May, 1797, he sent Körner and Goethe "The Trooper's Song," and in June the prologue ("The Camp") to the former, begging him to say what effect it had on a stout old veteran like Thielmann. Goethe advised a cyclus in Tieck's sense. The ballads now began to interfere with the drama. Goethe took a long leave of Schiller, and travelled through Frankfort and Stuttgart to Switzerland, to the inexpressible regret of his friend. In October, Schiller once more resumed his dramatic work, transforming his prose into iambics, saying that he could not understand why he had not at once decided on verse. He wrote to Goethe: "Everything that is to be exalted above the commonplace, ought to be written first in verse;" a maxim that Goethe carried still further, by alleging that everything poetical ought to be treated rhythmically. But, verse in this case conduced to amplification, and the first act alone had become as long as Goethe's "Iphigenia." Goethe, alarmed by the political condition of Italy, returned to Weimar in November; this long separation having made both friends feel more strongly the value of their connection. I can no longer attempt to enumerate the attacks of illness that interrupted Schiller's labours. Sleeplessness, spasms, asthma. He was forced to atone for each day of brilliant composition by several days of suffering and exhaustion.

At the beginning of 1798, only a few scenes of the second act were still unwritten. Applications for the work arrived from several theatres, and he entered into negotiations with Hamburg, Berlin, and Frankfort. The Berlin theatre, conducted by Iffland since 1796, offered any sum that Schiller chose to name, if he would send Iffland the manuscript before it was published.

In August, Schiller read to his friend the two last acts, in so far as they were completed, and was animated with fresh courage by his approval. Goethe, however, perceived at a glance that the drama was much too long for the space of a

theatrical evening. Consequently in September, after many conferences, which Schiller went to Weimar to attend in person, the five acts were divided into two distinct pieces. The prologue ("The Camp") was to be produced as a comedy; "The Piccolomini," at that time including two acts of "Wallenstein's Death," was to form the connecting link, and the third piece to exhibit the tragic result.

Goethe wished to bring out "The Camp" at the opening of the winter season, the theatre having been entirely renovated by the architect Thouret. For this purpose the piece required to be considerably lengthened. Goethe himself endeavoured to assist in this, but confessed that he failed in the attempt.* "The Capucin's Sermon" was chiefly taken from a volume of Abraham a Sancta Clara, sent by Goethe to Schiller.

The piece was given on the 18th of October, 1798. The theatre filled to the door. The spectators were in a very gracious mood, owing to the newly decorated house, an animated overture, and a prologue delivered by Vohs in the costume of Max, which not only celebrated the renovated theatre, but also a new era in the German drama. In it there were the following lines: —

> "Some mighty purpose only hath the power
> To stir th' abysses of the human heart; —
> The spirit narrows in a narrow round,
> But grows sublimer with more lofty aims.
> And now, — at close of this grave century,
> When stern reality becomes romance; —
> When we behold the throes of giant souls
> Battling for all humanity holds dear; —
> The Art that would not from the stage be sham'd,
> Must wing a bolder and a nobler flight."

* Goethe in fact did not write a single line in it, except a soldier's song, to which Schiller added two strophes, and which was sung when the curtain was drawn up; subsequently it was omitted.—*Hoffmeister*, Supplement 3, p. 25.

Weihrauch played the Corporal, Leissring and Hayde the Riflemen, Genast the Capucin, Vohs the Cuirassier. The actors declaimed the rhymed verses with as much facility, as if the days of Hans Sachs and Jacob Ayrer had returned again. The public were delighted; the greater proportion, Schiller said, gaped and wondered at the "dramatic monster." Some were wonderfully affected by the play; Karoline von Wolzogen among the number. The Walloon appeared to her like one of Homer's shapes, displaying in plastic vigour all that was noble in modern military life.*

Schiller now resumed with fresh energy his theatrical version of the two other parts of the drama. He had engaged to supply both in the beginning of the year 1799, finished for the stage. He kept his promise, but at the cost of most severe toil. Iffland trembled, and incessantly urged him on; his sleepless nights recommenced at the most unfortunate time for him; but Schiller, by the force of his volition, could accomplish more than most men. In the beginning of December, after overcoming many other obstacles, particular difficulties arose about the astrological part. Schiller had hitherto been unable to study this science seriously. The astrological chamber in which the *Spectrum Astrologicum* is exhibited before the eyes of the spectators, he thought tedious, dull, and incomprehensible. He endeavoured to create another astrological symbol out of five letters entwined or placed in a circle. He asked Goethe's advice, who, though at first bribed by Schiller's execution of the new scene, in which the letter M, five times repeated, constituted the oracle, yet after some hesitation, decided in favour of

* Goethe wrote an account of the performance in Posselt's "Allgemeine Zeitung," to "rescue it from the claws of Böttiger." Knebel writes to Böttiger, "Did you send the account of Schiller's 'Wallenstein' to the 'Allgemeine Zeitung?' It is admirable, and *has caused me to feel great interest in the piece.*" The "Trooper's Song" was composed by Cotter's partner, Zahn. Schiller had rejected every other.

the astrological device which Schiller himself, with just instinct, had chosen. While Goethe declared that Schiller interpreted his dreams, he elucidated Schiller's instinctive idea on this occasion, from the depths of his inmost nature, affirming his own conviction that a belief in the stars prevailed in a large portion of the universe, and that this feeling should not be called superstition, for it was as venial and admissible as any other belief." Schiller was exceedingly grateful for this explanation, but such assiduity as this, shrinking from no labour or minute detail, delayed afresh the completion of the piece. Iffland resolved to inflict a forfeit of two thousand dollars for any further delays. Towards Christmas, therefore, our poet collected all his energies, appointed three copyists to come to him on the 24th of December, and, with the exception of the astrological scene, the work was finally completed. "The Piccolomini" was sent off to Iffland. "I think," writes Schiller, "it would not be easy to find a holy Christmas Eve for thirty miles round, spent in such excitement and alarm, from the dread of not being prepared." Goethe now got the stage manuscript, but Schiller frequently took it back to alter passages and to curtail lines, till at last he received the following urgent missive: —

"The bearer of this, representing a detachment of hussars, has orders to seize the Piccolomini, father and son, dead or alive, and if defeated in obtaining entire possession of their bodies, he is at all events to bring some of their fragments.— Weimar, Dec. 27th, 1798.

"A commission appointed by Melpomene to the unruly Wallenstein.

"GOETHE AND KIRMS."

On the 4th of January Schiller set off to Weimar with his family, intending to make a long stay there, with a view of

insuring a proper performance of "The Piccolomini." Goethe had arranged most comfortable apartments for him in the Palace. Intercourse with society was of considerable benefit to the invalid; he visited the Redoute, went to Court, and lived once more like "other men." Goethe interested himself most zealously about the performance. The costumes were as historical as possible. Hat, boots, and doublet, from an old armoury, offered the genuine type of the military costume of that day. For Questenberg's "peruke," Goethe, to his infinite delight, discovered the original, chiselled on an iron stove in the palace at Jena, which bore the date of Wallenstein's rebellion, and was decorated with some capital figures of that period.

The rehearsals showed, that in spite of the previous representations of "Don Carlos," it was not easy to introduce verse again. Amid these preparations arrived the birth-day of the Duchess, the 30th of January. Strangers flocked from Jena and Erfurt, principally with the wish to see Schiller. Schröder had shown a great desire to undertake the part of Wallenstein, and in the prologue of the previous year a strong appeal had been made to his ambition, but he was so tired of the theatre that he resolved to recall his consent. The principal part was therefore entrusted to Graff. Karoline Jagemann, who had been engaged from Mannheim in 1796, was quite Wallenstein's "brave girl" in her most idealised form; Schall acted Octavio moderately; Amalie Malcolmi, subsequently Amalie Wolff, a very young actress, took the part of the Duchess, and displayed distinguished talent; Vohs gained considerable applause as Max, but he was too effeminate. Schiller contributed some bottles of champagne to the banquet scene in the second act, which he carried to the theatre himself, under his cloak. This gift nearly caused sad mischief, for Vohs, excited by the ardour of his part, having swallowed some glasses of champagne quickly, a sudden dizziness seized him, but fortunately

the act closed at that very moment, and he had time to recover his steadiness. The performance fulfilled all that was possible with this company of actors. On the ensuing morning the Duke sent a minute criticism of the play to Goethe, and also made presents to Graff and Vohs. Schiller, too, praised and thanked Graff in a note, but the piece was not valued according to its true merits by any one.* The third part of "Wallenstein" proceeded rapidly in the month of March. The act sent to Goethe excited in him, as he says, the most profound emotion and the most sincere sympathy; neither he nor Meyer could make any pause in reading it. On the 10th of April, Schiller went to Weimar, for the performance of the third part. It had the most brilliant success. The charm of the poetry captivated even the least susceptible of the audience; there was only one voice in its praise, and nothing else was spoken of for eight days afterwards. Although the performance at Weimar could only be considered in the light of a rehearsal for other theatres, and the stage of the future, still it demonstrated the great influence of genuine solid German poetry, on those times and places where the public had powers adequate to its comprehension. "The Piccolomini" was given in Berlin on the 18th of February. The first performance lasted four hours. It could not possibly produce the effect of a finished whole†; but, according to the testimony of

* Karoline Herder writes to Knebel, "'The Piccolomini' was given on the 30th January with immense applause; the superb costumes of the time (all in satin) bestowed the *only* brilliancy on the piece."

† Madame Unger writes thus on the subject to Meyer of Brametedt:—"Iffland does ample justice to the part of the elder Piccolomini, and declaims the iambics in the most masterly style, which is more than can be said of the others, not even excepting Fleck as Wallenstein, who sometimes scans too much, and sometimes too little. The play met with doubtful success, in spite of all its splendour of decoration, and lasted till past ten o'clock; we went home wearied with excitement, dissatisfied with the close of the play, which does not finish the story, and worn out in body and mind." This verdict may be considered the echo of F. Schlegel, Reichardt, and other friends.

impartial witnesses, it made a most astonishing sensation. Iffland was an excellent Octavio; Mattausch, as Max, had too little self-possession, and, as a critic said, "no hallowed feeling," but Fleck and his wife played in the most masterly manner.

Here Schiller's pure artistic style displayed that vivid and natural vigour of delineation, which had evidently hovered before his thoughts, when he so anxiously wished Schröder to play Wallenstein. Madame Fleck, as a critic said, "had all the charm of Thekla; and the clear precision of her sweet voice, successfully represented both the refined feelings and the lofty mind of Wallenstein's daughter. The marvellous self-denial which, notwithstanding the passionate emotions of her heart, Thekla exercises, apparently without a struggle, lay in all its brightness before us. In the fair performer, all seemed like a gift bestowed by nature, a transcript of the original."* The same critic says of Fleck, that he often sacrificed the verse, but his declamation was "almost startling in its terrific truth," and he represented admirably the scepticism of the hero. His acting of this part, was still more perfect at the performance of "Wallenstein's Death," on the 17th of May, 1799. The description that Tieck gives, in various passages, of Fleck's Wallenstein, will furnish the reader with the characteristics of the part, in that particular aspect which Tieck was so capable of appreciating. "On his first appearance," says Tieck, "the spectators felt as if an invisible and protecting power hovered over him; at every word, the proud and profound man appealed to a lustrous and supernatural splendour, imparted exclusively to him. Thus to himself alone he spoke with earnestness and truth, to all others he exercised a certain degree of condescension; and even while

* "Jahrbücher der Preuss. Monarchie," March, 1799, p. 396, and May 1799, p. 135. The latter criticism is signed *M.*, probably written by Meyer of Bramstedt; it is very minute.

conversing with them, his thoughts were with his dreams. This gave the impression that the great hero was living under the ban of *an awful and terrible insanity*, and as often as he uplifted his voice, to speak of the stars and of their influences, a mysterious horror seized the spectators; this apparent wisdom forming such an appalling contrast to the reality. When the well-known relation of his dream arrived, his eagle glance seemed to lose itself in happy enjoyment of the obscure revelations of an invisible world; a mysterious smile lit up his features with triumph at the infallible coincidence of his dreams and of his presentiments; the words seemed to drop almost mechanically from his lips, as if thinking aloud, and that it were needless to proclaim that the rider of the roan charger must inevitably be lost,— and scarcely had Illo said the words, "It was a chance," than in the following lines, —

> "There is no Chance;
> And what to us blind hazard merely seems,—
> Precisely that from deepest sources springs;"

the whole gigantic power of his belief in the stars burst forth, and, as if from a direct revelation, he said,—

> "That register is sealed;—and in it have I writ
> My guardian angel's name;"

and then, as if offended and troubled in his lofty contemplations, proceeded thus :—

> "And now no further speech."

Fleck was equally sublime in the scene where grief assails the strong man, when in the great agony of his soul he exclaims,—

> "Stay with me, Max,—forsake me not!"

There was such a revelation of anguish of soul in his mild and faltering tones, so much poetry in these few appeal-

ing words, that here no poet, however eloquent, could equal the great actor.

The success of "Wallenstein" was in every way cheering to our poet. Iffland paid sixty Friedrichs d'or for the three pieces. "The Camp," strangely enough, he did not bring out till November, 1803. When the work was published by Cotta the following year, 3500 copies were thrown off in a short time; in the course of three months, a second edition appeared, and in 1801, a third, and notwithstanding several pirated editions in 1803-4 and 5, impressions continued to follow each other rapidly. A French version appeared, by B. Constant de Rebeque: Amsterdam, 1809, and another by Le François, 1832: Paris and Strasburg. In England, Carlyle commended the work. Coleridge translated "The Piccolomini," and also "Wallenstein's Death." Both pieces are to be found in Coleridge's "Poetical and Dramatic Works:" London, 1837.

Royal honours were also bestowed on the poet. The King and Queen of Prussia expressly desired to see "Wallenstein" acted for the first time in Weimar. When they arrived in July, the piece was given. Schiller was presented to Queen Luise, and related afterwards the talent and feeling with which she had entered into his poetical conceptions.

The Duchess Luise of Weimar sent a silver coffee-service to Schiller's wife, "and so," writes our poet to Körner, "the Muses on this occasion have comported themselves well."

BOOK X.

THE DRAMATIST.

1799 TO 1805.

CHAPTER I.

"MARY STUART."

Schiller agrees with Lessing's Views on the Drama. — Choice of a new Subject. — Sources. — The historical Truth of Schiller's "Mary Stuart." — The Drama is no Glorification of the Catholic Faith, Elizabeth no tragic Heroine.—The Theme true to Nature, as well as the Solution.—Schiller's "Mary Stuart" a Tragedy of Passion. — Psychological Development of the chief Character. — Appearance and Performance of the Work. — Schiller returns to live in Weimar.

By the entire success of his bold attempt, Schiller was now more firmly established in his career. He resolved to devote the ensuing six years to the Drama. They were the last of his life. A sublime impatience seized this lofty spirit, urging him on, from creation to creation. He adorned each year with a masterpiece. When one was drawing to a conclusion, he dreaded the moment that was to restore him to freedom, and enjoyed no peace till the restless cares and anxieties of a new work commenced.

"There is no greater felicity," says Goethe, "than to organise great masses. How easily can we understand the author of "Wallenstein" speaking disdainfully of his ballads and of his lyrics? But though the feeling of a vast blank painfully oppressed him, when he got rid of this weight of materials, yet he is subsequently known to have declared that, with more mature experience, he never would have chosen the subject of "Wallenstein." We may well be grateful to the happy blindness to which we owe such a drama. Heartily weary, as Schiller was, of his leaders, soldiers and heroes,

and though his inclinations led him to a subject of passion, and unfettered fancy, yet he did not, in his new choice, renounce the sphere of history and the limits it imposes. Both the stage and Goethe's voice counselled a less complicated plot, and fewer *dramatis personæ*. Schiller's own feeling led to the same conclusion. Lessing's works and those of Aristotle having been recalled to him by the recent perusal of some of Corneille's pieces, he was now labouring "to make the best use of the tragic form." The following judgment of Schiller with regard to Lessing, may appropriately stand at the commencement of his new work.

"There can be no doubt that Lessing, among all the Germans of his time, has attained the greatest lucidity; his ideas with regard to Art are both precise and liberal, and he has invariably taken the most rational view of the Real when in contact with it. If we were to read only his works, we might really believe that the days of good taste in Germany are gone for ever, for how few opinions given at the present day on German Art can be compared with his." Do not such words, applied to him who was always so busy in lamenting Schiller's false theory, and false practice, startle us considerably?

When Schiller wrote this, on the 4th of June, 1799, he began "with joy and delight," the accomplishment of a dramatic plan, which after six weeks of vacillation, seemed to him best adapted to the method of Euripides, consisting in the most minute and finished representation.

It was "Mary Stuart"—an old favourite, as we know—for so long ago as in Bauerbach, we saw him occupied with this subject, and there is no question that it was derived from the same source as "Fiesko." If we compare Robertson's "History of Scotland," 6th and 7th book, with the principal passages in the first act of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," Reinwald's opinion, that this first act was sketched at Bauerbach, seems confirmed, and also the great probability that he had studied Robertson.

Though it is never advisable, when two authors have chosen the same subject, to conclude, from similar speeches being made by the same personages, that the one must have borrowed from the other, still it is evident that the dramatist had made use of the historian, whose reflections we find transferred to the lips of his *dramatis personæ*. I have compared Hume's "History of England," Rapin de Thorya's "Histoire d'Angleterre," and Robertson, and it is only in the latter that we find the following sentiments:—"If the testimony of Babington and his associates were so clear, why did not Elizabeth spare his life for a few weeks, and confront him with Mary?" And "Nau and Curl were both alive; why did they not appear at Fotheringay? Why was the Queen executed from belief in the truth and faith of one who had broken faith with her?" The reader will easily recall various passages of a similar bearing in Schiller's Mary. An extract from a letter further shows us, that Schiller found Rapin very useful both as to localities and legal forms. I think there can be little doubt, from the view Schiller takes of Melvil's relation to Mary, that he also made use of Hume's History, which was at that time in universal circulation. The Holy Sacrament being administered to Mary, and its priestly consecration, are entirely the invention of Schiller, and a very happy invention it is. The following affecting scene is described by Hume, which no other historian has so touchingly depicted. Mary is passing through the hall to the scaffold. In this hall she sees her old housesteward, who throws himself at her feet, and breaks out into tears and lamentations. Mary consoles him in the most kind and noble manner, and, "her face bedewed with tears," she embraces him as a farewell. We learn, moreover, from Schiller himself, that he had read a history of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the "Life of Mary Stuart," written by Genz, in his historical annals, in the same style as Schiller's treatises on history.

The reader may think it a matter of indifference whether we know the sources of a drama or not; and, in point of fact, he is right. To comprehend a work of art, such researches ought not to be necessary, nor are they so in this case, although always interesting. With regard to this drama, there has been a great outcry against Schiller, for having entirely deviated from the truth of history. Of what history?—of that which we know? of Mignet? or of that which Schiller knew? Of course we can here only refer to the latter. Study Robertson, Hume, Rapin, Genz, whom we may consider the best and most truthful writers who had at that time treated this subject. We shall dwell with respect and admiration on Elizabeth's conduct at her accession to the throne, and extol her sagacity. Even when she acts a mere comedy, we honour the wisdom and firmness with which she holds the reins of government; but when the process of Mary begins, we cannot fail to loathe her hypocrisy. On the other side, we have Mary, young and beautiful, educated in a foreign land and in a credulous faith. We commiserate the youthful widow, forced to leave her beloved France, and all the luxuries of its court,—banished to the joyless north, where Knox's stern reproofs cause her tears to flow. We detest Darnley, when, in the very presence of Mary, he murders Rizzio with the help of his friends, in the most brutal manner; and we comprehend her vow of vengeance, and her hatred of Darnley. We loudly condemn her abetting his death, and follow her entangled destiny with shuddering interest, till the moment when she flies to England. Her presence, her charms, her talents, and the fascination she exercises over her friends and admirers, speedily render her odious to Elizabeth, and we read with deep emotion of the sad fall of so much grandeur and loveliness. After nineteen years of dreary imprisonment, we find her grey-haired, with broken health, and on the verge of the scaffold;—that scaffold which

she ascends, not with the obtuse and sullen demeanour of a hardened criminal, but with the most kindly feelings, the most clear intellect, and the most heroic courage.

These are the natural feelings of every historian, and were no doubt those of Schiller also, and from them sprung his drama, a picture of passion, enclosed within the frame of history. His characters are as historically faithful as Lessing wished to see them; his "episodes" not more fictitious than Lessing would have sanctioned. The historical background, the antipathy between England and Scotland, the descriptions of Protestantism and Catholicism, are drawn with astonishing skill, and the tenets of both faiths portrayed with noble justice and impartiality. Paulett, the stern man of duty, the faithful subject, and Shrewsbury, have imbibed the best spirit of Protestantism, and Melvil, also a faithful subject, the best spirit of Catholicism. It is a truly noble device to make Melvil absolve Queen Mary, and to make the Protestant Elizabeth's murderous proposal fail, owing to Paulett's conscientiousness. Schiller seeks steadfast faith and conscience in the middle ranks, and in the nobles passion, and a political creed. But I must dwell no longer on these slight outlines; from their twilight a whole world of historical truth dawned on the cradle of the Reformation, and on the lofty heights of Romish priestly power; all the incidents lie so thoroughly within our reach, that we can equally grasp Jesuitical fanaticism on the one hand, and hypocritical political wisdom on the other. Schiller was well aware of the historical character of his work. He wrote to Goethe that he had treated the subject historically, and included matter that would interest a thoughtful and intelligent reader, but quite superfluous for a stage performance. The character of Mortimer, the part of Leicester, and Shrewsbury's interposition (although Hume mentions his indulgence to Mary), are untrue in the usual sense of the word, that is, not consonant with the facts of history.

Schiller accepts the good faith of France in her interference; Rapin doubts it, — Hume alone states that Aubespine was desired to leave England after Mary's execution. The proposal of marriage, on the part of the King of France, is unhistorically placed in 1587. The meeting of the two Queens, also, never took place, Whether Elizabeth ever read Mary's letter, is a point left doubtful by historians. Schiller deduces from it a very striking result.

With regard to the treatment of the historical subject, Julian Schmidt has reproached the poet for having concentrated the interest on the Catholic Queen, thus totally eclipsing the national and Protestant element in Elizabeth. In an artistic composition, we consider that "impartiality unrighteous," which places the semblance above the reality.

I am quite willing to grant that Julian Schmidt is a good Protestant, with a degree of dogmatic and party spirit such as Schiller and Goethe never professed; but he is a very imperfect critic of Schiller's works. Our poet was, indeed, too devoted to truth, too great in his moral consciousness, to perceive the subtle and intricate distinction between "an unrighteous impartiality" and "a righteous partiality." His nature was thoroughly upright, and the peculiar mission of his life was, not to place the semblance above the reality, but to represent reality by semblance; and tragedy furnished him with the means of doing so. Inflexible integrity, the most sensitive feeling of duty, and scrupulous conscientiousness, characterise all his dramas, from the first to the last. I do not, therefore, envy any man that code of morality which inculcates that the poet should, in a tragedy, display a preference for one particular creed, at the cost of impartiality, and disregard that æsthetic organisation which demands that Schiller should represent Mary as his tragic heroine, in opposition to Elizabeth. That Queen Elizabeth re-established the Protestant religion showed her wisdom; that she ruled England

in entire accordance with the feelings of the nation showed her true grandeur; that she sacrificed Mary to the wish of Parliament may be politically justified; but the mode in which she did so was, according to the authorities with which Schiller was acquainted, that of a cowardly and consummate hypocrite.* Independent of the fact that the character of a hypocrite is always æsthetically hateful, and that such conduct could not either in her or in Burleigh, be deduced from mere Protestant fanaticism without an entire distortion of history, what an unthankful task to have been forced to describe this political necessity! In that case, the son of Mary, the heir to the throne, must have appeared, who, as a Protestant, portended better things for the future, this being one chief motive for the game subsequently played by Elizabeth with Davison, and many other characters must have crowded the canvass. Moreover, the poet could never have succeeded in effacing the odious impression that the conduct of Queen Elizabeth must leave on every unsophisticated mind. In short, Elizabeth is neither the principal figure in Schiller's tragedy, nor could she, in this particular action of her life, ever become so. It was the happiest tact in Schiller to portray Elizabeth with a degree of subtle humour, thus offering the contradiction between her unnatural position and her woman's nature, as a kind of excuse for the feeble weapons that she employed for the destruction of her rival. We endure from the woman what we could not have tolerated on the part of the Queen. The scene between Elizabeth and Mortimer will, in this point of view, appear indispensable to every impartial reader.

If Schiller had represented Mary as entirely innocent, he

* According to Rapin, the signed sentence was left by Elizabeth seven days in the hands of Davison, but on its being fulfilled the Queen showed great indignation, and threw Davison into the Tower. Her attempt on Mary's life is also mentioned by Rapin and Hume.

could have visibly brightened her personality, but he would have failed in displaying the dangers of Catholicism. His intention was to delineate a great criminal. If we do not believe in the crime, because it did not occur before our own eyes, then we must, of course, disbelieve the poet. The guilt of having at least sanctioned her husband's destruction, dwells on the conscience of Mary, and this is the principal point; and when we hear a reasonable being assure us, under such circumstances, of their guilt, we are bound to believe the fact, just as we place faith in Macbeth's avowal, though we are not actual witnesses of the deed. Our moral sense makes us feel that this woman has forfeited her crown and her life,—those who commit murder have no right to judge murderers;—this conviction almost stifles our individual sympathy for her person. This was what Schiller wished to effect,—to inspire the most pure æsthetical and judicial condemnation in the hearts of his readers. Mary submits with patience to Paulett's reproaches for her guilt, because she feels they are merited; but she is doomed to be punished for crimes, which according to Schiller's authorities, she never did commit, and to be tried by judges who have no legal right to pronounce sentence on her. A petty nature would have accepted this at once, as a deserved punishment; Mary, however, will not submit to such injustice. She declares that she prefers open violence to the mere semblance of justice. She will neither permit her free personal rights, nor those of her process, to be infringed. Such a magnanimous assertion of her good cause inspires us with respect, even for the criminal. The poet not only interests us in the cause of justice, but to a still higher degree, in the development of this affair, and the culprit makes us forcibly feel that this frail structure originally contained a lofty and noble nature. We learn, also, from the dialogue between Burleigh and Paulett, how just Mary's present cause is.

In such a position, according to moral judgment, Mary

ought to reject all attempts at a rescue, particularly as the suspicion of collusion with Norfolk and Babington rests upon her. As a murderess she has forfeited all right to life. But a powerful individuality is often, as in the case of Mary, connected with strong sensuousness. When emerging once more into free nature, in the park of Fotheringay, the feeling of life intoxicates her with new hopes; and when rejoicing and excited eagerly and in long draughts inhaling the fresh air of heaven, she at the same time imbibes renewed hatred and passion, at the very moment when, by a happy turn of fortune, her rights may probably be reestablished, she owns

> "There is no living thought within this heart
> Except the burning consciousness of wrong.—
> Fierce hatred fills my universal soul;—
> All that belongs to tenderness has fled;—
> And gathering round me with their snaky hair,
> I see the gloomy denizens of hell."

These words recall vividly to our minds her former crime. The burst of passion which follows is terrific, and equally so her triumph in having at last plunged the knife into the heart of her enemy. This scene is the result of that unbridled mood and reawakened hatred, which Mary, bowed down under the weight of such heavy accusations, ought to have rigidly guarded against in the presence of Elizabeth; a solemn lesson, in truth, to those who choose to profit by it; a lesson which the sensitive conscience of the poet often proclaims, that it is the unguarded heart which leads to the wildest excesses, and to eventual destruction. In the same scene, however, where we morally condemn Mary, the impulses of this impetuous nature, causing her to cast away life rather than submit to insult and degradation, appears to us as æsthetically grand as Romeo, when he avenges Mercutio in the life's blood of Tybalt. We cannot help glorying in this energetic personality, forgetting self-interest and worldly weal; and when Mary at last acknow-

ledges that though her death be legally unjust, yet it is morally just, she wins our deepest compassion, however consonant to our reason the fulfilment of moral justice may be.

It shows great sagacity in our poet to have avoided in this closing scene an incident mentioned by Hume, and which would certainly have misled an inferior genius. Mary is told that she must die for the benefit of the Protestant religion. "So be it," said she, "for then I die as a martyr to my Church!" Schiller rejected all such false heroism; he would not encircle his heroine with any delusive halo. Religion is her consolation in crime and in suffering; she clings to her Church like a true woman, firmly believing its faith to be the only saving one. Her confession, too, is as ample and humble as her nature will admit of but a martyr she is not.

Enough, however, of this drama. "I heartily wish," writes Schiller at the commencement of this play, "that supercilious critics and frivolous dilettanti could only know the cost of producing even a tolerable work." The finished ease of his composition certainly does not lead us to suspect this, but the biographer may allude to it in writing the history of his life.

Schiller was not a little delighted when in the first act he had vanquished the struggle of the poetical with the historical matter, when he had adjusted the whole process, with its forty-two judges, and fairly lifted the axe over the head of his heroine. The subject gained in tragic quality; the catastrophe, even in the early scenes, was seen looming in the distance, and though the action seemed for the moment estranged from the dreaded stroke, it was in reality only brought nearer. This irony in the course of tragic action, forms one of its peculiar attributes: by the apparent possibility of eluding punishment, the law of inevitable necessity is finally elevated in all its sublimity. Schiller in this manner acquired simplicity and elasticity of Form, but he could not escape a detail of the judicial proceedings. Burleigh, therefore, declares the substance of the

judges' historical verdict; Mary disputed the validity of the tribunal. Hatton, by declaring that her resistance to this tribunal only strengthened the presumption of her guilt, persuaded her into a hasty admission of its rights; a step that Charles the First strenuously resisted. But Mary was a woman, helpless and friendless; we learn all this in Schiller's animated dialogue. He might well declare himself satisfied with this exposition.

Schiller was again in his garden house; the entire solitude, Goethe being absent, facilitated the progress of the work, and by the 26th of August the second act was completed. In the beginning of September he was interrupted by his "Musen Almanach," and a journey to Rudolstadt.

He had now arrived at the scene where Mary and Elizabeth meet. He considered this himself morally impossible; and if such an interview ever had actually taken place, he thought that Elizabeth would not have voluntarily permitted any conversation; and if chance had brought about the meeting, the English Queen would scarcely have deigned to listen to any effusion on the part of the captive Mary. Yet how naturally has Schiller introduced this scene; with what a masterly hand has he depicted it! Goedeke is right in saying that this interview, with its convulsive passion, and its stormy and ungovernable triumph of revenge, should be carefully studied from the beginning. Indeed, the whole character of Mary must be deduced from this meeting.

Schiller's conception that Mary "feels and excites only the strongest passions, and that her impulsive physical nature must never be lost sight of," is here most clearly realised.

Our poet was constantly disturbed in the steady progress of his drama; but of this more hereafter. The four first acts were not finished till the end of March, 1800, when we find Schiller in Weimar, eagerly looking forward to the performance. He allotted the rather ungracious character of

Elizabeth to Madame Jagemann, and to prepossess her in its favour, he offered to read aloud the piece to her. This reading may fairly be considered as a first representation. Schiller invited a large society at five o'clock in the afternoon, conversing with them in the most agreeable manner during dinner, when success to the fifth act was drunk by all present, in some fine old Constantia, a present from a bookseller.

The reading then commenced: Schiller read standing, but occasionally kneeling on a chair. His style of declamation was not what may be termed either beautiful, or strictly classical. He read in rather a hollow voice, but with enthusiasm and fire, yet devoid of all mannerism or exaggeration; so that his reading sufficed to delight his audience. The society did not separate till towards morning. Madame Jagemann gladly accepted the part of Queen Elizabeth.

Schiller protested that a very peculiar mood was indispensable to the composition of the last act, playfully saying that he wished some Potentate would suspect him of dangerous designs, and shut him up for a few weeks in a fortress commanding a beautiful view, but in the enjoyment of a certain degree of liberty and comfort, in which case his works would come forth in one perfect and entire mould. Karl August conferred this privilege on him. About five miles from Weimar, in the profound solitude of woods and hills, lies Schloss Ettersburg, surrounded by fine old trees and turf. Schiller repaired thither alone in May, and while the parts in the first four acts were already distributed, he there completed the fifth. He then returned to Weimar to direct the rehearsals, and on the 14th of June "Mary Stuart" appeared on the stage. A large body of students made a pilgrimage from Jena, to be present at the performance. The effect, says Heinrich Schmidt, a student of that day, was truly remarkable. The scene where Mary receives the communion was very properly omitted after the first representation: Goethe wrote

to Schiller that he did not like the idea. The performance, though defective in some points, went off well. Madame Vohs was beautiful enough even for the part of Mary, if fine dark eyes, enthusiastic glances, and the attractions of a "charming little creature," as Schiller calls her, could have sufficed for the part, but in the scene with Elizabeth she was only a weak whimpering woman. Vohs was an energetic Mortimer, Karoline Jagemann rather constrained and formal in her hypocrisy; the young Malcolmi as Kennedy, and Graff as Shrewsbury, were admirable. On the 8th of June, 1801, "Mary Stuart" was given for the first time in Berlin. Madame Unzelmann played Mary in September of the same year, in Weimar, with great delicacy and intelligence; her declamation was noble and intellectual, but Schiller would have preferred her displaying more tragic impulse and passion. There can be no doubt that if Schiller could have seen Rachel, when she played the part in her best days in Paris, or Ristori, as she now plays it, he would have been more than satisfied. Humboldt justly says that we must see French tragedy on the spot, and assign the due effect to national manner, before we can understand this manner on the stage. Rachel could not be surpassed in comprehension, power, and passion. The hollow sounding sea of hatred, before the scene of altercation, bursting forth at last in terrific but majestic billows; the tone and expression gradually ascending to the verge of deadly revenge, till a dagger seemed about to glitter, and yet by a single commanding gesture the Queen in all her majesty reappearing, exulting in the deadly effect of her bitter words. Schiller's "Mary" had found some admirable representatives in Germany also, and this drama will retain its place without difficulty among popular pieces, endowed with classical finish. It has been translated into almost every language. Mad. de Staël analyzed it, and we can quite understand her declaring it to be the most affecting and systematic of all German plays. In

England, where Banks had already treated the subject, according to Carlyle and Bulwer's authority, the drama made no great impression, owing to the character of Elizabeth; but this must not mislead us, for we are not called upon to study the merits of the historical Queen Elizabeth on the stage. An English translation appeared in Tübingen in 1801, and recently one by Salvin, in London (Longman). We know of four French translations, and an Italian one, by Giorgio, 1829. Two editions were brought out by Cotta in 1801, and a third in 1802.

When the performance of "Mary Stuart" took place, Schiller had been for some months residing in Weimar. He had long felt that in Jena he lived in virtual solitude, and that theatrical representations were absolutely indispensable to him. Even so early as the spring of 1799, the Duke expressed a wish that Schiller should frequently come to Weimar, and remain there for a considerable period. How gladly would the poet have done this, had his pecuniary circumstances only admitted of it! Since 1798, he had indeed been *Professor ordinarius honorarius**, but without the increase of salary promised to him by the Duke five years previously. Other honours, though highly gratifying, were still mere honours. In the spring of 1797, he was agreeably surprised by receiving a large decorated parchment from Stockholm. When he saw the diploma and its imposing wax seal, he expected a pension at all events to come to light, but it proved to be only his nomination as a Member of the Academy of Science. In March, 1798, another diploma arrived, direct as it were, from the Kingdom of the Dead. The decree containing his French right of Citizenship had hitherto lain in Strasburg, as no one could devise who the Monsieur *Gille* could be, to whom it was

* From the year 1793 Schiller never again lectured. His announcements are invariably in the same style, "*Si non obstat valetudo*;" "*Si per valetudinem licuerit*," and similar expressions.

addressed. The letter was from Roland, the decree signed by Claviere and Danton. By Campe's interference it came at last into the right hands. In addition to these, Schiller since 1791 had been a Member of the Mayence Society of Useful Knowledge. His salary amounted only to 200 dollars (about 30*l.*), so that even along with what his mother-in-law contributed, his income did not exceed 1000 imperial florins (about 110*l.*). He wrote to his mother that by his industry in composition, he had made each year on an average, 1500 gulden (160*l.*). His dramatic works daily became more lucrative; indeed London booksellers offered him 60*l.* for each manuscript that he chose to send for translation, on condition that the English version should appear fourteen days before the original in Germany. Weimar, however, was by no means a cheap place to reside in, and he soon expected an addition to his family. Nevertheless, in the summer of 1799, his going to Weimar had become a settled plan. He wrote to Goethe on the 9th of August, that as he daily felt more strongly the necessity of attending theatrical performances, he had quite determined to pass the winter months in Weimar. The pecuniary means of realising this project next engaged his attention.

The difficulties that Goethe foresaw in finding a suitable dwelling for his friend, were obviated by Charlotte von Kalb, who was at the very time on the point of leaving Weimar. She kindly consented to leave part of her own furniture and effects in the rooms, and thus her friend would be enabled to take possession of the house with considerable comfort. Goethe now hurried on the affair with the utmost zeal, and took the trouble to provide a stock of firewood himself — an important article in a country where, in the June of 1799, fires were absolutely necessary.*

* Schiller received also some wood *in naturâ*. Eckermann is mistaken in saying that Schiller's salary amounted to 1000 dollars.

Schiller now turned with implicit confidence to his Duke. He explained the cause of this appeal, by detailing the circumstances with which we are already acquainted, and by the metaphysical atmosphere of Jena being less suitable to his present works, than to his former philosophical writings. He stated that by his assiduous efforts he hoped to obtain the approval of his Royal Master, to make more rapid progress in art itself, and also to contribute to the Duke's own gratification. He concludes thus: "As I can in the main rely on the fruits of my own industry, and my design is by no means to slacken in my labours, but rather to redouble my activity, I venture humbly to request your Royal Highness to be so gracious as to facilitate this project by granting me an increase of salary, which my removal to Weimar, and the increased expenses of a second establishment, render necessary." The Duke answered on the 11th of September, that he entirely approved of Schiller's intention, and that he would grant him an increase of 200 dollars (30*l.*) from Michaelmas day. "Your presence," the Duke wrote, "will be of infinite importance to our social relations, and perhaps your labours may be lightened, by your confiding in some of our theatrical amateurs, doing them the honour to communicate to them some of the works that you intend to produce. What is meant to work on society, can certainly be better accomplished when enjoying intercourse with others, than when entirely isolated." The Duke assures him of his high esteem and friendship, and signs himself, "his friend and well wisher." Duchess Luise also, who felt the deepest interest in Schiller's career and in his works, testified the most cordial delight at the prospect of his arrival.

Schiller was resolved to undertake the removal as soon as possible, either alone, or at once with his family. He only wished to wait till after his wife's approaching confinement, which took place on the 11th of October. Lotte had always

previously declared that she had no wish to have a daughter. She wrote to Fritz Stein, that women had everything against them, and that in the present state of the world, it was not easy for a woman to remain true to herself; adding, "I would rather cherish in my mind the lofty image of what a woman ought to be, and strive to realise it in myself, so far as I can, than see a creature so closely connected with myself, helplessly traversing the usual path." She had a daughter, and as if these words had been dictated by a presentiment, the little Karoline nearly cost the mother her life. A few days after the birth of her infant, she was attacked by a violent nervous fever, and soon Lotte became entirely unconscious. Her delirious fancies were agonising to Schiller, and as the fever every hour became more malignant, he dreaded the worst. This mental anxiety was also most trying to his own physical strength. The patient could not be left alone for a moment, and she could not bear any one to approach her, except Schiller and her mother. Had it not been for the sympathy and presence of mind the latter showed, Schiller would have been utterly exhausted. He scarcely ever quitted her bedside, and in seven days watched beside her during four nights of most harassing misery. Starke had recourse to every possible remedy, and at last to the strongest of all—opium and bella donna. On the 30th of October, he pronounced her out of danger, but poor Lotte had not yet strength to utter a syllable —a kind of dull obtuseness, indifference, and confusion of ideas evident in her, caused Schiller the most acute anguish. His mother-in-law, like himself, could at last no longer bear such a distressing spectacle, and after four weeks of incessant exertion and fatigue, they were both so worn out, that leaving the invalid for a few hours under the kind care of Frau Griesbach, their landlady, they drove together to Weimar. Goethe had shown the warmest sympathy in the sorrow of his friend. He declared that for a long time past, all that affected

Schiller, was to him like a grief of his own, and he went over to Jena in the hope of cheering him. But even on the 19th of November Schiller writes to him; "Lotte has passed a tolerable night, but during the day the poor dear creature has had many strange delusions, and been much depressed."

At length she began to make rapid progress towards entire recovery. On the 21st of November she was able once more to write a letter, her unsettled ideas began to regain their equilibrium, and there was every reason to hope that by the beginning of December, the removal to Weimar could be accomplished. Frau von Stein wished to receive her darling Lotte in her own house, and on the 3rd of December, Schiller and his family, accompanied by the best wishes of the Griesbachs, and many other kind friends, drove to Weimar. In spite of the confusion and fatigue of the last few days, Lotte slept remarkably well the first night of her arrival in Weimar, and Schiller could now contemplate the future with a lighter heart.

CHAP. II.

SCHILLER AND THE WEIMAR COURT THEATRE.

Eduard Devrient's Views of this Epoch one-sided and proceeding from a false Point of View. — Short History of the Court Theatre till Schiller's Engagement.—His Version of "Egmont" shamefully calumniated.—The Weimar Theatre merely a trial Stage for the two Poets. — Schiller's embarrassing Position with regard to the Duke and the Members of the Theatre. — Schiller a violent Antagonist of French Unity. — He contrasts the English Dramatic Style with that of the French. — His "Macbeth."—Praise of this Work.—His Curtailments of Voss' "Othello." — The Antique Element on the German Stage, the necessary Expression of a soaring political Spirit, and the Return to great and genuine Nature. — Schiller's Reception of the Antique Element rests upon national Motives. — Local and personal Considerations explain his Concessions to false Taste.— Necessary Reserve of both Poets towards Kotzebue. — His Intrigues. — The Schiller Festival in the Rathhaus, not hitherto properly detailed. — Result of the Poet's Efforts after Fame. — Schiller's further Efforts to produce a good Repertoire. — He strives to encourage Comedy, and to place national Pieces on the Stage. — Schiller guiltless of the Exaggerations of the Actors. — His Merits with regard to the German Stage not sufficiently prized.—His Dramas a Type of the sole Method of reconnecting Poetry and the Stage.

LEWES unhesitatingly declares to thousands of readers that Germany has never had a drama. On what does Lewes ground this assertion? On a criticism of the plays of Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, and Kleist, or on the adaptations of Shakspeare's plays, by which that great dramatist has become more familiar to our stage than to that of England? Not at all. Lewes appeals to the testimony of Eduard Devrient, and his description of the Weimar theatre.

Devrient says, that Schiller and Goethe's poetry must be ranked as literary and independent book dramas. "The

ancient feud as to different classes of composition had again broke forth—the learned drama in opposition to the popular one — and poetry once more resumed her supremacy over theatrical art." Thus judged histrionic art (which in Eduard Devrient displayed its most learned and historical aspect) of Schiller ; pronouncing his dramas to be scientific but not popular, alleging that "Don Carlos" and "Wallenstein" were not originally written for the stage. Does it therefore follow that "Cabal and Love," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell," are not pieces adapted to the stage? The acute Devrient indeed himself perceives that the unanimous voice of the public must contradict this verdict, and in another passage he says, that by means of Schiller's efforts, the exclusive and literary style of the Weimar school had become popular. But however lofty and elevated may be the eulogiums which this author bestows on our poet, yet he has little fundamental knowledge of Schiller and Goethe in theatrical matters; indeed, he actually draws a parallel between the influence of Kotzebue's muse, and that of Schiller's dramas on theatrical art!

Is it to be wondered at, then, that the English biographer, seeing that even German professional men of talent pronounced such a judgment on the acknowledged greatest dramatist of the German nation, should consider the German drama an entire failure, the last fragments of which could not be too quickly blotted from the face of the earth? I have the highest respect for Devrient's merits in his "History of German Theatres." The opinions I express are mere opinions, but derived from personal experience on the stage. Is it really possible in our day, without the initiative,—I do not say the supremacy of dramatic poetry, to exalt the drama to that position which Devrient properly demands for it the position of a State Institution? Is it not false idealism to believe that histrionic art can at the present time, once more give birth

to dramatic poetry? I believe that the only practical course in our own day and henceforward is, not to compare ourselves with other nations, (for the Germans are strange beings,) and neither to look to Shakspeare nor to Molière. The literary style is almost as popular among us as the popular style. We shall probably never attain to a purity of faith and culture, similar to that of the ancients. Let us cling to our greatest and best; and do not let us lose the essential, which is genuine and indestructible, by striving after the non-essential, which will find its own level in time; and if dramatic poetry, which has found some admirable representatives in our actors, again through the medium of the stage succeeds in enlisting the most exalted of the earth in her cause, then, in accordance with the present rule in Prussia (for example), one unanimous impulse would suffice to secure even here, to the good and to the noble, their reward and their free development. The histrionic art is probably, to the actor, the end; but to the poet, only the means to the end. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. We can boldly assert, that the particular portion of the public, chiefly acquainted with our poet by reading his works, is as numerous and quite as intellectual as that which only sees his works given on the stage. Our position is different from what it was in ancient days, and certainly not worse.

Aristotle is of opinion that a tragedy, when read, excites as much pity and fear, as when performed. The stage communicates to the drama the full sensuousness of life, but there it becomes a variable form, subject to chance, and no longer absolute. The drama is however unchangeable, and those classical plays which bear the impress of this necessity of form, create in the highest sense a national theatre. The development and cultivation of such pieces, by means of the stage, would form the substance of my history of dramatic art; and in such a history, Schiller would assuredly assume the highest place among the dramatists, and the Weimar Court Theatre, while under

Goethe's direction, a very high rank among theatres. I should of course distinctly separate Schiller's dramas from the Weimar stage, nor would I apply to that stage the scale of Athens, or of Paris, but carefully consider the social and local position of Weimar, and finally avoid placing the gossip which always pervades theatrical regions, above authenticated facts. In such a case, perhaps, the Weimar stage might appear less learned and exclusive, and Goethe not quite so great a theatrical despot.

Up to the year 1791, several companies had acted in Weimar, and last of all, that of Belomo. The contract with the latter had now expired. A national theatre in a city containing only 6000 inhabitants would have been an absurdity, and to judge the Weimar theatre in this light, would be something like shooting a lark with a cannon.

The Duke conferred on his subjects the pleasure of a theatre at a reasonable rate, and on Goethe a situation consonant to his wishes, by constituting him its Director.

Goethe divides the theatre into two distinct periods: the first he brings down to Iffland's appearance on the Weimar stage in 1796. Till then he allowed all things to proceed in their usual quiet course, only superintending the repertoire. Hof Kammerath Kirms was treasurer to the company, Vulpius secretary; those who had only weekly engagements could scarcely be expected to follow artistic principles, even had they possessed them. The performances, however, "of Don Carlos," "Clavigo," "King John," and the two Henrys, flashed like the bright rays of the morning sun, on a repertoire composed of Iffland and Kotzebue's pieces and operas, and by the selection of such plays, Goethe amply atoned for his "Burgher General," and his "Gross Kophta."

The second epoch dated from Iffland's advent, and this scion of the Mannheim school was quickly grafted on the old stock. Iffland inspired Goethe with considerable respect by

his artistic mastery over the various parts he played, and also by the sagacity he displayed in distinguishing one part from another; in fact, by his careful and subtle analysis of style. This element was strictly adhered to by Goethe; but we must remember what kind of actors he had to effect this. Schiller's connection with the stage commenced at the very time of Iffland's *début*.

It has been a widely diffused axiom to say, of whatever good Schiller accomplished at this period, "he owes that to Goethe;" and where Goethe was less successful, "Goethe and Schiller failed there." But it is most essential to distinguish between Schiller's designs and Goethe's, so far as theatrical efficacy is concerned.

Schiller began his practical theatrical career in 1796, by a version of "Egmont." The abstract that Goethe gives of it is both shallow and superficial. Diezmann has brought to light the stage manuscript. Lewes says, that "Schiller thought the close was too much in the opera style." He certainly rejected in his version the songs and all that approximated to an opera. Goethe acknowledged the advantage of Schiller's revision.

Goethe dates a third theatrical epoch from the performance of "The Camp." From this period the poets looked on the Weimar theatre, as a kind of probationary stage for the formation of a classical repertoire. Schiller had the most entire conviction of this. In 1797, he communicated a plan to the bookseller Unger, in the event of his passing the winter in Weimar, to furnish a repertoire, to be published in an annual Theatre Kalendar.

Schiller now arrived in Weimar, where his situation was far from being an easy one. He felt himself bound to be as useful as possible to the theatre, in return for his pension; but he bore no official character. Notwithstanding this, by his affability to all the actors, he soon gained their esteem and regard. He treated the actors like friends; invited them to his house,

and read over his pieces to them. In the course of six years, he only *once* pronounces a severe judgment; saying, that he was resolved to have no more to do with actors, for with them reason and politeness were equally ineffectual; and, in future, he intended to employ only one mood with them—the imperative —which he had not hitherto tried. What manager ever lived who has not said the same thing confidentially?

Schiller's greatest difficulty was his connection with the Duke. It is easier either to avoid entering into such a connection altogether, or finally to break it off, than to remain free when once fairly involved in it. Karl August was so gracious as to display a lively interest in the stage. In autumn, 1799, he proposed to our poet, as a subject for a drama, a complicated political intrigue—the history of Martinuzzi. Schiller declined the proposal; but wished to substitute his "Knight of Malta," which the Duke by no means approved of. Karl August showed a marked preference for French tragedy, and he wished to see his taste complied with. We must not lose sight of this. When Schiller came to Weimar, in the spring of this year, for the performance of "Wallenstein," he sent for some of Corneille's tragedies, having probably received a hint on the subject from the highest quarter; read them carefully, and then, in order to put an end to the idea, he expressed to Goethe, in the most vehement terms, his sense of the enormous defects of these celebrated works. How much more complaisant was Goethe! He made a version of "Mahomet," under the personal superintendence of his royal master, from which the Duke expected "an epoch in the improvement of German taste." Schiller admitted that if the trial were to be made, "Mahomet," from its subject, was the most fitting for the purpose. "But nevertheless," he added, "I would have considerable hesitation in undertaking a similar attempt with other French plays." The public could scarcely fail to be scared by this independent style!

When "Mahomet" was produced, on the Duchess' birth-

day,—an occasion when the taste of the Court had the best right to be consulted,—Schiller thought it expedient to excuse his friend's experiment, by his well-known poem. Goethe, for the next birthday, prepared "Tancred." When the same anniversary drew near in 1802, Schiller preferred having recourse to Gozzi's "Legends," and completed a version of "Turandot." When the Duke, shortly afterwards, by again doubling his salary, induced him to remain in Weimar, Schiller, on the 13th of January, 1805, selected "Phädra" as a birthday offering; but this cannot be attributed to any decline in his æsthetic principles. He attained his object; for Karl August was highly delighted with the translation, and sent the poet a whole page of annotations, commending him warmly for having brought within the comprehension of the Germans, a model of the most inimitable French poetry. Julian Schmidt, in his usual fashion, has only extracted those lines from Schiller's poem on the performance of "Mahomet" which serve to substantiate his own preconceived opinion, that Schiller is inclined to place Form above Substance,—a singular course in a poem which proceeds entirely in antithesis. Schiller expresses himself strongly against "rhetorical pomp of words," and is glad that "a faithful transcript of nature" should please. Nature, however, at that time, as represented by Vohs, was a degree too natural; and in allusion to this rough nature, this coarse reality, Schiller might well say: "Semblance can never attain the charm of Reality." Is it not, in fact, the same idea that Hamlet inculcates on the actors? Schiller was far from wishing to exclude nature from the arena; which indeed his stage directions, both in "Tell" and in the "Jungfrau" fully prove. He thought, however, for example, that the declamation of Madame Unzelmann assimilated too much to a conversational tone, and that there was too much of the real in her style of delivery,—a remark also made by Berlin critics; but he adds: "Where nature has bestowed so much grace and dignity as on

Madame Unzelmann, we may submit to this; but with more commonplace natures it would be utterly intolerable." He therefore relied on her better tact for improvement; but he justly insisted on an artistic style as a law absolutely essential, and on that respect for the tragic stage, in which the French of the present day stand pre-eminent among nations. All his dramas prove, that he borrowed almost nothing from the French for his dramatic construction.

He preferred the popular English style to that of the courtly French, to which Goethe submitted. His first work after his removal to Weimar, was a translation of "Macbeth." This, as my readers know, was a design he had long cherished, and while composing "Wallenstein," he animated himself by the study of "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar." After reading those English plays taken from history, he was struck with astonishment. According to his theory, "Richard the Third" appeared to him almost the grandest work of Shakspeare. Here was set forth the most affecting and sublime display of morality, through the medium of a great criminal. He wrote to his friend, "that a lofty Nemesis ruled the piece in all its forms, and that no play of Shakspeare's reminded him so much of Greek tragedy. By the translation of this series of eight pieces, a new epoch for the stage might be instituted." Goethe warmly encouraged him in the undertaking. Probably, however, Schiller thought it rather formidable to commence with a cycle of plays. Macbeth, the intellectual brother of Richard, had the merit of simplicity and compactness in the plot. Goedeke proved that Schiller had the assistance of Wagner's, and probably also of Eschenburg's translation; but after Frau von Stein sent him the original, he discovered that even with his imperfect knowledge of English, it would have been easier to have made his own translation at once. A most alarming attack of illness in February, 1800, delayed the work, but the piece was given on the 14th of May.

We must remember, that even such men as Friedrich Schlegel and Novalis, could scarcely comprehend Shakspeare, and Körner also objected to Lady Macbeth's phrase, "proper stuff;" and Schiller, in sending his "Macbeth" to his friend Körner on the 16th of July, writes to him, "It makes, indeed, but a sorry figure beside the English original, but this is not so much my fault as that of the language, and the many reservations imposed by theatrical rules." Should not words like these, silence all arbitrary criticisms? Devrient says, that this very translation displayed the one-sided nature and classical tendency of the Weimar school. If some casual expressions are to denote the antique, then it was Shakspeare who principally attracted Schiller's attention to the ancients, for how came Hecate and the pool of Acheron into "Macbeth"?

What discussions have we had on the subject of Schiller's and Shakspeare's witches! It has been said, that the witches in Shakspeare's "Macbeth" are only Macbeth's own evil thoughts,—in that case, are we to consider Titania, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as emanating solely from the pleasing thoughts of the weaver? The witches in "Macbeth" have their established kingdom, their Sovereign Hecate, who chided and governed them. Hence it was that Schiller derived his idea in the first scene, —

"Why, how now, Hecate, you look angrily!—"

Shakspeare's witches are tempting; hellish powers, and prophesy deceitful things. What are they in Schiller's version? Predestinating spirits, as Julian Schmidt declares. Where is such an idea to be found? They perform precisely the same offices as in Shakspeare. Schiller designates them as sisters of sorcery and sisters of fate, not because they determine destiny, but because they say, —

"Nor fate, nor fear, nor death shall him enthral;—
His hope shall soar triumphant o'er them all."

Indeed, Schiller went so far in his moral integrity, in order to depict the freewill of the hero as entirely independent of all predestination, that he makes the witches say,—

> "Within man's heart the evil seed is sown;—
> The evil deed belongs to man alone."

Körner justly remarks, that by these lines they acquire too much perspicuity in the first scene. Schiller replied that it was true, but "the mass of the public had so little penetration, that everything must be placed plainly before them, and a purpose clearly indicated." And this is the man who has been accused of adhering to hollow and exclusive Form! Are we also, then, to consider it a false idea of destiny, when Shakspeare makes Hecate prognosticate of Macbeth, "He shall spurn fate?"

Heinrich Voss, who is not distinguished by much accuracy, mentions, in 1804, that the witches in the performance, were young girls with graceful figures, and beautifully dressed. An incompetent witness like this, surely should not be believed in opposition to Schiller, who makes Banquo say,

> "What are these
> So withered and so wild in their attire,
> Each one at once with ulcer'd finger prest
> Upon her skinny lips?"

And in 1804, Goethe suggests that the witches should have frameworks of wire under their veils, and wreaths in imitation of the Sibyls. Where do we find the passage alluded to in any letter of Schiller's, "that Shakspeare's popular forms could not be brought forward on our stage in their original shapes?" Are the witches in Schiller's "Macbeth" falsified in the main idea? In the judgment of such purists, is it not an equal falsification to have omitted the coarse speeches of the inebriated porter? Our century is very different from that of

Shakspeare, and Schiller's sole offence was omitting the abstractedly impossible, in order to present the possible, — a very practical purpose in my opinion. If Schiller had allowed Macduff to say, on hearing of the murder of all his dear ones, "What? all my pretty chickens and their dam?" these words would probably have been received by a burst of laughter, though Schiller was as well aware as we are, that "sweet little angels" is not, in truth, so poetical an expression.

According to my experience, which has been formed on personal intercourse with a vast variety of men, Schiller's "Macbeth" chiefly contributed to the introduction of Shakspeare into Germany, and for this we ought to be deeply grateful to him. The piece was published by Cotta in 1800 and went through two editions the same year. It was given in Dresden in 1804, and in 1808 in Vienna.

"Macbeth," however, was the only attempt Schiller made to transfer the celebrated Briton's dramas to our boards, though he made some curtailments in Voss's translation of "Othello,"* shortly before his death, while in a state of the most distressing physical suffering.

A third element, besides that of the French and English, imperiously demanded a trial on the German stage. I allude to the antique. Here also the two poets pursued very different paths. The Italians had adopted the antique in painting with the greatest success, but the French, as Schiller says in his "Essay on the Chorus," totally misapprehended its nature. In England, mythological forms flourished luxuriantly both in poetry and in life, and Schiller and Goethe, with the acute insight peculiar to them, at once recognised in Shakspeare antique elements. The attention Hamlet displays to the narration of the rough Pyrrhus, appears like an ardent aspiration after the well-sustained sublimity of those highly pathetic and antique forms. Many pas-

* The MS. is in the possession of the Herr Senator Kuhlmann in Hanover. The corrections are admirable.—*Hoffmeister's Supplement*, pp. 3—204.

sages in "Richard the Second," and the well-known Lament of the three Princesses in "Richard the Third," are written in a stern and concise style. That these ancient models influenced the English drama is undoubted, and they exercised the same sway over music. In 1768, Glück declared that his great aim was to restore the opera to simplicity, truth, and nature. Where did he seek his forms? Chiefly among the ancients.

Lessing's "Philotas," his "Sketches," "Kodrus," "Spartacus," "Athamas," the "Brutus" of Brawe, &c., testify how well-disposed the national German spirit was, towards the heroic energy of the ancients. It is also rather remarkable, that Schiller composed his "Semele" previous to "The Robbers." He drew his chief nutriment from Plutarch; consequently from the antique political and heroic system. It was the *spirit* of the antique stretching out a hand of sympathy to the aspiring community of Germany. The poets comparatively disregarded rhythmus, hollow form, and abstract rule. Goethe indeed wrote his "Iphigenia" in prose. It was the nature and simplicity of such forms that chiefly attracted him, but Lessing and Schiller were equally captivated by the political power, the spirit of freedom, and the democratic tendencies of the ancients.

Schiller had only once delineated the tragic aspect of the German burgher in "Cabal and Love." This piece, like "Emilia Galotti," contained a heavy, but just accusation. He however actually abhorred the mass of pathetic burgher plays, with which Iffland, Bürger, and Kotzebue inundated the stage. It was most repulsive to a noble nature to see such commonplace trash, broad humour, tender imbecility, marauding heroes, and doleful ditties of hearts and darts, represented as being a faithful portrait of the German people. And the greater the skill with which these trite and ordinary characters were portrayed, the more pernicious was the effect produced. In Schiller's "Xenien," Iffland was at first severely satirised, but

eventually spared at Goethe's request, and nothing more proves Goethe's impolitic nature than his taking such pitiful compositions under his protection. Until we learn thoroughly to detest Iffland's pieces, and consider them and all connected with them as an actual disgrace to the German nation, we cannot hope to see the rise of any truly great and admirable production.

One of Schiller's merits is, that he has inspired us with this aversion. He is the first poet of more recent times, who has attempted to present the people on the stage as a moral whole; thus showing the people that they must respect themselves even in their semblance,—an enterprise of no small difficulty at a period when the spacious world of petty individualities steadfastly opposed every attempt of poetry to become more significant, forcible, and concise. We perceive this endeavour pervading all Schiller's works, even to the chorus of "The Bride of Messina." In "The Robbers" and in "Fiesko," a less rigid spirit prevails, but the performances showed the difficulty of describing artistically a disorganised community. Schiller owns that from having superintended placing "Egmont" on the scene, he had learned many things beneficial to "Wallenstein," but chiefly how it ought *not* to be done! The tailors and glovers in "Egmont," though a capital foreground, where neither sailors nor merchants appear, are no fair representatives of the people of the Netherlands. Schiller, in "Wallenstein's Camp," introduced the art of symbolising, by depicting his serjeants, trumpeters, and cuirassiers, not as mere individuals, but as regimental types, and in a letter to Meyer, Goethe calls "The Camp" a species of Greek chorus. Again in "Wallenstein's Death," the free lance corporal is an admirable specimen of the better spirit of the army. With regard to these typical forms, we feel that a great whole speaks to us from them. The dramatic picture thus acquires endless perspective, and the alternate working of political and historical

life on the masses of the troops and their leaders, wonderfully expands the heart.

A second element which strongly biassed the national German spirit in favour of the antique, was justice and conscientiousness. The lofty Nemesis in "Richard the Third" reminded Schiller of the antique. He was never tired of contemplating the Nemesis in "Œdipus;" but the source of all justice is conscientiousness. That national intellect which engendered a Kant, who had diffused his profound researches through the nation by thousands of noble and intellectual sentiments, could not have dispensed with its greatest moral attribute being displayed in its tragic mirror. With the ancients, however, the chorus by no means invariably represented conscience. In "Œdipus" and "Antigone" it is often exalted to the purest reflection, and as the symbol of contemplation and thought it was peculiarly valuable to Schiller. Körner recognised a kind of chorus in Shrewsbury and Paulett. The chorus in the "Knight of Malta" was destined to represent the better spirit of the Order; and in "The Bride of Messina," where the chorus speaks as a whole, it proclaims, in the most impressive tones, the everlasting laws of nature and morality.

Schiller, in his well-known treatise, particularly recommends on artistic grounds the restoration of the antique, and no doubt the glorious impulses of the former were quite as dear to him as the latter. For the antique was to be exalted beyond the artificial circumstances of the present, to a more genial period; from the ossified and decrepit reality of the day, it was to soar to the free, the ingenuous, and the ideal.

We must not forget that while Schiller was writing "The Bride of Messina" he was already deeply absorbed in the composition of "Tell;" they were two branches of the same stream. The antique and the ancient German legends captivated him from the same cause. Simplicity always tends to perspicuity, and to include the greatest amount of substance

in the most simple form, ought to be the endeavour of every genuine national tragic writer. The ancients comprehended this mystery. While comprising all mankind, the masses and their leaders, gods and heroes, in the symbol of the chorus, they attained the loftiest aims by the most simple means. The popularity of Shakspeare's moral plays, appears a mere dwarf when compared to the gigantic popularity of the tragic stage, where an assemblage of many thousand Athenians were seated in crowded array. Who knows what may be hidden in the future? If Schiller's attempt with the chorus were a failure, as I really believe it was, just as it was a success with the peasant chorus in "Tell," yet his failure did not proceed from exclusive limitation, but from a heart overflowing with great national impulses, and in this light it does our poet as much honour as any other acts of reform which we owe to him. It was his *sole* attempt to follow the antique.

He was always hostile to fruitless experiments with undramatic pieces, and only adopted them from local and personal reasons on Goethe's account, when the latter assumed the position of a partisan.

Let us endeavour to realise these views and this position. The nineteenth century has, as it were, twice visited the world. Those contemporaries who separated at the close of 1799, and those who did not celebrate the close of the century till December, 1800, may be said to have seen the end of two centuries. Our poets belonged to the former class. On the 31st of December, 1799, the two great men were absorbed in earnest conversation till midnight, and celebrated in peaceful tranquillity the sinking sun of a mighty period. The spirit of good shed its blessings and felicitations on a new era, and no doubt echoed the words that Goethe wrote to his friend on the ensuing morning, "May the beginning be like the end, and may the future resemble the past."

Such wishes were appropriate to the period, for in the course

of a few days, the arch enemy of all genuine poetry was within the same walls. Kotzebue was in Weimar. His presence there was of considerable importance to Goethe's coalition with the Schlegels, to his supposed despotism, his sensitive preference for the antique, and to the whole of the ensuing theatrical epoch.

Never has any author so atoned for the applause of his contemporaries, by the contempt with which posterity punishes frivolous compositions, as August von Kotzebue. Born in Weimar, fondled by a vain mother into entire faith in his own genius, educated under the trivial influences of his preceptor Musäus, introduced into the noble society of the Weimar of that day, he underwent the dangerous training of amateur theatricals, and misled by an inconceivable facility of production, he accustomed himself to the most worthless views of art. Strange chain of circumstances! In Goethe's "Geschwister" Kotzebue played the postilion, his sister "Marianne," and Goethe "Wilhelm."

I pass over his career on the stage and in the Russian service. While a Schiller was working himself to death, a Kotzebue was summoned to Berlin as theatre poet. After having laboured there for two years with the most pernicious effect, he appeared in Weimar towards the end of 1799 adorned with titles and orders. This celebrated spoiled child of Berlin met with a most brilliant reception. He recited his "Gustavus Vasa" to the Duchess Dowager. Frau Herder, quite enchanted, wrote to Knebel, "He read us an historical piece admirably combined; a clear outline of the subject." Wieland contributed his praise. Kotzebue was considered the German Shakspeare, and honoured and lauded in the highest circles, as well as by daily journalism; thus he thought he had a good right to volunteer his companionship to our two poets. They maintained the reserve of noble natures, although Schiller, who had received some civilities from Kotzebue in Vienna,

was not deficient in the forms of politeness. Kotzebue seems to have bitterly felt Goethe's contempt; for his piece, "The Visit" contained some severe satirical allusions to Goethe's Journal of Art, "Die Propyläen." Even so early as May, 1800, Schiller expressed a hope that Goethe "would make this trifling creature conscious of his insignificance." In the meantime Kotzebue had gone to Petersburg, but previously combined a party in Weimar, in order to revenge himself on Goethe for all the slights he had received from him. One of the chief supporters of this clique was Böttiger, Director of the Academy, a disingenuous nature quite akin to that of Kotzebue, and a tremendous talker (says Schiller), cowardly and perfidious, servile and indiscreet, the type of a pedant, and with the countenance of a sensual parasite.*

Between him and Falk, a *protégé* of Wieland's, the interesting theme was discussed, whether the friendship of Goethe and Schiller could possibly last. Kotzebue's most zealous partisans were Merkel and Lette. The former one of those journalistic highwaymen, who constantly plunder others and plagiarise from themselves, repeating their articles in different garbs.

Much has been said of Goethe's despotism, and it has even been alleged that our poets despised the public. What public? The Court, and the worthy citizens of Weimar? Scarcely. The public of critics and connoisseurs seated in the pit, Merkel's clique, all hangers-on of Kotzebue, were certainly a thorn in the side of the friends. Freedom of the press is a very fine thing, when placed in a garden of freedom. In that small town, where each individual actor had his critic, and no lack

* Among other unhandsome transactions, Böttiger had contrived to procure a duplicate of "Wallenstein's Camp" from the library of the theatre, and sent it off to Copenhagen, without the knowledge or consent of the poet. Gries blames him for his total want of truth with regard to Schiller, and his underhand dealings in Goethe's affairs.

of censors for the manager also, where the citizens of the suburbs gladly joined their fellow-citizens of the town, one scribbler could succeed in demolishing all that two honest and energetic men had constructed. Besides this, we must not forget the petty great—Knebel, Herder, Wieland, who sometimes pronounced the pieces to be too moral, sometimes too immoral, too long or too short, who in fact were pleased with nothing. The correspondence of the friends shows us this, even if Schröder, who was present at the first performance of "Mary Stuart" in Weimar, had not told us enough on the subject. Goethe was delighted with the public at the Leipzig fair, because it was at all events impartial. Lewes describes the Jena students who came to Weimar as a mob. Was it not, then, necessary that Goethe should hold in check by his eye and by his orders, this swarm of enthusiasts; those excited youths, crowded into a small space in the close vicinity of elegant ladies of the Court, in a theatre where the nobles were seated on the right hand, and the burghers on the left? We ought not, therefore, to designate as a leading principle in Goethe, what in reality had its source in local circumstances. Goethe, in 1802, wrote, "We cannot show greater respect for the public than by not treating it as a mob." This insinuates the fact that when a mob presumes to disturb the public, he who has power and courage treats it as such. Children ought not to come to a theatre. The whole of the Kotzebue clique were peculiarly offensive to Goethe, from his inability to ascertain how far the meshes of this web extended. Herder "cherished and commended" Kotzebue's trashy works to such a degree, that some years afterwards Herder himself expressed the utmost contrition for his folly. Even in the most influential quarter a secret inimical influence seemed to be at work. This came to light on the following occasion. The close of the century was at last officially proclaimed in the winter of 1801. Schiller eagerly seized the opportunity of instituting a *fête* for

the people, and prevailed on Leo von Seckendorf, Goethe, and his friends in Jena to unite in a great secular festival. The festivities were to commence with the new year, and to continue during fourteen days. No poetry was to be written for the occasion, and all the amusements and preparations were to be within the city. Schiller, without asking any assent from the Duke, wrote to Berlin that Iffland or the Flecks were to appear in Weimar as theatrical stars. Whether this offended Madame Jagemann, who was now the Duke's declared favourite, or whatever the real cause may have been, the Duke prohibited the festival. "The meaning of all this," writes Schiller to Goethe, "you know. Let us, in Heaven's name, bury ourselves in our poetry, and seek to produce from within, for our productions from without succeed badly enough!" This incident proved the truth of the words addressed by Schiller in a poem to Dalberg on the commencement of the century :—

> "There is no Freedom save in poets' dreams;
> In song alone we see the Beautiful."

That the Duke was now prejudiced against Schiller was soon evident. When "The Maid of Orleans" was finished in April, and soon to be given on the stage, the Duke wrote to Frau von Wolzogen, that he had heard with dismay of Schiller's having actually written a piece for the stage on the "Pucelle d'Orléans." "How often and how earnestly," he says in conclusion, "have I entreated Schiller, before undertaking pieces for the theatre, to impart to me or to some one who has a thorough knowledge of the stage, the subjects that he proposes to treat. I would gladly have discussed such matters with him, and it would have been beneficial to him, but all my entreaties have been vain. I must now really insist on seeing this new Pucelle before the public are called on to admire this virgin in her coat of mail."

On this occasion Schiller's splendid poetry, triumphantly dispersed the clouds which had obscured Karl August's vision. The Duke was entirely vanquished by the tenderness and sublimity of the drama, yet it was his opinion that it would be better not to produce it on the stage. Schiller felt that it was wise to agree in this æsthetic judgment of his Duke, and with infinite worldly shrewdness, himself objected to its performance. If the poem itself had so much delighted the Duke, Schiller yielding so gracefully to his wishes touched and affected his feelings to a degree, that fully proves the great amiability of his character, but which also discloses his dependence on an influence of another kind.

In the autumn of 1801 Kotzebue returned to Weimar. It was well known, that having been undeservedly suspected by the Emperor Paul he had been exiled to Siberia, and after his innocence was discovered restored to wonderful favour, and loaded with benefits.

In this same autumn, Schiller and Goethe established a small society of twelve persons, who assembled on Wednesdays, once every fortnight, in Goethe's house. Einsiedel, Wolzogen, Meyer, Amalie von Imhof, Fräulein von Wolfskehl, Grüfin Egloffstein, Goethe, Schiller and his wife, regularly participated in these meetings. The royal children, the heir-apparent, and the charming Princess Karoline, were also invited. There was a supper, singing, toasts, and a *cour d'amour* instituted. Each knight vowed courtesy and fidelity to his lady. The poets contributed social songs, Schiller, among others, the "Four Ages of the World," "Punsch Lieder," &c.

Kotzebue, who had been so well received at Court, and also in general society, cherished the ambitious desire to form one of this circle. One of the Duchess Dowager's ladies of honour strove by every means in her power to gain the votes of some of the female members, which seemed feasible from the circumstance of Kotzebue's wife possessing all the qualities in

which he was deficient. But Goethe at once put an end to the negotiation by forthwith establishing a fresh rule in the statutes of the society, that "No one, either a native or a stranger, should have the power to introduce any friend into this exclusive circle, at all events, not without the previous unanimous consent of all the members." Goethe imparted a still more distinct interpretation to this manœuvre, by comparing Weimar to Japan, where a spiritual court is held by the Dalai Lama, as well as a secular one; remarking that Kotzebue was indifferent to having been received by the secular court of Japan, so long as he could not contrive to obtain admittance into the spiritual one also. In vain did various ladies renew their entreaties; Goethe indignantly replied that "laws once acknowledged as valid must be faithfully adhered to. If not it would be better to break up the society altogether, as no doubt a long-continued course of fidelity was very dull work, and very harassing to ladies."

Kotzebue now meditated a striking revenge, and owing to certain circumstances; it so happened that he found tools for his malicious projects in the ladies of Goethe's circle. The year 1802 commenced under the influence of these heavy thunderclouds.

It is now high time to return to our court theatre. Towards the end of the year 1800, Goethe caused his "Faust" to descend into the Greek world, a forerunner of the artistic movement in the Weimar theatre, in favour of the antique. Glück's "Iphigenia of Tauris" visited the stage in stately majesty, at the beginning of the new century. Schiller was obliged to replace his friend at the rehearsals, for Goethe was lingering in Jena; and our poet, we may mention in passing, confessed that this heavenly music, this world of harmony, moved him to tears, even amid the idle talk of the performers. Mozart's "Titus" followed, and in October, 1801, "The Brothers" of Terence was given, translated by Einsiedel for

the stage. Goethe tried the effect of Roman masks in this piece, but to speak fairly, we must admit that this style was less consonant to the antique, than playing Antigone without a mask. The result was favourable, and in 1802 Goethe produced the "Ion" of A. W. Schlegel on this stage.

The two parties now came into collision on this point. The Schlegels were bitter foes of Böttiger and Kotzebue. Schlegel, however, published a pamphlet containing commendation and triumphant praise of the president of the theatre, and Böttiger reviled the brothers violently for this, in his "Athenæum." Goethe had frequently abused and reproached the Schlegels himself, but at this moment, as Schiller said, it was his mania to protect them. They were still confederates against Kotzebue, and Goethe had every reason to hope that, by means of the stage, they might be cured of their aberrations both in form and fancy. The part of Creusa was effective on the stage, and though the naïve and national motive were wanting, and the original chorus in Euripides left out, besides the whole piece being considerably diluted*, yet we must acknowledge with Schiller, who rejected Schlegel's piece, that it contains much that is admirable and beautifully expressed. A mother who, deceived by Apollo, exposes her infant in the vicinity of the Oracle, and does not find her child again for many years, was certainly not calculated to please German feelings. But Schlegel was an esteemed name, more particularly as an adversary of that party which Goethe deemed most pernicious.

Böttiger usually accepted Kotzebue's productions without any examination, but on this occasion he resolved to display his critical judgment. It was suddenly discovered that the drama of "Euripides" was a bright meteor, but Böttiger

* See the admirable treatise of G. F. Schömann on the "Ion" of Euripides, &c., *Rötscher's "Jahrbücher,"* 1848—49.

sent an article to the "Journal of Fashion," containing such violent attacks on Goethe's direction of the theatre, that Goethe effectually prevented its publication by the most stern and decided rejection of the article.* He carried his point as to the performance of the play, and persisted in thinking it admirable. Indeed, he even accepted the "Alarcos" of Friedrich Schlegel, which was a hazardous stroke, for this drama breathed all the imbecility of a Spanish tale of love and murder, in a variety of antique and modern versification. But Goethe was now bent on carrying out his own will, in opposition to the "contemptible clique." Kotzebue, indeed, was at this very time striving by the most unworthy means, to destroy the friendship of the two great men.

Kotzebue next instituted a Monday's club. He displayed the most exaggerated admiration of Schiller's genius, and imagined that he could not mortify Goethe more severely than by doing public homage to his brother poet. Schiller, on one occasion, had assured the fair Gräfin Egloffstein that her form had hovered before his eyes in writing his "Maid of Orleans," and that he should like to see her in this costume. She was anxious to grant him this satisfaction, and this was a pretext eagerly seized by Kotzebue for his purpose. It was arranged that, on the 5th of March, 1802, scenes should be given from the "Maid of Orleans," "Don Carlos," and "Mary Stuart;" Sophie Mereau, from Jena, was to recite "The Bell;" Kotzebue to act a pastoral part as "Father Thibaut," and then, in the character of a master bell-founder, to cut asunder the pasteboard covering of "the Bell," disclosing Schiller's bust, when Schiller himself was to be crowned by fair hands; an effect in the true Kotzebue style! The town hall was intended to be the scene of these heroic

* We cannot believe that the article rejected by Goethe, was the same now published in the Literary Journal.

deeds, and Schiller's bust borrowed from the library. All Weimar was in a state of excitement: Wieland, prompted more by affection for Kotzebue than by admiration for Schiller, had promised that Princess Karoline should be present.* Probably Schiller himself used every exertion to put a stop to these intended honours. When the arrangers of the fête begged the librarian to send the bust of the poet, Meyer hesitated "to expose so valuable a work of art to the risk of damage;" moreover, there was another point to be considered dictated by good taste, whether Schiller "would in reality be as much flattered as they seemed to expect," by this pasteboard representation of his "Bell." This was the first impediment; the second arose from the chief burgomaster, notwithstanding the consent he had previously given, suddenly refusing the use of the town hall; assigning among other reasons, as the chief one, that the new inlaid floor might be injured. Persuasions were fruitless, and equally so all assurances of compensation for any damage. Schiller informed of this contretemps by his lady friends, displayed under these difficult circumstances as much tact as courtesy. On the 5th of March he wrote to Gräfin Henriette von Egloffstein, "I trust that the evil spirits who have interrupted the proposed *fête* of this day, are hostile only to the day itself, and not to the project, and that the pleasure I had anticipated from the representation is merely delayed." In conclusion he expressed his gratitude in the most courteous terms for their kind intentions, but he wrote to Goethe, saying: "The 5th of March has passed over more happily for me, than the 15th did for Cæsar." Chance did wonders on this occasion. On the 6th of March the burgomaster, on account of his great merits, was

* Correspondence with Schiller, vol. ii. pp. 367—370. Schiller's journey to Leipzig, in August 1801, had nothing to do with the festival. I know from good authority that it was not Gräfin Einsiedel, but Gräfin Egloffstein who was the original of Schiller's "Jungfrau."

promoted by the Duke to the title of Rath, and a few days later was to be seen on the play bills the announcement of the farce, "Kötzebue's ill-humour." *

"The society," says Schiller on the 10th of March, "appears quite enervated and exhausted after the convulsions from which it has suffered." But the clique could not rest. They now endeavoured to bring forward a rival to Schiller, and in Collins' "Regulus" to offer their tribute to the antique. "We have soul and spirit," wrote Knebel in his enthusiasm for "Regulus" to Böttiger. The Duke was again applied to, and he desired Schiller to give his opinion of the drama. Schiller in a note declared that "he could only consider regularity meritorious, when combined with poetical talent."

I need throw no further light on those evil spirits who at this time agitated the small capital. They did not, however, presume to abuse Goethe's "Iphigenia," which Schiller brought forward; but though our poet, as a practical dramatist, found even this enterprise hazardous, he felt a degree of despair when he saw that Goethe was positively determined to give "Alarcos." Schiller wrote that he dreaded a total defeat; "and I should indeed grieve if the *miserable party* in question should obtain such a triumph over us." Goethe carried his hatred of this entire "coterie" to such an extent, that he cared little about the success of this piece with the public, provided he had the satisfaction of hearing this smooth versification declaimed; and so magnanimous did he consider Schiller's heart, that he even suspected him of wishing to have F. Schlegel's piece acted. Schiller saw that he must now stand steadily by his friend. The only thing he could do, was to ensure the drama appearing on the stage with a certain degree of dignity. But his apprehensions were justified by the result. A strong opposition was organised for the purpose of

* Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, vol. ii., p. 368.

ridiculing the play, and Goethe burst out with a thundering "Let no one dare to laugh!"

Others may join in the derision excited by this outbreak of passion, but to my own feelings this vehemence, roused by a long series of petty insults, has something very touching. Simple facts appear in a very different aspect, when taken in connection with other facts.

The Romantic School thus made shipwreck in the Weimar theatre. Schiller's "Bride of Messina," given in 1803, met with the most enthusiastic reception. Schiller viewed Goethe's "Natural Daughter" with the eyes of a friend. Soon after, however, on seeing it performed at Lauchstedt, he acknowledged the fatiguing length of the piece.

An endeavour was made to supply the want of good comedies by offering a prize in the "Propyläen Journal." About a dozen were given in, but not one was deemed worthy to receive the prize. Schiller himself for some time meditated the plot of a comedy, and Körner urged him strongly to execute his design. Schiller believed that in the class dependent on intrigue, he might accomplish something good. In several of his pieces flashes of comic humour are perceptible, and he took great delight in the more superficial play of fancy in some poets, for example, Ariosto; still he felt that his whole being was too earnest and serious in its nature for comedy. The profound alone could long fetter his interest.

Carlo Gozzi's charming legends tempted him to translate them. In them, as in some of Shakspeare's plays, the Horrible was very lightly treated. In Gozzi, by the adoption of a comic mask, folly is at once proclaimed to be folly. This incident, proving clearly what a contracted sphere poetry enjoys when shackled by popular theatrical art, and entirely preventing the possibility of Gozzi's pieces ever becoming genuine works of art, made it very difficult to transplant them to our stage. Schiller probably failed in his object because he strove

to explain and to connect those ideas, which, precisely owing to their ludicrous want of all connection, produced so grotesque an effect. He bestowed one solid feature on Turandot, by causing him to say: —

> "Through universal Asia I behold
> Poor hapless woman, a degraded slave:
> I have avenged my injured sisters well
> On these same tyrant men."

It is still an open question, how far it is legitimate to employ the fantastic and the horrible in comedy. It is evident that we cannot succeed in producing a *poetical* comedy from the every day forms of society; thus Schiller's attempt deserves our highest acknowledgment. To this we owe "Donna Diana," to the infinite gain of our stage. By the interest which he so well knew how to excite for his charming plot, he contrived in a most singular manner, to elevate the central point of the piece into the sphere of an intellectual enigma, to which our national bias is so prone. Schiller was satisfied with the theatrical success of the piece in Weimar. It cost him some trouble to transfer the scene from China to Shiraz for the Dresden stage, as Chinese costumes were not forthcoming. We must not forget such paltry vexations as these, in judging of the toils imposed on Schiller by the German stage. That Schiller, however, promoted a practical and realistic aim when possible, is proved by the comedy of "The Parasite," which he adapted in 1803 from the French of Picard. Selicour was one of Seydelmann's best parts. "The Nephew as his Uncle," also from Picard, was performed with much success, though Schiller thought that the actors "slurred over their parts." He seems to have had no satisfaction in his attempts to restore antique comedy.

Schiller's attention was eagerly directed to a *repertoire* of good national plays. His own youthful works were often de-

manded by the public, but he would not undertake to remodel them, with the exception of "Don Carlos." In 1803, he looked over Kotzebue's "Hermanns Schlacht," but found this production "cold, absurd, and heartless." Lessing's "Emilia," and "Minna von Barnhelm," were again studied, "Nathan" revised, and acted on the 28th of November, 1801. Schiller did not venture to undertake the pruning of "Götz," but he faithfully aided the author by his bold counsels, and was of the greatest use from the first rehearsal to the day of performance. He also placed "Stella" on the stage.

Few can realise what it actually means to produce a drama conscientiously on the stage, by private study, and by private as well as public rehearsals. When we learn that the invalid Schiller, undertook this harassing toil, day after day on the cold boards, both with Goethe's plays and many others; when we consider the nature of the party clique, against whom he supported Goethe, and also how little there is either cheering or inspiriting in a small public, I think it cannot at all events be denied, that he honestly gained his pension of 400 dollars (60*l.*); and along with such labours, he bestowed not only on the Weimar stage and on that of all Germany, but on the stage of all nations, five more original dramas, which, with the exception of one alone, are thoroughly popular.

To make these dramas responsible for the exaggerations of actors, would be to accuse Shakspeare of the odious follies too often presented on the English stage. If Schiller had approved of the performances on the Weimar stage, or if he had been guilty of any complicity in the affectation and mannerism of which Devrient accuses the Weimar school, he might justly have been censured; but he considered the acting very indifferent, and called it "commonplace fare." Mademoiselle Wolff alone gained his approbation, and one actress like this, who was capable by her real talent of seconding the designs of the poet, speaks more in his favour, than all the

anecdotes and rules for actors established by Goethe, applicable only to a limited space, and directed against the most stolid naturalism, can do against him. Schiller was well aware that Fleck and Schröder acted comedy infinitely better than Vohs and Haide. His ideal was a theatre in a large populous city, and a house exclusively devoted to the drama.

Never, perhaps, was progress to a purer style more gradual or more sound, than that of Schiller. After giving three pieces of a nature vividly to kindle the genius of the actors, he passed into iambics, yet he transferred his verse once more into prose for the stage. The actors had ten long years to accustom themselves, according to Schröder's example in "Don Carlos," to the rhythmical form, but this time was allowed to pass away without profit. All the world recited Bürger's and Schiller's ballads; why suppose that actors alone had no ear for iambics? In "Wallenstein's Camp" Schiller adopted a form already prevalent in many poems and fables. What wonder that even actors could speak this doggerel with facility? After long intervals iambic pieces followed, and in "Mary Stuart," a lyrical passage — were these demands in reality too severe? Were not the poets, especially Goethe, thoroughly satisfied by the recitation of Unzelmann? Was it then Goethe's principle of art, or necessity, which forced him to impose rhythmical exercises on beginners, or on actresses distasteful to him? And is there any credible testimony that Schiller ever considered slavish training indispensable? Erudite histrionic art has acknowledged Schiller's merits, but the admission is accompanied by a piece of bad taste. "It was especially Schiller's devoted zeal, which called forth the extraordinary energy, and the astonishing results which ensued within six years, from the new movement; results which deserve recognition as *work done*, more particularly as in addition, all the requirements of the taste hitherto prevalent, were satisfied. Pieces of Iffland's, Zschokke, &c., as well as

operas, and favourite farces of the day, all found their place." "*Work done!*" an expression savouring strangely of a day labourer!

In fact it was only such a heroic spirit as that of Schiller, which would not have been driven to desperation by such a miserable repertoire, and the pressure of so many adverse circumstances; but his courage never for one moment deserted him. So little exclusive was he in his ideas, that after the completion of the "Maid of Orleans," he actually, such was his love for the stage, meditated turning the piece once more into prose. His theatrical energy was not a mere resumption of the exclusive and learned drama, but the removal of an antithesis; a reconciliation between poetry and the stage; between the demands of the Ideal and of the Real. Schiller's dramas, like few besides, and long after their creator was no more, have never failed to elevate the stage, at least for the evening on which they were given, to the hallowed sphere of genius. Both more national and more poetical than those of Lessing, they have exalted histrionic art from the commonplace, to the grand and free style of history. Different aims require different means, just as other times will bring other dramatists. But his successors will as little retrograde to the time previous to Schiller, as attempt to imitate him. To restore poetry and the stage in his sense, is the mission of the present.

CHAP. III.

"THE MAID OF ORLEANS."

Schiller's supposed written Confessions about the "Maid of Orleans" not genuine. — History of the Drama taken from Schiller's Letters. — The Drama a Transcript of the vital Progress of the Poet, and of the German People. — "The Knight of Malta" a Pendant to the "Maid of Orleans." — Historical Basis of the Drama. — The Treatment and the Heroine. — The Representations, Treatises, and Translations of the Play. — Schiller, in a Performance at Leipzig, sees the Effect produced by his artistic Powers on popular Feeling.

Böttiger, in the "Minerva" of 1812, published some pretended written confessions of Schiller on the subject of the "Maid of Orleans." The letter, No. 350 in Doering's collection, which almost entirely corresponds with these confessions, Hoffmeister asserts, though without proof, to be a counterfeit. My opinion is that, as we have every reason to disbelieve Böttiger, these confessions are false in both shapes. We judge in this way: — Schiller writes to Böttiger of plans that he had meditated with regard to the "Maid of Orleans," and adds — "that if time, and the short duration and pressure of life" admit of it, he intends to complete two other plots besides. Such a revolting idea could only have been suggested by a Böttiger! I ask my readers if a poet who, as soon as he thoroughly comprehended his task, unhesitatingly adopted one particular form as the sole satisfactory one, could for one moment entertain the idea of introducing the same heroine in three different pieces; first, to be burned as a witch at Rouen; secondly, to die as a saint under the standard of her country; and, thirdly, to be allowed perhaps to survive?

The remaining portion of these confessions is couched in the same style of worthless gossip and vapid folly. For example, it never could have entered Schiller's mind to represent in the "Black Knight" the ghost of the recently killed Talbot.

Let us adhere to the correspondence of the poet with Körner and Goethe, and, above all, to the drama itself, so simple, clear, and intelligible, if we wish to form a correct judgment. Shortly after the performance of "Mary Stuart," on the 16th of June, 1800, Schiller is occupied with a new work. He writes to Körner on the 28th of July that the "Maid of Orleans" will soon be completed, and that he hopes to see it performed within fourteen days. He asks Körner to send him some works on witchcraft for his dramatic conception. He had carefully studied his subject, and his whole heart was absorbed in the eager desire to execute the work in a style corresponding with his lofty ideal. Being obliged, when in Weimar, to live in a noisy street, he took refuge in August at Ober-Weimar; but the continued heat, and other discomforts, drove him home in a few weeks. We may here mention that in September he read with deep interest Woltmann's work on the Reformation. The connection between the theological revolution, and the more recent philosophical one, particularly attracted his attention; in the former the revolt against Church-patronage, in the latter against dogmatism and empiricism. Schiller now visited Goethe in Jena, who read to him his monologue of "Helena," inspiring his friend with the desire to employ the trimeter also in his "Maid of Orleans." Once more returned to Weimar, to the delight of Goethe, he composed an article for the "Propyläen Journal," criticising a work sent to him, as the solution of a prize theme on the art of engraving.

On the 26th of September he requested Goethe to send him Herrmann's "Metrics," that he might study the nature of trimeters. But he could as little comprehend the book as

Goethe, and the scene between Montgomery and Johanna was finished on the 19th of November, without the assistance of Herrmann. Shortly afterwards the preparations for the Secular Festival, to which we have already alluded, claimed a considerable portion of his time; and still deeper anxiety absorbed his whole heart when, at the beginning of 1801, Goethe was seized with smallpox, and became alarmingly ill. He soon, however, could rejoice in the entire recovery of his friend, and in February read three acts to him of the "Maid of Orleans." A new and improved edition of "Don Carlos" and of the "Revolt of the Netherlands," a last revisal of "Macbeth" and of the "Maid of Orleans," prevented the entire completion of the drama. He hoped to make quicker progress in his garden house at Jena, and after a stay there of some weeks, which at least enabled him to redeem his pledge, we find him again, on the 1st of April, in Weimar. On the 7th of April he sent the first four acts to the bookseller Unger, in Berlin, to whom he had already sold the tragedy for 100 Karolins, for his "Pocket Almanach." By the 20th of April Goethe had read it, and his verdict is to this effect:—"It is so admirable, so excellent, and so interesting that I can compare nothing with it"—certainly the most just although the shortest judgment, ever given of this tragedy.

Though a certain degree of preference for the absolute form, in tragedy, influenced Schiller both in "Mary Stuart" and in the "Bride of Messina," he nevertheless always fulfilled the fundamental principle, that tragic conception must be extended with every new work, and that each subject requires its own separate mode of treatment. Of course the national struggle which produced his heroine, necessitated a greater circumference of action, and a more daring change of time and place. History exacted a recital of its most marked events, and along with all these considerations, unity of action must be preserved, and the principal character not only made more

prominent than all others, but clearly delineated both in her inner life and tragic fate.

It has been asserted that the perusal of "Calderon," and the tendencies of the romantic school, exercised a pernicious influence over "The Maid of Orleans." Schiller at the commencement of his work, wrote to Körner on the subject of Spanish poetry: "It is the product of another sky, and of another world. I do not expect to derive much profit from it for our German poetry, for we prefer philosophical depth and truth to mere play of the imagination." We have no authentic information as to the authorities which Schiller made use of. Probably Shakspeare's "Henry the Sixth" excited his fancy. He was well acquainted with Voltaire's "Pucelle," and rejoiced in the noble vindication of Johanna, which his own work accomplished, in opposition to the attack of Voltaire. Dufresnoy's history of "Joan of Arc," and a collection of papers on the "Process of the Maid of Orleans," by De l'Averdy, in the third volume of "Notices et extraits des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi," which appeared in Paris in 1790, furnished a good guide for his conceptions. The actual idea of his tragedy was, however, solely the fruit of his inmost nature.

Any one who can venture to declare, in the presence of this celestial work of genius, that Schiller's poetry is a hot-house plant, must look on the whole world as a forcing-house. Every fibre of the roots of this work is imbedded deep in the soil of the period, and of the German nature. We ought to endeavour to realise to ourselves this period. All unity of German government was dissolved. The dreadful shock of the French Republic which attained the pinnacle of its demoniacal power in Napoleon, had burst asunder the bonds which the contending parties, opposed to each other since the Reformation in Germany, had held but loosely. Austria had reaped the fruits of her egotistical policy; forsaken in her need by

Prussia, she had fought for her own existence, and was overthrown by the conqueror. In the west, German princes had become mere satraps of the first consul. The north connived at the ruin of the rest of Germany by the hazardous reprieve of a disgraceful neutrality; but the murmurs and execrations of the war party, soon forced their way even into the highest quarters; and a weak prince, the Primate von Dalberg—an apostate—declared boldly in full assembly, that nothing but the combined and energetic opposition of all districts, could stay the current of the mighty stream, the devouring waves of which were daily rolling nearer. Cosmopolitanism seemed fairly at an end. Napoleon had fulfilled the chief part of his mission. Karoline von Wolzogen tells us, that this character in all its joyless fatalism was always most repugnant to our poet. He denounced the French as Vandals, in reference to the stolen works of art conveyed to Paris, and in "The Bell," 1789, he extolled love of country as the most noble of all impulses. He praised all that could be praised in Germans,—the free self-won worth of German art,—and saw in popular poetry a congenial spirit, a sister of the heroic virgin prophetess, sprung from the people of France. Hand in hand, both endowed with prophetic powers, they were to lead the way to that exaltation of Germany, which Schiller's seer's eye foresaw.

Since the irruption of the French into Germany, Schiller had sketched another dramatic work, which might be considered a male pendant to the "Jungfrau." It was entitled "The Knight of Malta." I have delayed till now giving an outline of its plot, but it will not long lead us away from our subject.

Malta is besieged by the whole force of Solyman, who has vowed to accomplish the destruction of the order of the Knights of St. John. The Turkish fleet, a forest of masts, lies at the mouth of the two ports of the island. The Turks attack Fort St. Elmo by land, their design being to take it by storm. Everything depends on the defence of this fort;

the means of resistance are ample, and the knights have a near prospect of succour from Sicily. The danger, however, becomes more imminent; the overwhelming power of the enemy but too obvious. The possibility of a victory, or even of holding out, can only be accomplished by the most unanimous enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, and by that noble zeal which the order and its vows inspire. The ancient gallant spirit of the order, however, seems no longer to breathe in its degenerate knights, who, amid worldly vice and luxury, have forfeited their valour and their discipline. The band of knights defending St. Elmo murmur at the hardships of the defence, and demand from the Grand Master the surrender of the fort. Lavalette (the Grand Master) clearly sees the importance of the moment, and feels that new life and energy must be instilled by him into the order. His own conscience, however, is by no means clear, for he has broken his vow of chastity, and paternal anxiety for his son, St. Priest, one of the band of knights in St. Elmo, paralyses his measures. The revolt of this band restores him to his better self. He resolves by a signal example to restore the spirit of the order. He calls on the oldest and the youngest of the remaining knights to relieve the rebellious garrison of St. Elmo, and to undertake the defence of the fort.

At this moment his son comes to him, who has as little idea as the other knights, of the near relationship in which he stands to the Grand Master. The young knight declares that he has no sympathy with the rebels, and that he wishes to remain with Lavalette in the fort. The latter, overpowered by emotion, reveals himself to St. Priest as his father, and both resolve to go together to battle.

The revolted knights no sooner hear of this resolve, and of the near connection subsisting between the Grand Master and St. Priest, than, filled with shame, they return to obedience. Deep remorse and ardent enthusiasm seize them, and discord

dissolves into the most admirable harmony. They endeavour by the most earnest entreaties to prevail on Lavalette to remain in their order, to which, at last, he reluctantly consents; and the knights return with St. Priest to St. Elmo. The fort is stormed by the Turks; but its conquest is transformed into a moral defeat, by the valour, of its defenders. Lavalette has to deplore the loss of his son, but consoles his grief by the thought that in each of the knights he possesses a son, acknowledging the power of the order to be absolute and unlimited.

I do not intend to enter into any æsthetic praise or analysis of this work. My predecessors, as idle critics love to do, have pronounced it superior to any of Schiller's finished compositions. I think that Schiller was wise in delaying its completion, and that the Duke showed great tact in not attempting to hasten it. The provident Grand Master acts, no doubt, both wisely and legitimately, and may possibly make a very moral impression; but in an æsthetic point of view, his devotion to his own interest is of very doubtful value. The leading idea of this plot is that of a virtuous alliance, the restoration of the spiritual from the secular, of unity from discord, by the force of a great example; this was the great aim of the work.

Still more forcibly does this prevalent conception, adorned with all the force of love of country, present itself to us in the history and in the form of the "Maid of Orleans." I shall not revert to the origin of the war between England and France, commenced by Edward the Third, father of the Black Prince, with a view to obtain the throne of France, and in which the revolutionary vassalage of England spent its strength. I need only remind my readers that in the course of this war France was split into two great parties, — the Orleans and the Burgundian. The chief of the Orleans party, King Charles the Sixth, was a prey to insanity. His consort, Isabella of Bavaria, banished from court by her own son, the

Dauphin, had, along with the Duke of Burgundy, formed an alliance with the English, whose king, Henry the Fifth, having married the daughter of the insane sovereign, conducted the regency with a firm hand. His death was the signal for renewed strife, and for the independence of France. Although the Parliament of Paris, excluded the Dauphin from the succession, yet, supported by the Orleans party, he had been recognised by a considerable portion of the French nation, under the title of Charles the Seventh, and thus remained in possession of a large part of the country. The new King of England, Henry the Sixth, was still a child; French nationality revived in all directions, and its renovation amid such turbulence and disorder seems little less than miraculous. After the first defeat at Verneuil, the King was in despair, and it was only the influence of his Queen, and the entreaties of his beloved Agnes Sorel, that prevented his flying to Provence. His nobles showed a more manly spirit. The Bastard Dunois held the city of Orleans against the advancing English, under whose banners Frenchmen were arrayed against Frenchmen.

The priesthood of the Gallican Church adhered to King Charles. Fresh succour arrived in the shape of his formidable enemy the Duke of Burgundy (Philip the Good), who, in consequence of a quarrel with the English on the subject of Hennegau, joined the opposite party; and at length from the north of France, the most unexpected deliverance sprung up in the form of a peasant girl, in whom seemed to be united the vigour of Brunhilde, the mystic nature of the Celtic Druids, with the gifts of Deborah, and the pious asceticism of Christianity. This girl, who had hitherto lived in the seclusion of a village, and in the repose of nature, is vehemently affected by the calamities of her native land. The precedents in Holy Writ speak to her in fiery oracles; her dreams and her prayers continually centre on this one point; at length she

hears a sublime summons akin to that which Luther heard in the stillness of the cloister, and Cromwell under the oaks of Huntingdon. She leaves the village of Don Remy, traversing the boundaries of Lorraine, and passing through the midst of the enemy, she joins the King at Chinon. She announces her divine mission in eloquent words, and soon, enraptured by this wonderful apparition, all follow her standard. She relieves Orleans, conquers Troyes and Rheims, and in this ancient city of Kings, his crown is restored to Charles the Seventh, and her pristine grandeur to France.

Hitherto Schiller had followed history in all material points. The ultimate fate of the historical "Jungfrau" is not adapted to tragedy. She was in reality taken prisoner by the English, and burnt as a witch at Rouen. In history too, the Duke of Burgundy does not form an alliance with Charles, till after the death of the Jungfrau. Schiller imparted a noble motive to this reconciliation. The scene between Burgundy and France is among the finest ever yet produced in dramatic poetry, and yet it was written under the heaviest pressure of the times. The poet would not even suppress the prophecy of the Revolution, as richly deserved vengeance on the part of the people. How must passages like the following have kindled every heart in Northern Germany:—

> "Nearer now,
> And ever nearer rolls, the smoke of havoc
> To valleys sleeping still in calm repose."

And the oration of the archbishop, how faithfully was it subsequently realised; how thoroughly every word received its commentary in the history of the time:—

> "Assembled Princes! — France with youth renewed,
> Emerges like a Phœnix from the tomb;—
> Fair smiles the future on our forward path;—
> On our deep wounds the balm of healing falls;—
> Hamlet and city, dead and desolate

From ruin to magnificence arise;—
And with fresh verdure every mead is spread.—
Only the fallen victims of the strife,
Only the dead arise no more:
The temper of the sword
Beware, before ye snatch it from the sheath.

If instead of France, *Germany* had been inserted, every word would have been applicable. It was assuredly the greatest degree of ingenuous, though perhaps unconscious irony, in the poet to depict the ignominy of that very nation, now threatening ruin to others by an iniquitous exercise of force, conjuring up from its precincts an avenger, and portraying, in bright contrast to brutal violence, and fiendish arrogance, the pure virgin power of popular exaltation, and the sacred love of country.

Yet, though the piece struck such deep root into the popular soil, it was entirely free from all asperity, or unartistic tendency. It is virgin in its purity, like its heroine. The poet seems to have been prompted solely by the inner life of his heroine, by her mental struggles, her imputed crime, her tragic fate, and her triumphant vindication. He wrote to Göschen that this poetry flowed direct from his heart, and once more he sung in his well-known Strophes,—

"Like to thyself from hu nble lineage sprung;—
In innocence and faith thy fast ally;—
O'er thee the Muse her queenly robe hath flung,—
Wings with thee to the star-bespangled sky,
And crowns thee with a halo from on high:—
Thou,—offspring of the heart,—shalt never die."

If ever a drama were the faithful transcript of a poet's soul, it was this. It is the mystery of a divinely inspired idealism, a wonderful confession of faith, a belief in the victory of a pure spirit, a belief which has ever vanquished the opposition of an obtuse world. Those who have no grain of this faith,

must be incapable of appreciating this work, or comprehending the genuine tragic element, and pure human conflict it exhibits. They will desecrate it by their ruthless touch, and shamefully distort its meaning. Though I may not be able in a few sentences to develope all the lofty power of this work, this undoubtedly arises from the inadequacy of my words, not from any deficiency in Schiller's poetry.

The Fatherland is depicted as the highest moral element in this tragedy. Every nation is originally a natural whole, and only becomes a moral whole, when conscious of unity. Even the women of a noble nation are inflamed by this passion, by the instinctive impulse to drive away the foe from the soil of their fathers. In those particular nations most strongly imbued with national feeling, such as the Jews in ancient days, and in most modern nations also, the woman has taken her place beside the warrior, in the hour of her country's need, and stimulated the unwarlike to action. The command says, "Thou shalt not kill," but in war, an equally powerful and natural voice calls from within every breast, "Thou shalt guard thy fatherland!" Every national war is the development of a world's tragedy, and a conflict of moral principles. How sad it is when "the Peace Maker," for this was the fair name bestowed by our ancestors on woman, is constrained to become the instrument of hatred and death, anticipating men in their bloody work, to show how strong the spirit of a just cause renders even the weak. Such firmness of purpose is only possible in a desperate position, and with extraordinary force of character. In this case the impulse is represented as proceeding from a summons emanating from on high, but the mortal complying with this call, performs a free action, in so far as any action of man can be called free. Man is answerable too for his prayers. Merle d'Aubigné justly considers the call from above that Cromwell received, as the mere fruit of his own

thoughts. Thus Johanna's inspiration is merely the firm resolve of her inmost soul. Why must Johanna renounce woman's vocation?

Here we see a natural law of idealism. Every great deed exacts a special individuality. Whoever wishes to accomplish anything great,

> "Let him, with tranquil diligence and care,
> From cobwebs weave his most enduring strength."

Solely by unconditional devotion to an idea, faith in himself and in his mission, arises within the heart of man. This faith becomes power. Even wickedness accomplishes wonders so long as it believes in its own strength. Macbeth is conquered when Macduff, by one single word, shakes his trust in himself. Idealism knows and follows this natural law of energy of action. It was idealism, such as this, independent of anything unconnected with its idea, repelling nature, and vanquishing sensuality, which enabled Christianity to conquer the world; and Schiller, if we consider Christianity as something more noble than mere dogmatism, was undoubtedly the most Christian of all poets. From this great mystery of idealism, Johanna imposes on herself an absolute purity, so to speak. She severs herself from all natural ties, to belong exclusively to her fatherland. She has no further connection with her father or her sisters, she renounces even a preference for any mortal; a look of earthly love she considers desecration, and repels with horror. She becomes the pure incarnation of nationality. So long as she continues in harmony with her mission, and steeled against feminine tenderness, she is strong and admirable. A wondrous career indeed! The most ardent devotion to her country, one of the most inborn of all sentiments, is exalted within the tender bosom of a woman, to the most pure spirituality, to a severance from all earthly ties.

What an affecting and sublime spectacle! but we tremble

for the delicate bearer of such a heavy burden; we feel, as in "Romeo and Juliet," that this fragile being is doomed to an early death, that the brittle clay must inevitably be shattered. A proper representative of the Jungfrau, should make this impression by the very first words she utters.

The lofty skill and the inner truth by which the poet gradually prepares us for the weakness of his heroine, is truly marvellous. Johanna has begun her work; but after forcing the flying Montgomery to the combat, when she has actually killed him, she shudders, and remains lost in thought. We learn what it costs her to kill a fellow creature.

> "Sad is my soul, and palsied is my grasp,
> As though I had deflower'd some holy shrine
> To snatch the spirit from this goodly clay.—
> Now, for a time, I loathe the glittering steel;—
> Yet still, at need,—to me shall be vouchsafed
> That very sword to regulate and wield,—
> A living power within my trembling hand."

In the presence of Burgundy, we see her stern mood suddenly transformed into a tender mildness, and she melts the heart of her adversary by her eloquence. A truce is proclaimed. A dangerous interval for the energetic impulses of her heart. She displays a spirit of conciliation, woman's highest adornment; she entreats the life of Du Chatel, she extols mercy, she admonishes the King to show humanity to the lowest of his people. She is once more a woman, and charms the eye of man. Two noble wooers urge their suit; she blushes, but renounces all womanly emotion; indignantly reminding them of her heavenly mandate, she proclaims it in all its austere sublimity, and at last anticipates with joy, the deafening tumult of battle, to rescue her from these temptations.

> "Out on this truce! I'm weary unto death:
> This vile inglorious ease is not for me,
> To whom a warning spirit whispereth
> The mission of relentless Destiny."

She rushes into the conflict, into the thickest masses of her foes. A mysterious figure in black armour, with closed vizor, is seen looming through the dim and dusty clouds of this fatal day, and places himself in her path. She has just seen Talbot fall, and yet this form bears some resemblance to her hated foe; she becomes confused, excited, agitated, and eagerly follows the phantom far from the field of battle. The black knight certainly was not intended to represent the ghost of Talbot, but was, what Johanna conceived him to be, a delusive fiend, a rebellious spirit ascended from the pool of fire, to make her heart quail within her. This infernal device proves successful, Johanna is alarmed and confounded. Suddenly Lionel stands before her, the handsomest and most energetic of all the English leaders, whom the wilful Isabeau had imperatively demanded for her escort. The poet by one subtle stroke attributes a sensuous emotion to Johanna's excitement. Johanna strikes her adversary's sword out of his hand, and Lionel wrestles with her. In this collision she learns his vigour, and her own weakness. She is about to stab him, when she looks at the face of her defenceless foe, and this glance moves her to pity; but Lionel is of a noble nature and wishes to die:

> "Thou hast my honour;—take my life-blood too;
> I will endure no mercy from thy hand."

I by no means think Johanna's love for Lionel so incomprehensible as Tieck declares.

Johanna spares the life of her foe; and this action, which under other circumstances would have been her duty, becomes a crime, from the egotistical motive of her forbearance, and the more so, from her having so ruthlessly killed Montgomery, even when imploring her mercy. The remembrance of this causes her to feel that her present leniency is a crime of deepest dye. She has inwardly failed in her duty, the blind devo-

tion to her vocation is gone. Now *she sees*, she separates her own will from the sacred mandate, and instead of acknowledging volition on her part, she deplores the deed as caused by destiny.*

> "Commanded by thy stern decree
> In princely palaces to shine;
> The guilt with which thou chargest me,
> Was not my guilt, but thine."

Is not all this drawn from the deepest fountains of the human heart?

The further development is equally masterly. Shame causes Johanna to be silent. Shall she, who, so recently in the splendid Royal Hall, repelled with blushing indignation the love of man as a desecration, now confess that she has become faithless to her high, holy mission, and loves the enemy of her country? The consciousness of her defalcation, and also the noble weakness of woman, modesty, makes her dumb — dumb, even when she hears her father's accusations. No evil can accrue to her, which this lofty and agitated spirit would not accept with resignation, as the punishment of her guilt. Heaven itself seems to aid her condemnation. Once so capable of defending herself, she is now defenceless. Reviled, forsaken, roughly questioned as to her mission, like a true Idealist, she remains silent; conscious of her guilt, her only strength is now to suffer. Rejected by her own family, ruthlessly repelled from every hearth, she must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Suffering however restores her energy, and she resolutely resists her passion. The most severe trial that she encounters, is the vicinity of Lionel, the inward

* Thus Goethe's Harper accuses the heavenly powers :—

> "First of all, ye give us breath,
> And lusty appetites within;
> Then leave us to the living death
> That waiteth on each mortal sin."

unity of her soul gives her superhuman strength, she bursts her bonds, becomes once more the salvation of the army, and by her death, for which she longs, seals the truth of that mission, which an obtuse world had been too ready to doubt.

Is it possible to find more natural or dramatic action? In this individual incident, is not the constant fate of Idealism portrayed? And is it not a striking proof of the thoroughly popular and national mind of the poet, that he animated this sublime Idealism, with living breath, and a soul, in depicting the devotion of a woman to her own people and to her Fatherland?

The description of the remaining personages, and the whole management of the dramatic construction, is unanimously admitted to be most masterly in grace, intelligence, and vigour.

Only one word more of the *Prophetess* and the miracle. In this sacrifice of the poet to popular superstition, critics have seen a certain aberration from Protestantism, in the hope of proving false Idealism on the part of Schiller. I need only remind my readers of Shakspeare's ghost, Mephistopheles, &c. But when the action is so sound, and freedom of will so clearly established in the Jungfrau by her consciousness of guilt, the poet may well summon up spirits both celestial and infernal, make his personages see visions, prophesy, and work miracles, as he thinks fit. He has the right to bring forward any incident, that he can induce us even momentarily to believe. This is a point on which the public are chiefly called on to decide, that public, to which men like Körner belong. We know that such men as these, accepted then, and accept now, Schiller's tragedy with enthusiasm.

Schiller, with a just perception of the state of affairs in Weimar, had declared, that the play was not, in his opinion, adapted for the stage. This did not, however, prevent his disposing of it to the theatres of Berlin, Leipzig, Hamburg, &c.,

and earnestly entreating Madame Unzelmann, in the autumn of this year, to repeat her visit to Weimar, and to delight him by the performance of the "Jungfrau." This request unfortunately was not successful. When Karoline Jagemann returned after a long absence, the chief reason was removed which had hitherto prevented the "Jungfrau" from being given, but not till the 23rd of April, 1833, was the piece brought out on the Weimar stage by the sagacious Schiller, who was assailed on all sides by entreaties from the public to do so. He gave the heroine's part to Amalie Malcolmi, and carefully presided at the rehearsals himself. The public were absolutely electrified by the performance, and its success was beyond all precedent.

The "Jungfrau" was given in Berlin on the 23rd of November, 1801, with great applause.* Iffland, entirely in opposition to the intention and consent of the poet, produced in the coronation scene, such a brilliant opera *spectacle*, that the Italian court theatre, despairing of emulating its splendours, was furious at this trespass on its privileges.

The piece was published in the "Kalendar" of 1802, under the title of "The Maid of Orleans," a romantic tragedy by Schiller. At Berlin also, by J. F. Unger, with an engraved frontispiece. It went through three editions the same year, in 1804, it reached a fourth, and in 1805, a fifth edition, by Cotta. The Schlegels, singularly enough, produced an historical Jungfrau, in contrast with the poetical one. F. Schlegel, in 1802, published a history of Joan of Arc, taken from good historical authorities. A travesty also appeared, but all these have been swept away by the stream of time. The drama was translated into French and Italian, and four times into English. Sommet's Jeanne d'Arc, "*imité de Schiller*," is such

* Neither at the New year nor in honour of the opening of the new theatre, as Hoffmeister tells us. Kotzebue's "Kreuzfahrer," was considered more worthy to celebrate this initiation.

a miserable production, that even Rachel could not inspire any animation into its heroine.

Schiller was gratified by a singular and unparalleled outburst of genuine popular enthusiasm, at the performance of this drama in Leipzig, at which he was present in September, 1801. He had longed for some time past to see his friend in Dresden. In the summer of 1801 he began to lay out his plans in earnest for an expedition. He wished to go to Dobberan for sea bathing, and afterwards to Berlin and Dresden. The friends only required to meet once more, to renew the alliance of former days. Körner heartily rejoiced in the intellectual vigour and health, impressed on Schiller's mood and nature. They enjoyed together all the treasures of art which Dresden contained. Two friends of Körner's were much esteemed and liked by Schiller: the one was a young jurist, Herr von Schönberg, who subsequently did honour to his name, being designated, when Ober Präsident of Pomerania, as "the good and just Schönberg" by Schiller. The other as Herr von Gessler, who having retired from Prussian diplomacy, had now no other occupation than to spend his money like a man of taste and intellect. After Schiller had revived both body and mind by this agreeable leisure, he quitted the fine old city of Dresden on the 15th of September, Karoline von Wolzogen says with the deepest regret, and accompanied by Körner repaired to Leipzig. Göschen entertained him most hospitably at his country place, Hohenstadt. On the 17th of September, the Sekonda company played the "Jungfrau," and Schiller was present. The performance was not very satisfactory in an artistic point of view, but when the curtain fell, after the first act, loud cries burst forth, from the whole of the crowded house, of "Long live Friedrich Schiller!" accompanied by a grand flourish of trumpets. At the end of the performance, all the audience rushed out of the house to see their beloved poet more closely. When his tall form, bent by suffering, ap-

peared, the crowd respectfully made way for him, all heads were quickly uncovered, and the poet was received in profound silence, as he passed through the long rows of people—all hearts, all eyes followed his steps, fathers and mothers holding their children aloft to see him, whispering "That is he! that is he!"

CHAP. IV.

"THE BRIDE OF MESSINA."

Schiller remains long undecided in the Choice of a Subject. — Purchase of a House. — Death of his Mother. — Melancholy Mood. — Perusal of Æschylus' "Cassandra." — Schiller begins the "Bride of Messina."—Schiller did not in his later Dramas interweave the ancient Doctrine of Fate with much Skill. — Deeper Knowledge of the Meaning of the Word Fate. — The invariable Laws of Nature an inevitable Tribunal, a mighty Power. — Crime and its Punishment in the "Bride of Messina." — The Chorus, and the Mode in which it should be represented. — Success of the Work.

THE summer passed away without Schiller having decided on any new work. The theatres which he had visited during the Dresden journey, had almost deprived him of every wish to write a tragedy in the more severe style, to which his own artistic feelings instigated him.

The acting of Unzelmann, by which he was received on his return to Weimar, and probably the presence of Kotzebue, fortified him in an idea, which he mentions in a letter to Körner; that of writing his pieces for the stage henceforth in prose. His judicious friend replied; that true art should in no degree be influenced by the incapacity of actors. Schiller soon returned to a better mode of thinking, determining to continue in his former path, and not to contend with his colleagues for mere popular favour. When Goethe, on another occasion, tried to make him comprehend what great success he would attain, if in his works he strove more after "dramatic effect," he admitted, that without any regard to the theatre or to public taste, this was a fair poetical requirement on Körner's

part, but that it could only influence him in this light. Without a certain degree of fervour, he could accomplish nothing, though this feeling made him cling more closely to his object than was advisable. Hoffmeister thinks, that if our tragic poet had not been so engrossed by theory, he could with ease have completed a tragedy within a couple of months. Let us do all homage to theory, for having saved us and Schiller from tragedies written in two months. Instead of bungling Gozzi's "Turandot," Schiller preferred making a new version of it with the aid of Werthe's translation. This was the fruit of the winter of 1802. The following circumstances show, that Schiller had more evils than his theory to contend with. In December, his wife and children laid up with measles; on the 2nd of January, Schiller himself stretched on a bed of sickness. Then he had also to endure Schlegel's "Ion," and Kotzebue's passionate devotion.

All these things passed away happily. Kotzebue, after the performance of his piece, "Bad Humour," rushed off in a rage to Jena, and peace was once more restored to Weimar, and to the select "twelve friends."

Schiller, nevertheless, produced no further original work. This was partly the fault of his residence, where he really could not isolate himself. He remedied the evil with his usual decision. He had written to Unger so early as November, 1800, that he wished to buy a house: at last he set about it in earnest. An Englishman of the name of Mellish, who was intimate with Schiller, had built a pretty house on the Esplanade, which he now wished to get rid of, and he offered it to Schiller in February for some thousand dollars. The difficulty was to obtain ready money for the purchase. Schiller requested Göschen to send the sum due to him, for a new edition of the "Thirty Years' War," and a land agent named Weidner, at Oberrossla, gave 2000 dollars on mortgage. The new proprietor took possession on the 29th of April. The

upper rooms intended for his occupation were in good order, but the quiet for which he so ardently longed, was far from being attained. The other parts of the house required repairs; and such hammering and nailing began beneath his apartments, that the floor vibrated, and the house was not free from workpeople till August. He had at last secured the wished for solitude; from his windows he enjoyed sunshine, a view of green fields, and the sight of — a crimson curtain. Karoline von Wolzogen tells us, that he declared the effect of this colour was always to animate his thoughts. Mourning, however, entered the new house, along with the proprietor. Schiller's mother was alarmingly ill in Stuttgart, where she had for some time resided. Her daughter Luise, now the wife of Pastor Frankh in Cleversulzbach, brought her mother instantly to her own house, but Schiller thought it advisable that she should have better medical advice. He consequently wrote to Hoven, and after having made every necessary arrangement with his old friend, begged his mother to allow herself to be moved to Ludwigsburg, to be under Hoven's treatment, and with his usual tender consideration, sent his sister a sum of money to defray any unusual expenses. His mother evidently felt that her hour was come, for she preferred remaining at Cleversulzbach, but had sufficient strength to thank her good son, in the last letter she ever penned. She wrote, "Your great love and care for me, God will compensate by a thousand blessings — ah! there are no sons like you in the world." In the midst of the most acute sufferings she thanked God with tears, for having given her such good and dutiful children. Two days before her death, she asked for her son's picture, and pressed it to her heart. On the 29th of April, she peacefully passed away from her peaceful and devout life.

Schiller had a remarkable and instinctive presentiment of her death: even before he received certain intelligence of the event, he felt convinced that it had occurred, and wrote to

Christophine with the most overflowing love and regret. "Ah! dear sister, both our affectionate parents are departed this life, and the oldest tie which fettered us to existence is rent asunder. It makes me sad indeed, and I feel very desolate, though I am surrounded by loved and loving beings, and still have the happiness of possessing dear sisters, to whom I can fly in joy or in sorrow. Oh! let us, the only three remaining of our paternal home, draw closer together than ever." When he learned from his sister's letter, that his mother had died the very day on which he took possession of his new house, he was startled and alarmed by this melancholy coincidence.

Frequent attacks of a spasmodic cough weakened him, and probably made these impressions more serious and lasting. Many glorious images still lay undeveloped in his soul. No future provision for his family was yet secured. An evil star seemed to preside over the events of this year. By Körner's advice, he had indeed demanded higher sums for his works, both from Unger and Cotta. They consented, without any further negotiation, to give him 1000 dollars (150*l.*) for each drama in succession. If he could only have fairly commenced *one!* Sublime hesitation of a great soul! For, in the course of this very spring, he had acquired a noble subject in "Tell;" and though in "The Knight of Malta," he could not yet satisfactorily find the goal to which the action was so powerfully hastening, another subject, to which we shall refer hereafter, "Warbeck," was almost entirely sketched in the midst of all this vacillation.

Schiller turned to a mighty kindred spirit, one who more than all others may be termed a political poet. He read Æschylus during this summer, whose "Agamemnon" alone, it would appear, he had been hitherto acquainted with. He read his works in the translation that Stolberg had made in his better days. He imbibed fresh youth from this miraculous fountain, and in August, after having sympathized with the

mourning, lamentations, and woes of Cassandra, he adopted a subject, under the star of the ancient poet, over which he had brooded for a year. He had shown Körner the plot in Dresden, under the title of "The Bride of Messina, or The inimical Brothers," in which our poet could for once thoroughly exhaust the great demand of his deep earnest nature,—the necessity of Form. When he read the first scenes of his "Bride of Messina" to his Lotte, she wrote to Fritz von Stein that she was filled with amazement at the grandeur of his intellect. By the end of January, the work was finished. The Duke of Meiningen, who was at that time in Weimar, wished to be made acquainted with it. As the birthday of his gracious Prince and Master occurred on the 4th of February, Schiller invited the Duke, and a large company of friends and foes for that day, and produced his work. The success was so surprising, that he now entertained the hope of bringing it on the stage "with the chorus."

We cannot speak of "The Bride of Messina," without alluding to tragedies of fatalism. Tieck, Solger, and others maintain, but I think, unjustly, that Schiller, in "Wallenstein" and some of his works, skilfully interwove the doctrine of Antique fatalism. Hoffmeister minutely detailed this view in his criticisms, and it has been transferred to many works besides. As Vischer also declares against the possibility of a modern fatalist tragedy, I confess that I allowed myself to be so far misled as to think that, at all events, in Schiller's "Bride of Messina" a false conception of Fate prevailed; but I retract this idea after close and repeated study of the work. The question to be solved here is, principally, what Schiller understood by the word Fate, in its connection with tragic technicality. I have striven to elucidate it by his Theory of Tragedy, and I will here explain how Schiller arrived at this conception, and, for this purpose, we shall not require any reference to the antique.

The word Fate, has almost as many significations with us, and with the same application, as the word *Moira* with the Greeks.* Fate is first a *passivum*, a necessity, a lot. Thus Shakspeare calls death the lot of all men. Secondly, it is active, and as such, with us belongs to that class of impalpable powers, which have constituted a small pagan Olympus in the hearts of the people, along with the Christian Heaven and the philosophical Idea,—such as, Heaven Fortune, the force of circumstances, Chance, Nature, &c. This class makes no pretensions to religious veneration. Although Providence is undoubtedly the author of all good and evil in this world, yet these abstractions are found very convenient in defining apparently fortuitous events, and I doubt whether they will ever entirely fall into disuse. In a previous century, when it was carefully avoided to take the name of God in vain, Destiny is constantly referred to in all correspondence, as exercising this power of the inevitable. I need not remind my readers, that Hamlet also says, "My fate cries out." Perhaps the word has fallen into disrepute, owing to the fatalist poets and their opponents. It is, however, a good and useful term, and its misapplication by distempered brains, ought not to make us despise its use in our language.

Æsthetic contemplation has never been connected with religious or rational grounds, or with the creators of phenomena, but with the phenomena themselves.

Schiller's *Fate* has nothing to do with the baser parts of fatalism. When he refers to it as an artist, it is invariably to its developed technical conception. When his personages allude to it, they become answerable for not recurring to a good or evil spirit or to the "Jungfrau."

Nowhere is want of truth in the conversation between Eckermann and Goethe more manifest than where it is said,

* *See* Nägelsbach: Nachhomerische Theologie, p. 141.

that the idea of freedom pervades all Schiller's works. It has been affirmed that all the characters in the "Bride of Messina" are innocent. Schiller had indeed a sensitive conscience, but the crimes described are by no means of so light a nature. A glance at the royal house of Messina will soon prove this. A northern race, hospitably received on these coasts, they had trodden freedom under foot, and made themselves masters of the city. A lust for despotism seizes on the rulers. The son covets his father's bride. He abducts her in spite of her resistance, and burdened by his father's curse, he recklessly concludes his marriage. Isabella, though at first crossing the threshold of her husband's home with repugnance, takes no measures to defend herself from this ignominy. No love can accrue from such a union. Nature creates ruthless offspring from ruthless deeds of passion. The unnatural fraternal hatred of the two sons, seems to be a judgment on the parents, and inspires them with horror. Poetry must not only be more philosophical than history, but even more philosophical than nature itself. If physiology did not confirm the law that mind influences matter, the poet must here deliberately adopt it, as in the "Elective Affinities." The Princess Isabella is again about to become a mother. The Prince, uneasy, always pursued by the dread of Nemesis, is terrified by a dream. In this vision, he sees springing from his bridal couch, two laurel trees and between them a lily, which changing into a flame, consumes his house. Filled with alarm, he interrogates his spiritual director, who interprets the dream by the immediate birth of a daughter, who is to cause the death of both his sons, and destroy his whole race. Instead of expiating his crime against his father, according to the custom of those times, or trusting to his own devices to avert that future fate which he so well deserves, he resolves to shield himself from destruction by the murder of his child. His consort frustrates the cruel deed, and causes her daughter to be secretly reared. She also

had a dream, and an interpretation, which sounded fair for a mother's hopes. A monk assured her, that her daughter was destined to unite her hostile sons, in fond love. The pair live on in joyless union, the Prince weighed down by remorse, for the murder he had authorised; the Princess conscious of a mystery, strictly concealed from her husband. In addition to these, there are the sons, only kept in check by their father's stern severity, and an enslaved people. All this world of human beings without love or confidence, gradually crumble away. The father dies; but before his death Don Manuel has formed an attachment without the consent of his parents. Beatrice, the object of his love, thoughtlessly returns it. She does not know her parents. On the day appointed by the oracle to proclaim her birth, she flies from the sanctuary of the cloister with Don Manuel. The chorus justly says:—

> "This mystery of marriage likes me not;—
> This luckless union's most unhallowed bond.
> For virtue ever loves the light of truth;
> And rank the fruit of the envenomed tree."

Still further, Beatrice repeats her mother's fault, as Manuel does that of his father. She also has a secret, carefully guarded from Manuel. At the funeral obsequies of the Prince, she was in the cathedral, and there had a meeting, which she ought instantly to have revealed to her husband. It is not necessary for me to follow the plot further; but every reader will at once admit, that these various persons act with entire free will, and also that they are not absolved from a certain degree of guilt. But, it is said, what a mere fortuitous *chance*, that Manuel should discover and fall in love precisely with Beatrice? Is it not quite as singular a chance, that Romeo should be seized with so violent a passion for the daughter of his enemy? The one plot is as naturally conceived as the other.

The truly tragic element of this drama is, that the thoughtlessness of the children, the crime of the father, and the humane action of Isabella,—which indeed cannot be esteemed a merit on her part,—should result in a doom, which, with all its miseries, overwhelms the soul of the mother — that mother who had sinned by making no earnest efforts to check the discord and disunion of her family, or to avert her own ignominious marriage. From such culpable indolence on her part, the most unparalleled misery arises. This inertness, which often bears the similitude of piety, so long as faith is in unison with the hopes of life, is often considered no crime. It matters not, however, whether Job be devout when in happiness, but how he conducts himself in misfortune. Let us now look at this mother; on finding that her propitious oracle has proved false, her former implicit faith in the gods is transformed into curses. The freedom of this lofty, yet with all its maternal feelings, stubborn nature, could not be roused from indolence, nor rendered contrite, but by the appalling discovery that all her calculations are overthrown by the uncontrolled passions of her children, which no training had been exercised to check, and which severity had only increased. To such natures, every punishment, indeed the whole course of life, becomes a destined "Fate," because it is not accepted from the deeper source of moral resignation. The chorus itself, if not absolutely acknowledging a fatality, has a presentiment that there is a penalty allotted to evil deeds, and that striving to avert this by means of reason alone, without making any effort to deprecate the punishment by reparation and repentance, will only assist in fulfilling the doom. For us, however, Schiller has solved Fate in a deeper form. He finally unites the characters by love, through the sorrows which assail them, causing the mother to seek healing sources to atone for guilt, — those of prayer, solitude, and spiritual cultivation. Don Cæsar himself fulfils the judgment on his barbarous action, for he "*cannot*

exist with this burden of crime." Thus we see that what they have suffered is the only means of turning those wild reckless natures to higher aims, to the only true good. Thus apparent Chance proves to be both reasonable and necessary. The poet interests us in favour of his personages by a brilliancy of physical description, which he only displayed to an equal degree in "Mary Stuart." It is this which elevates "The Bride of Messina" so far beyond all its imitators. Schiller created man in all his fulness and vigour. The mother and the brothers give utterance to their passion, their pride, and their feelings, with an impress of truth which is irresistible. We scarcely advert to whether it be possible, that men should at the same time believe in the Virgin, and in heathen gods. We see that they are men who do so, and consequently that it must be possible. And not only is it possible, but it was an idea full of genius, to cause the everlasting impulses of conscience, to spring from these complicated impulses of belief. It is a profound truth, that the pagan belief in Nemesis and the Erinnien, which here forms the substance of the chorus, is at all events preferable to that inert Christianity, which is in fact more heathen than Heathenism itself.

It is not to be denied, that this drama with all its brilliant merits, in some degree leaves the impression on the mind of being artificial. I believe, that the reason of this may be attributed to the subject being fictitious. Yet the effect of the drama when well acted is most powerful, and this does not lie so much in the power of individual scenes, or in the moral truth of the whole, as in that popular feeling, which with us, as with the Greeks, feels deep interest in the theme of fraternal hatred.

In his "History of the Thirty Years' War," Schiller compared Catholic and Protestant Germany, to two brothers struggling for their paternal inheritance. In "The Robbers," as well as in "The Bride of Messina," he holds up a mirror to

display the irrational nature of such hatred. The three last works of Schiller all impressively inculcate the solemn warning: "Princes, be united!" "Dread discord!" say the "Jungfrau" and "The Bride of Messina." "Men of the people! combine! assist yourselves!" preaches "Tell."

How ought the chorus to be represented? It certainly should not be sung, any more than the chorus of the ancients, for music neutralises the intellectual force of words. If Schiller had desired anything further than simply to mark the rhythmical measure by music and the orchestra, he certainly would have given some intimation of his wish, to his musical friends. The casual idea that a nobler form of tragedy might be developed from the chorus of operas, Schiller practically renounced with his "Bride of Messina;" for the chorus there is in striking contrast to that of the opera, representing the power of words and thoughts, in opposition to the mere melody of an opera chorus, and such a power ought to be impressively manifested at the representation. Zelter, who certainly understood music, remarks, that the passages spoken in unison had a most touching effect, and proposed marking the time more forcibly than Iffland could do, by gestures and by low notes from a trumpet. Any one who has heard a well-practised class of children speak a psalm in this manner, will acknowledge that the impression is of an elementary force, far beyond what music can ever attain. Let the trial be made, as Zelter advises, with practised singers.

Thus, "The Bride of Messina," though an experiment founded on "Turandot and Phædra," is the experiment of a great poet, full of life and vigour. Though the conception is not fully carried out in the work, yet its merits cannot be denied either by criticism or by æsthetics, unless the more cultivated intellectual faculties of centuries yet to come, a more enlightened and purified race of men, a great national theatre, and grand plastic forms, eventually disprove its truth. None but a mighty

spirit akin to that of Schiller himself, will ever venture to reconstruct such forms.

The Weimar stage produced the piece on the 19th of March, after a rehearsal in reading had been held. Amalie Malcolmi (subsequently Amalie Wolff) realised the ideal of the poet. The chorus was in some parts represented by individuals, in others, the passages were spoken in unison. The impression was unusually profound, though opinions were considerably divided both with regard to the chorus and its lyrics. Schiller declared that it was the first time he had experienced the effect of a true tragedy. Goethe took inexpressible delight in this work. It had such an imposing effect on the younger portion of the public, that after the piece was over, they assembled in front of the theatre, in a way quite unprecedented, to shout loud vivats in honour of the poet. The drama was performed in Berlin on the 14th and 15th of June. Iffland wrote with regard to its reception there, "Antagonists? A few. Total effect? The loftiest, most profound, most reverential. The choruses were declaimed in the most masterly manner, and sank into the soul like a refreshing shower. May Heaven bless him, and preserve him in his ever-blooming youth!"

The drama was published by Cotta in 1803. Two more editions followed the same year. It was translated into Italian by W. E. Frye, Mannheim, 1826, and into English by Irvine, and also by Lodge.

CHAP. V.

"WILHELM TELL."

Personal Connections of Schiller. — Schiller's Nobility. — Expeditions to Erfurt and Lauchstedt. — The King of Sweden. — Schiller endeavours to retain the Flower of the University of Jena. — "Wilhelm Tell." — How did the Poet procure this Subject? — Tschudi's Chronicle. — Progress of the work. — Visit of Mad. de Staël. — The Tendency of "Tell." — The artistic Sagacity of the Poet. — Rejection of petty Criticisms, and Justification of some Points that have been censured. — Wonderful Success of the Work. — Warning. — Fulfilment and Honour.

SCHILLER was quite satisfied with his residence in Weimar. Faction was not aggressive towards him. Court etiquette alone, with its partition wall between nobles and burghers, was disagreeably felt in this small town. Nothing so strongly proves the lofty mind of Schiller's wife than the fact, that no domestic dissension ensued from such sources. The position was sufficiently trying. Her brother-in-law, Von Wolzogen, had been Oberhofmeister since the year 1801. One of these two sisters was therefore in close connection with the Court, while the other had forfeited the privilege of admission there which she had enjoyed as Fraulein von Lengefeld, by having married a burgher. Nay, such was the importance attached to noble birth, that if Lotte had been herself of burgher descent, Schiller being ennobled, would not have entitled her to go to Court.

Schiller himself had been occasionally invited to Court, especially by the Duchess-Dowager, to whom Kotzebue was in the habit of reading his productions; but he was never received there, except in a small circle. At the time of the Kotzebue

émeute, when, in February, 1802, he received a fresh invitation, he requested one of the attendant ladies of Duchess Anna Amalie, Frau von Stein, to contrive that on pretext of bad health, he should not again be invited.

Karl August at last remedied this interdict of circumstances. Ever since Schiller's "unparalleled courtesy," as he designated the poet's delicacy with regard to the performance of the "Jungfrau," the Duke had meditated bestowing a mark of his favour on Schiller. He now proposed to the Emperor Francis II. to confer a patent of nobility on our poet. Voigt, who drew out the appeal, was searching in all directions to discover merits in Schiller sufficient to entitle him to such a boon from the Holy Roman Empire. In his memorial he unhesitatingly promoted the worthy ex-surgeon, Schiller's father, to the rank of major; and observing a guarded silence on Schiller's deserts as a dramatic poet, he laid especial stress on Schiller's services to various branches of the German language. Thus, in the autumn of 1802, the author of "The Robbers" enjoyed the good fortune of receiving a fine diploma in a gilt case, lined with red velvet, which commenced as follows:—"We, Francis, by grace of God, &c., &c. A proposal having been humbly submitted to us, &c." This introduction meandered on in true involved legal style, till it arrived at the resolution of the Duke, that Schiller "should be graciously elevated, along with his descendants, to the rank of a noble of the Holy Roman Empire; a favour to be received by him with deep gratitude, and to be held in honour by him for life, and proofs of this to be testified on every possible occasion that may present itself, &c."

The diploma dwells on the circumstance of Schiller having given readings with universal and extraordinary effect, and on his poems "having given a new impulse to the spirit of the German language."

Lotte, in writing to Fritz von Stein, about this new distinc-

tion, says, "You know us so well, that you are doubtless aware of our thoughts on the subject. This title having been offered to us, we felt it our duty, on account of our children, not to reject it, though we care very little about the results to ourselves." Wilhelm von Wolzogen was at that time negotiating the betrothal of the Russian Grand Duchess, Maria Paulowna, to the Hereditary Prince of Weimar. "When the new Court is established," writes Lotte in reference to this, "we might find it a greater advantage to form part of the Court circle. All know well that Schiller is entirely innocent of having made any advances to obtain this honour, and this conviction tranquillises me, for I should indeed esteem it quite beneath Schiller's character to seek a title." Schiller thought it right to detail circumstantially to his friend Körner, his complete ignorance of the whole affair, and of the way in which it had been negotiated. To Humboldt also he wrote, "You doubtless smiled when you heard of our elevation in rank; it was a scheme of our Duke's, and as it has been effected, I do not regret it, on account of Lotte and the children."

Schiller was glad to escape from the limited circle of a petty capital, and from his poetical isolation into the throng of men. He was much amused to find himself "in a great military society, when in May, 1803, the Prussian officers in Erfurt invited him to a banquet. The old Colonels and Majors who had seen much service particularly interested him. In summer, contrary to his usual custom, without his family, he made an expedition to Lauchstedt, where the Weimar Company, in 1802, gave summer performances in a newly built theatre. He arrived there on the 1st of July, and was quite in his element among such varieties of people from different parts of the world. He dined in the great saloon crowded with guests, among whom were "Prussian and Saxon officers, and ladies with very pretty faces," as he wrote to Lotte. There was dancing every evening after supper, and music all day long.

Duke Eugen of Würtemberg arrived on the 3rd of July, and on the same evening went to the theatre accompanied by Schiller. "The Bride of Messina" was given. A number of students had come over from Halle and Leipzig, the house was crammed to the door, and the weather frightfully hot. Unluckily a violent thunder-storm disturbed the performance. Schiller heartily wished himself anywhere else, but he did not lose his good humour, and consoled the actors in the most courteous manner, by his praise, for the dubious success, indeed the almost entire failure of the play, solely owing to the effects of the storm. Late the same night he was serenaded, and next morning also.

The performance of "The Natural Daughter," and the sight of a new public, inspired him with fresh views of theatrical technicalities. There were several young men from Berlin, with whom he liked to converse, and in Geheime Rath Schmolz, Director of the University of Halle, he found a jovial, acute, and active man of business. A manœuvre of Saxon and Prussian troops took place on the way to Merseberg, to which Schiller rode. He wrote to Lotte, "The formations and movements of the troops were highly picturesque, and as there was a great deal of firing and galloping about, the scene had a most martial aspect. At noon, combatants and spectators all dined together, when there was no lack of champagne; a wine that is lavished here in the most extravagant manner."

On the 8th of July he went to Halle to visit Niemeyer, the Director of the Academy. There also he was received into the most select circles with the utmost respect and regard, but already he began to sigh for retirement and his Lotte, as well as for his "dear little foolish ones," whom he does not forget to thank for their letters, and sends them sweetmeats. In the letter announcing his return, he writes, "If I am to be separated from those I love, there ought at all events to be some important reason for my absence, but on this occasion it is not

so; moreover, I could not endure a longer spell of idleness." When he was at last once more at home by the middle of July, he wrote to Körner, "The greatest benefit that I have brought back with me, is the joy of being at home again."

In September the King of Sweden passed through Weimar, and desired that Schiller should be presented to him. The conversation was carried on in French, a very disagreeable *gêne* for Schiller; but Gustavus VI. could speak a more pleasing language, for he sent the author of the "Thirty Years' War" a ring of brilliants, as an acknowledgment for having distinguished the Swedish nation in his history by his praise.

This same period brings before us a charming trait in Schiller's character. Karoline von Wolzogen mentions that Schiller, in the latter part of his life, would gladly have accepted some public office. He would have made an admirable "Minister of Public Instruction." He possessed the most important attribute for such a post, warm sympathy for the credit and success of schools and universities. During the last few years there had been several vacancies in the University of Jena, which were not yet filled up. Woltmann, Hufeland, Loder, Schütz, Schlegel, &c. had gone to Prussia; some having received appointments there, while others went of their own accord. Schütz and Ersch cunningly proposed taking the "Literary Journal" with them to Halle. Paulus and Schelling were called to Würtzburg. Schiller endeavoured to stimulate the Duke and his ministers to take some decisive steps, and in an official paper of the 2nd of September, we see him offering his friend Paulus an increase of income, in the hope of retaining him in Jena. The postscript discloses very tempting prospects: "I must mention as a piece of news, that early this morning a courier arrived from Petersburg, with tidings of the betrothal of our Hereditary Prince with the Grand Duchess. Everything in that quarter is on the best footing, and even with regard to the Jena undertaking, this event, which secures

the *nervum rerum gerendarum*, is by no means unimportant." Schiller himself went to Jena; he would have preferred again reading his lectures, and by thus acquiring new powers, acquire new matter also. He felt, however, that his vocation lay elsewhere. When all his endeavours proved vain to retain the flower of the establishment, Paulus and others, he deeply regretted it, and at least gave his name and his influence to Goethe, who shared his anxieties, for the purpose of founding a new literary journal; consoling himself in some degree by the thought, that in order to become at all distinguished, other universities were forced to plunder Jena. He showed the deepest interest in Hegel, who had been teaching for two years in Jena, recognising the profoundness of his intellect.

This unwearied anxiety for the public weal, this incessant working on the whole mass, so that "the good should work, grow, and prosper," deserves especial commendation in Schiller, because he was at that time so deeply absorbed in a new creation. He was engaged in writing "Wilhelm Tell."

How did he acquire the subject? Goethe declares that he gave it up to Schiller. It has been thence inferred, that Goethe transferred to him much more than the mere outlines of the piece; Goethe's modesty has been praised, with a view to depreciate Schiller's talents. Such persons have evidently never read the Körner correspondence. The subject of Tell lay in fact in the powerful current of the day. In the 18th century a work, "Guillaume Tell—Fable Danoise," had been openly burned by a magistrate of Bern. A French Wilhelm Tell actually existed, and Johannes Müller's "History of Switzerland" was in the hands of every one. Lotte had seen the "Tells-Platte." Goethe also heard the legend detailed, during his expedition to the Vierwald Stätter See, in 1797. He wrote to Schiller at that time of his intention to give the "History of Wilhelm Tell" in an epic poem. Schiller in return congratulated him on the subject, which he however con-

sidered from his own point of view, by adding, "From these narrow local associations, an insight is granted into the further development of the human race." Goethe began to study his plot. He wished to represent Tell as a kind of Demos; a colossal bearer of burdens, who, caring little about tyranny or slavery, was only resolved to get rid of a direct personal evil by force. The Governor, too, was to be depicted as a tyrant of an easy despotism, but Goethe's project was never fulfilled, for he could not obtain a form that satisfied him. He had often talked over the plan with Schiller, but it never occurred to the latter to appropriate the subject himself.

Before his journey to Dresden in 1801, for that was the date of the subject being discussed, inquiries were made by several managers of theatres about Schiller's forthcoming drama of Tell, and whether it could be procured for the stage. The demands for the piece increased. This seemed to our poet a very intelligible hint. He read over Tschudi's "History of Switzerland," and in it he discovered his subject. Even had he been a young inexperienced dramatist, he must at once have perceived that here a dramatic subject presented itself, already artistically grouped. Let us glance with the poet into Tschudi's "Chronicle."

Tschudi leads us back to the commencement of the 14th century. The empire was considered the highest tribunal, through the wide extent of its lands. The Swiss Wald Stätte, free since ancient times, was placed under the Imperial protection, and did good war-service in return. A Prefect of the empire was sent at stated periods to pass sentence of life or death, but the Emperors were already beginning to abuse their power, and under the mask of Imperial jurisdiction, surreptitiously obtained possession of rights and properties. The Emperor Albert of Austria at last boldly cast aside the mask, and established Austrian dominion where the Empire alone had a right to rule. Insatiable thirst for conquest enticed him to treat the

three Waldstätte also as Austrian domains. Instead of a Prefect he dispatched Austrian officials to judge criminal cases. Here begins what I may call Tschudi's drama.

Ambassadors from the Waldstätte present themselves before the Emperor; they demand Prefects as formerly; the Emperor flies into a rage, and ironically promises to send them Prefects. Gessler and Landenberg are sent to Switzerland, armed with the most despotic authority, and along with their lieutenants and troopers take possession in the most unprecedented manner of all the fortresses in the Cantons.

Tschudi then goes on to narrate the second part of the history. The Emperor Albrecht has proclaimed his nephew, the son of Duke Hans, his legitimate heir. While the greater part of the foreground of the action takes place in Switzerland, Tschudi, like Schiller, repeatedly returns to the Emperor, so that the gloomy figure of the great tyrant looms menacingly in the background. Gessler and Landenberg are merely the tools of his tyranny. In Tschudi's history also, the Swiss for some time suffer patiently, in the hope that God will rescue them from the emperor. Were he to die, the Swiss, by maintaining their right of freedom of election, might entirely alter the system by establishing a new ruler. In the "Chronicle," therefore, we look on the murder of the Emperor, and the victory of the Swiss, as a judgment of God, and the person of Johann, the parricide, is interwoven with the principal events. Duke Johann, placed under the ban of the empire, flies to Switzerland. It is contrary to law to grant him refuge, in fact he who does so, incurs the penalty of death. The Waldstätte refuse to enter into any confederacy with the persecuted duke and his associates—we therefore perceive that Schiller followed the "Chronicle" pretty closely in the parricide scene.

Let us now return to the leading features of the plot in Switzerland. Landenberg, according to Tschudi also, does not personally interfere. Wolfenschiessen's act of violence, Baum-

garten's designs, and all that Melchthal endures and perpetrates, are individual signs of the approaching storm. Such deeds however, effectually destroy all hope of reconciliation. That most true indication of dramatic interest, a burden of anxious anticipation, oppresses the soul of the reader. Gessler makes his appearance; Zwing Uri is built; the hat erected on the pole; Stauffacher's house threatened; a conversation ensues between Stauffacher and his wife (almost word for word the same as in Schiller), thoroughly descriptive of both characters. Melchthal, Walther Furst, and Stauffacher, take the oath of alliance. Nobility is represented by Attingshausen, as friendly to the people,and sympathizing keenly with the universal distress. A summons to the Rütli ensues, and the outbreak is, by unanimous consent, delayed till the new year.

In so far the usual manifestations of popular revolt lie before us, viz., the combination of personal motives with the bond of one common exigency: a conspiracy. Nothing is wanting, save form, which in such emergencies breaks through the common order of things; that mystical instinctive element, which in the person of the elder Brutus assumed the garb of idiocy, and in the Jungfrau that of inspiration. This is also to be found in Tschudi. Tell, originally Von Tälen, "the simple one," has not yet been named. How anxious was Schiller entirely to isolate this character! He now enters on the scene of action. Tschudi casually mentions that "Tell was already a secret member of the confederacy." To give the reader some idea of the quaint simple style of the ancient Swiss historian, which Schiller pronounced "almost equal to Herodotus or Homer," we shall now give an extract from Tschudi's "Chronicle." Tell has just refused to bow to the hat—

So next morning, on a Monday, Gessler calls Tell to him, and angrily asks him, why he did not obey his commands and King Albert's, refusing with such contempt to bow to his hat. Tell answered, "My good sir, I meant no harm, it was owing to a mistake, and not to impertinence; pray forgive me:

if I were clever I should not be called Tell (or Tälen, the simple): it shall not happen again." Now Tell was a good hand at his cross-bow, no better could be found, and had a pretty child, whom he was very fond of; the bailiff knew this, and asked him, "Tell, which of your children do you love the best?" Tell answers, "Sir, I love them all alike." Then said the Landvogt, "Well, Tell! I hear you are a famous shot, so you shall let me see a proof of your skill, and shoot an apple off the head of one of your children; but take care that you hit the apple, for if you don't, at the first shot your life shall be forfeited." Tell started with horror, and implored the Landvogt, for God's dear sake, to let him off such a shot: it would be contrary to nature to take aim against his dear child: that he would rather die at once. The Landvogt replied, "That you shall, and your child with you." Tell saw perfectly that he must submit, and prayed fervently to God to guard him and his little child. He took his bow, strung it, laid an arrow on it, and stuck another into his jerkin. The Landvogt placed the apple himself on the head of the child, who was not ten years old. Tell shot the apple clean off the crown of the child's head, without injuring him in the least. When the shot was over, the Landvogt was amazed at the masterly aim, and praised Tell's skill, asking him what he meant by sticking another arrow into his jerkin? Tell was embarrassed, for he knew this question boded him no good, but he tried to pass the thing over lightly, saying. it was the custom of the sport. The Landvogt saw plainly enough that Tell was evading a reply, and said, "Tell, come speak the truth honestly, and don't be afraid; your life is safe, though I do not believe your answer—I am sure you had another meaning." Then spoke Wilhelm Tell, "Good sir, since you have promised my life shall not be taken, I will tell you the honest truth. My meaning was, if I had hit my child, to have shot you with the other arrow, and there would have been no chance of my missing that shot." When the Landvogt heard that, he said, "Very well, Tell, I promised your life should be safe, and I will keep my word; but now that I know your malice against me, I will take care to send you to a place, and keep you there, where you shall never more see either sun or moon, so that I may be secure from your ill will." So he called to his servants to bind Tell, and to convey him securely to Flüelen. He went with them himself, and took Tell's bow and arrows, and his quiver, insisting on carrying them himself. So the Landvogt sat down in the boat with his servants and Tell, fast bound, intending to steer to Brunnen; then to send Tell through Switzerland into the castle of Küssnach, and there in a dark dungeon to let him drag out his days. Tell's shooting apparatus was lying at one end of the boat, close beside the rudder.

Now follows in Tschudi the scene on the lake; Tell's spring on the Platte; Gessler's assassination; the effect of this daring deed on the confederates; the outbreak on New-year's Day,

the Emperor's murder, and the independent equitable conduct of the Waldstätte.

Schiller knew how universally popular was the legend of Wilhelm Tell and the apple, and at once discerned what an admirable central point this romantic incident offered. With the arrow that Tell concealed, the pinnacle of the action was attained, and the catastrophe commenced. Though by extending the action to various places, and into the spacious sphere of the Empire, he approximated the drama to State action, still this disadvantage was more than compensated by the animating popular scenes, the powerful contrasts, and the exciting dramatic nature of the subject. Much skill was required to collect judiciously the most precious pearls of the ancient chronicler, and to transport the imagination of the spectator from the present, to that dim and distant time, so that the legend of the apple might have thorough poetical efficacy. Schiller wrote to Körner, "My mission is to represent an entirely isolated nation, a distant age, and above all to invest an individual and singular phenomenon with the character of the highest necessity and truth."

Schiller now for the first time imparted his newly discovered treasure to Goethe, and frankly asked whether it would be disagreeable to him if his intended drama were to precede Goethe's Epos, on the same subject. Goethe relates that he cared very little for a theme which had no longer either the charm of contemplation or novelty for him. It is certainly not modesty, but simple truth, when he declares that every line of this drama belongs exclusively to Schiller, who is not even indebted to Goethe for suggesting the subject, but entirely to Tschudi.

On the 9th of September, 1802, he was able to announce to his friend Körner, that the subject had been transferred from the sphere of history into that of poetry. Nearly a year elapsed: he once more inhaled the pure Alpine air of Grecian

simplicity. From the *Persians* of Æschylus, and from the gloomy vault of his "Bride of Messina," he cast eager glances towards the mountains and their free sons. After his expedition to Lauchstedt, in 1803, he boasts to Humboldt of the popular tendency of "Tell," and writes that he is entirely absorbed in it. In September, he begs Körner to send him some good works on Switzerland.

Hope and fear with regard to the success of his drama alternated in his mind: he adds, "If the Gods prove favourable, and permit me to fulfil what now occupies my mind, it shall become a powerful work, and vibrate through every stage in Germany." The performance of "Julius Cæsar" in the beginning of October brought him into the most energetic mood, and was of infinite value to him. In this play there was also no individual hero, and yet complete unity of action. Schiller studied the local colouring with almost incredible care. From various historical and geographical sources*, he collected expressions and tints; everything was particularised on the heights and in the depths; cattle-huts, glaciers, waterfalls, pinnacles of hills, wind and weather, animals and plants. Verses which appear to have sprung up like wild Alpine blossoms, are only the result of art become nature. Lines, for example, such as—

> "The sheep feed greedily upon the grass;—
> The dog roots up the soil."

are not written without this reference to Scheuchzer, "Sheep announce approaching rain, by eagerly nibbling the grass, and dogs by scraping up the earth." He employs various foreign sounding local expressions.

Eckermann's "Goethe" relates, "all the Swiss localities and hues in Schiller's 'Tell,' he got from me." I think that Ecker-

* Joachim Meyer has satisfactorily proved that, besides Tschudi, Schiller used the following works: 1. Etterlin's Chronicle. 2. Stumpf. 3. Müller. 4. Scheuchzer's Natural History. 5. Ebel's Description of Mountain Peasantry. 6. Fäsis' Helvetian Bond.

mann must on this point have entirely misunderstood Goethe, and that in reality he said, "he did *not* get from me." Goedeke very justly notices that Goethe's "Journey in Switzerland," and his "Jery and Bätely" cannot for a moment be compared in local tints and in fidelity with Schiller's "Tell;" indeed, Schiller, in some lines of his ballad "The Diver," painted the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen with a degree of fidelity which surprised Goethe.

While the world vanished before the eyes of the absorbed poet, modern French culture, in the shape of Madame de Staël, suddenly arrived to disturb his contemplations of the primitive Swiss. She was accompanied by Benjamin Constant. Her visit was a sad interruption to "Tell," especially as Goethe for some time remained in Jena. In the course of her very first conversation with Schiller, she felt the grandeur of his ideas to be so imposing, that she vowed unalterable friendship for him from that moment,—a valuable gift, but one that sadly engrossed his time. She insisted on seeing and examining every object, and receiving explanations on every point, even on "Ideal Philosophy," a subject for which she neither possessed taste nor capacity. Goethe once wrote to Zetter, that there was a fulness of Christian tendency, an inspiration in Schiller's nature, which, like the sower in the Gospel, caused him to scatter the seeds of truth, indifferent whether they were devoured by the birds or received into good soil. Schiller did the same on this occasion. During the confidential dinners and suppers to which the French lady invited him, as well as in the splendid apartments of the palace and the stately circle assembled there, Schiller invariably warmly defended Kant's profound thought, against the acute and witty attacks of Madame de Staël. In one of her notes she calls him "L'Empirique; l'absolu." This seemed very amusing to Frau von Stein. Many sneered at his bad French, and Madame de Staël appeared to him the most combative and loquacious of human beings, but all this did not in the slightest

degree discompose him. He did not attempt to play the Frenchman with this French lady, and has not their intimacy borne good fruits? Did not his grave and profound intellect impart features to the more noble aspect of Germany, which, since the work of Madame de Staël appeared, still exists in the minds of all cultivated Frenchmen? "La conscience est sa muse." This expression of Madame de Staël with regard to Schiller is a very fine one, and quite as true as that Schiller is the poet of liberty.

The French lady committed the worst fault that any guest can commit. She stayed too long. When she left Weimar, and after some months had elapsed, Schiller declared that he felt as if he had undergone a severe illness. In spite of all this, "Wilhelm Tell," under Goethe's inspiriting influence, and Iffland's overflowing approval, was completed on the 18th of February. Goethe, when he had read the whole, wrote that "the work had succeeded admirably, and that its perusal caused him to pass a most delightful evening." How many thousands may echo this, and how many more thousands will yet say the same? For this "fair exotic" will still be fresh and blooming centuries hence, when the German critics who assailed it shall have been long gathered to their fathers. This might have seemed an opportunity for patriotic and party spirit, even from national pride, to sympathise with the Swiss, French, and English, who all admired the work. But how did these critics, with few exceptions, act? They heaped a huge mass of vapid comments on this work, which I shall not attempt to disturb, as the worthy Hoffmeister did; and still less repeat what he has given us full length, on the subject of dramatic idylls and symbolical forms. I leave all this to its inevitable decay.

Manifold is the mission of the dramatist. He causes passions to rage, he displays the power of volition, the enigma of consciousness, and the system of the world, thus affecting, enlightening, and elevating his fellow-man. The "Jungfrau" victoriously

headed the revolt of the people, from the poet's holy and glowing impulses. There are works, however, which seem to be almost commanded by the people. The "Persians" of Æschylus is such a work, and such a work is "Tell." The German popular feeling wished to see a representation of its true dignity, of its better self, its exigencies and sufferings, its defence and its revenge, its hopes and its victory. "Tell" is descriptive of a popular revolution in its organic course.

How incomparably beautiful are the descriptions of Swiss scenery; from the moonlight rainbow in a calm night, to the storm which, like a fierce beast of prey, rages in the watery abysses; but the truly great poet carefully avoids making this splendour of imagery his chief object. Schiller only portrayed enough of the landscape to depict a locally attached people; and why was this to apply especially to the Swiss?

One thing was clear to the poet: freedom is no mere French mantle, which can be at once assumed by any nation. Where it does not originally exist in the character of the people, freedom can never be gained; where it does not grow historically, it never can take root. The Swiss furnished the example of such a nation, to their everlasting honour—an example to which all European nations should do homage.

The poet further knew that freedom was not a gift to be bestowed; it was a treasure to be won by a nation itself. The whole people must combine in acting the drama of freedom, and unite from every quarter in weaving the web of liberty. Individual patriots must show their manhood—Baumgarten, Melchthal, Tell,—the combined mass must prove that one volition kindles all hearts—the Rütli.

If this revolt is to bear the character of universal truth, the nation must not be represented as selfish, obstinate Tyrolese, faithful as dogs, and slaves to priests, but they must realise a pastoral idyll. Schiller, with all his simplicity of handling, still wished to delineate a community already cultivated,

monarchical power esteemed as the highest resort of justice, a brutal set of officials, a nobility vacillating between the court and the people, peaceful citizens, and their carefully guarded property, reverend pastors predisposed to unconditional obedience; merchants, fishermen, well regulated handicrafts, and bondsmen, all eagerly aspiring to freedom. Melchthal draws a distinction between the stolid, inert peasantry, and the mountain shepherds, whose minds are still fresh, and whose hearts are still healthy. Germany could recognise her own portrait in this description, and Switzerland, in spite of railroads, is proud of its truth to this very day.

Freedom is no strange novelty in the mind of an enterprising nation, but an everlasting right, an ancient tradition, an original nature which has been lost. Thus Slauffacher says: —

> "And when the load no longer can be borne,
> He looks for consolation up to heaven,
> And seeks and finds his everlasting rights
> Kept unprofan'd in that bright armoury,
> Infrangible as the enduring stars.
> Then nature rises from her shackled sleep,
> And man,—unmasked,—confronts his brother man."

The Swiss are as desirous of transforming Gessler's lazy nature into a state of true nature, that is, a state of reason, as the Levellers and the Girondists ever were; but the requirements of different ages are different. In every revolution, the primitive natural condition returns, — resistance of the people, demagogues, assemblies, new laws, the downfall of fortresses, like that of Zwing Uri.

To exhibit finally and fully the extensive sphere of the human race, Schiller idealised his Swiss hero, making him act according to the chronicle, but lending to his speech, like Shakspeare, the wings of his Pegasus. The technicality of Tell displays such lofty wisdom, that it inspires as much

admiration as the subject itself does emotion. The action progresses with the vehement impetuosity of a mountain storm. In the whole range of the drama there are few scenes that can bear a comparison in dramatic excitement with the scene in the first act, where Melchthal rushes out of his hiding-place to Walther Fürst, and first learns the blindness of his father. "Oh! a noble and heavenly gift is the light of the eye," is a transition suggested by the most close and subtle observation, of nature. The most acute sufferings which assail the men of the people, often take refuge in contemplation, in defiance, or in wrong; and from this state of constrained calmness again burst forth into rage and grief. The actor, indeed, must here have at his disposition the grandest style of nature.

The Rütli scene, which includes the people, is, when well performed, truly affecting and sublime. It is inconceivable that Hoffmeister should for an instant compare it to that scene in "Demetrius" of the Imperial Diet, also admirable, but in a very different way. Oh! that tiresome tendency to draw comparisons!

The scene where the apple is shot off the boy's head is equally sublime. I propose only to bring forward one feature. Coleridge boasts that though in the very first act of "Hamlet" the ghost is announced and expected, yet when it appears it never fails to startle and surprise us. In the same manner, the angry dialogue between Rudenz and Gessler takes off the attention of the spectators entirely from Tell and his bow—and suddenly the arrow is sped. The appearance of Armgart, while we see Gessler menaced by Tell's arrow, is a similar masterpiece of effect. Our natural excitement prevents our thinking of theatrical heroism, when Tell's arrow cuts short for ever Gessler's godless speech. The arrow seems directed as it were by Providence, and the spectator can feel but one sensation; that of satisfaction at such a monster being at last laid low. Tell's monologue before the shot, is often cruelly

maltreated by actors; and criticism, often understanding nothing of the histrionic art, has, like a bad actor, done great injustice to this monologue and its sentiments. Tell entertains no moral doubts with regard to his intended deed. The whole monologue, if translated into the prose of common life, might be summed up thus: "He must infallibly die; there is no help for it; I am a quiet fellow, but this dog forces me to such a step; I will shoot him down with a feeling of satisfaction." The parricide scene is constantly considered a proof of the poet's intention morally to justify Tell's action; but this I feel sure never occurred to him; indeed he *absolves* the Emperor's murderer. I have already mentioned that this scene was an especial favourite with the chronicler. The *reality* of the Emperor's murder could not possibly be brought more naturally before the eyes of the spectators. The feeling of insecurity which that scene might suggest, only lies in the uncertain moral convictions of critics. Tell's sound instinct makes him feel that such a savage monster as Gessler must be regarded as a beast of prey, to be shot down without mercy, and as securely as possible. While boldly denominating this instinct as a just and legal judgment, both to his timid wife, and to the murderer of the Emperor, he becomes in reality a politician, with the faculty of clearly judging his fellow-man. For it is not passion that renders man self-reliant, but a calm and full conviction of moral and legal rights. Well might "Tell" be subsequently subjected to an interdict, as dangerous to the state. This drama declares the murderer of a tyrant, even when traitorously shot, to be in the one case a public benefit, and in the other, granting full absolution to a much less justifiable assassination; a judgment arising from the full influence of the moral idea!

The effect of "Tell" on the stage very far exceeded that of all Schiller's other plays. Goethe and Iffland had some political apprehensions; Schiller revised the play for the Weimar stage,

and owing to the intended court alliance with the daughter of a murdered Russian Emperor, such a subject as the assassination of an autocrat was obliged to be carefully avoided; so the fifth act was entirely omitted.* The piece was performed in Weimar on the 17th of March, 1804, with the most extraordinary success. Iffland sent his confidential secretary, Pauli, to Weimar in April, to negotiate personally with our poet. As the work contained evident allusions to Paris and to Vienna, Iffland submitted it to the committee; it was not produced on the Berlin stage till July, 1804, when it was received with thunders of applause. The reading public devoured it. In 1804, two editions were published by Cotta, in different forms; it was translated into French by Merle d'Aubigné and others, and six times into English.

Schiller had armed his fellow-countrymen with this drama against Napoleon, so far as a poet has the power to arm a nation. A few years later its spirit revived in Stein, who unfettered the energies of the people, and kindled the ardour of their princes; and Schill and York proceeded to action, without resolutions on the Rütli and those everlasting rights which are suspended from on high, and are inalienable! They are now impressed on the hearts of the people and of equitable Princes, who feel that the rampart of order, can be sustained by them alone. When, however, the day shall arrive when Attinghausen's prophecy with regard to Germany is fulfilled, then Schiller's glorious "Tell" will be held in the same honour in our Fatherland as it is at this hour in Switzerland.

* Correspondence with Körner, vol. iv. p. 379. Böttiger's report, therefore, in the Minerva that at the well-known passage in the 5th Act, all eyes were fixed on Johannes Müller, who was at that time visiting Weimar, is evidently entirely false.

CHAP. VI.

IN THE MIDST OF HIS CAREER.

Deaths, and Thoughts of Death. — Schiller's Endeavours to provide for his Family. – Journey to Berlin. — Fresh Information on this Subject. — Schiller's Letter to Beyme. — Karl August succeeds in attaching Schiller finally to Weimar. — Schiller's benevolent heart. — Letter of Frau Hölzel. Schiller's Relations. — His Friendship for Goethe. — Renewed Youth. — Schiller is taken ill at Jena. — Homage to Art. — Huber's Death. — "Phedra." — Last Illness and Death.

In December, 1803, Herder died. He reluctantly and sorrowfully quitted a life, which had been sad enough to him, and often hard to endure. On his deathbed he embraced the physician, imploring him to save his life. Though Schiller had latterly judged Herder severely, death effaced all stains from his image. He lamented the loss that Weimar, and indeed the whole literary world, had sustained. Soon after he was shocked to hear of the death of the Duke of Meiningen, for whom he had an especial regard.

Winter was in itself always a melancholy season to Schiller, and he felt himself carried along for the time by that mighty stream, and by thoughts of that death to which we are all hastening. At that period he wrote: "Quickly death mows down man." Yet his hope was that he might himself be spared at least till his fiftieth year. So many dear ties attached him to life; his mental creations, his beloved family! The latter was to be augmented in summer, by another joy and another care. Schiller was not only a remarkably affectionate, but also an extremely conscientious father. He wished his boys to be most carefully and fully educated, and therefore

provided them with an excellent tutor. He shrunk from the idea of those so dear to him entering life like himself, exposed to every storm, and forsaken by fortune, and was most anxious to be able to leave them a small provision. In Weimar, this was impossible, for the barren honours from Vienna, rendered many an unexpected outlay unavoidable. Dalberg, now Elector of Aschaffenburg, renewed indeed his promise of assistance, and already in so far performed it, that he sent considerable presents to our poet; but he would not undertake to contribute a fixed income. Schiller was forced to seek for aid elsewhere. One of his most salient maxims was that industry, which alone imparts value to life, also alone obtains the sure means of existence; but his habitual diligence did not suffice to provide for the future.* Kotzebue presided over the winter amusements of the Royal Children in Berlin, and received consequently the situation of a Prebendary at Magdeburg, with a life income of 1600 dollars. Johannes Müller had been also summoned to Berlin in the capacity of a historiographer, and likewise to undertake the instruction of the Crown Prince. Could not a situation be found there for Schiller also? Pauli, the secretary of the theatre, whom Iffland sent to Weimar, in April, on the subject of "Tell," probably persuaded Schiller to go to Berlin, for on the 26th of April he set out with his wife and his boys, remained some days in Leipzig, and arrived in Berlin on the 1st of May.

Biographers have been hitherto quite misinformed about this

* He gained about 1300 dollars (195*l.*), which were all spent in Weimar. His hospitality far surpassed his means. His wine cost him annually about 160 dollars, independent of the fine old wine that Dalberg sent him. He drank very little himself. On fête-days and to his friends, he gave champagne. The invention that while composing he had always a flask of Rhine wine beside him, proceeds from Œmler's unscrupulous narrative, "Schiller, der Mann," p. 69. Karoline von Wolzogen is in these matters the only credible testimony. She mentions that Schiller when writing often drank coffee, but never wine.

Berlin journey. Karoline von Wolzogen mentions brilliant offers having been made to Schiller, but his correspondence fully contradicts this statement. By means of official papers, which have been kindly placed at my disposal, from the state archives, the true position of affairs can exactly be ascertained. Schiller had been fourteen days in Berlin. Old acquaintances such as Hufeland, Fichte, Woltmann, Ungers, Zelter, Erhard (the latter had an appointment in Berlin), and new admirers, Professor Dittmann, Bernhardy, and the ladies of Berlin, all contributed to make his stay most agreeable. Prince Louis Ferdinand invited him to dinner. Iffland gave "Mary Stuart" at the theatre, "The Bride of Messina," and "Wallenstein," and entertained them at dinner, in his "*beau ideal* of a garden house," * as Lotte called it. Enthusiastic admiration followed Schiller's steps, whenever he appeared either in the streets or in the theatre. But as yet there was no hint of an offer of any situation. It was Iffland's intention to go to Hanover on the 16th of May, to attend a family festival. On the same day he sent a memorial to the Privy Counsellor von Beyme, to the following purport: "Herr von Schiller yesterday mentioned to Secretary Pauli, that it was his wish to remain in Berlin, at all events for some years to come. He was anxious to know whether his appointment as an Academician could not be effected, and from the knowledge he has now acquired of the Berlin public, and that which he could not fail to gain hereafter, he would then compose dramas for the National Theatre. In the course of conversation he further declared, that if Herr von Müller was unable to leave Vienna, he could undertake to direct the historical studies of the Crown Prince. The profound learning of Herr von Müller might probably imbue his instructions with a degree of dulness, as much to be avoided with Princes as too great romance. This

* Now, No. 29, Thiergarten Strasse.

latter subject was however only casually introduced into the conversation. He also said that if the affair were arranged, he was sure that so far as the Duke of Weimar was concerned, he would not be at all displeased, as he had no wish finally to break off his connection with Weimar, but only to give it up for the present. To secure a provision for his children, it would be requisite for him to remain for some years in Berlin, which he was certain the Duke would at once consent to. With regard to remuneration, he would demand, in this case, only what the customs of Berlin rendered indispensable.

"For instance he could already see, that in his state of health, a carriage would be absolutely necessary. When Herr Pauli said, what he no doubt thought, that he was sure his presence in Berlin would be an honour highly prized, he added towards the close of the conversation: 'If I had only an opportunity of being placed in Potsdam, or any kind of opening given me,' &c." Iffland accompanied this memorial by some lines full of eager anxiety about his own affairs, but with respect to Schiller's proposal, he only adds these cool words: "I enclose a memorial at the request of Herr von Greichen, and leave it to your consideration, whether the affair there alluded to should be entered into or not." We leave the reader to judge whether Schiller's wishes were properly brought before the throne by Pauli, from this protocol of his conversation with Schiller.

Beyme, as we learn from some letters of Schiller's of later date, commenced a negotiation. Schiller drove with Hofrath Greichen to Potsdam on the 17th. He was kindly received by Beyme, who gave him the desired opening, mentioning that the King of Prussia wished him to settle in Berlin. He was requested *to name his own terms.* With these prospects, Schiller returned to Weimar on the 21st of May. His wife almost wept from joy when she caught the first glimpse of the mountain peaks, and she wrote to Stein that the bleak aspect of

nature in Berlin was truly odious to her. But wishing to leave Schiller in perfect freedom, she concealed her feelings so well, that he thought she had been delighted with Berlin. On the 5th of June, Schiller laid the whole matter clearly and in detail before the Duke of Weimar, observing that it was his wish to settle eventually in Weimar, if his salary were somewhat augmented. Karl August desired him to express his wishes unreservedly. Schiller asked for an increase of 400 dollars. The Duke instantly consented to this (the 8th of June), adding "Receive, my good friend, my warmest thanks. I heartily rejoice that we may now consider you our own for ever. It would be very agreeable to me, if my idea were realised; that the people of Berlin should contribute to improve your position without injuring ours." Schiller now underwent the disagreeable task of suing for employment in Berlin, on the 14th of June. He stated, with noble candour, that to remove entirely with his numerous family from Weimar to Berlin, could only be accomplished under conditions which modesty would not permit him to make. The generous design of the King, to place him in the position most favourable to his intellectual activity, would be fully realised by his residing during some months of every year in Berlin, with a salary of 2000 dollars. Schiller hoped shortly to receive an answer. We find him still hoping this in October, 1804, and probably to the day of his death,—but in vain. Among the papers found after his decease, all letters of a similar description having been carefully preserved, no answer on this subject was found.* Schiller suspected that they wished to allow the affair to drop.

Although the great personal freedom and facility of intercourse in Berlin, pleased our poet, he had always felt deep sorrow at the idea of being obliged to leave Weimar, for there he felt himself quite at ease, and in a state of freedom; in short,

* A communication from Freifrau Emilie von Gleichen Russwurm.

in the strictest sense of the word, at home. His moderate pretensions were amply fulfilled by his outward position, which Karl August had also promised to improve on the first opportunity. He expected by the autumn of this year to be able to clear his little property entirely from debt, and also to repay some claims of Körner's. He hoped then to indulge in the happiness of giving away to his friends, an inclination which he had felt from his youth upwards,—perhaps the more strongly, from fate having compelled him so often to receive from others. This is a suitable opportunity to mention the ample assistance which, as the reader already knows, Schiller, *poor himself*, bestowed on his family. He gave Christophine handsome New Year's gifts; and we could prove that he never forgot benefits received, were proof required with so loving a heart as his, by the evidence of a letter from Frau Hölzel, in Mannheim, which Schiller's daughter, Freifrau Emilie von Gleichen, communicated to me, from her father's papers. The good, kind architect had become an old man. "The winter," writes Frau Hölzel, "is so severe on me and mine, that I refer to your former kind letter, where you tell us to look to you, and say, 'Hölzel apply to me, and don't spare me!' This gives me courage to write to you, and to beg you will answer me." Towards the end of the letter, she adds, in the beautiful language of the heart, "Hölzel's white head and mine repose on your beneficent heart." This undated letter was probably written in 1799, for in Schiller's memorandum book of that year, on the 18th of February, there is this notice:—"Madame Hölzel, 20th February, a draft on latter for five Carolins to Hölzel." Let each give according to his ability. Of Streicher, Schiller invariably spoke with the most heartfelt gratitude, but he knew that Streicher (of which we have the best proof in his own letters) was in the most comfortable circumstances. No man can possibly keep up *all* the connections he forms in the course of his life, and Schiller did not err in firmly believing that,

even without any correspondence, he still lived in the heart that had so long idolised him. Indeed it is quite marvellous, how many ties Schiller contrived not only to create but to maintain, more or less intimately through life by an extensive correspondence, when we consider his extraordinary literary productiveness, and fifteen years of bad health, for such we may certainly say was his condition. He corresponded with the painter Grass, at Rome, and Reinhardt, with whom he had passed some very agreeable days in Meiningen, and probably also in Leipzig and Dresden. Körner, Humboldt, Gräfin Schimmelmann, Gräfin Purgstall, Sophie Mereau, Rochlitz, Matthisson, Fischenich, Erhard, and many more, received the most beautiful and affectionate letters from him, almost up to the day of his death. Well do the words which Christophine wrote under his portrait apply also to him in this respect:—

> "Thou wert so vast,—thy bosom had contained
> The universal world."

His intimate connection with Goethe amply compensated for the absence of a large city swarming with men of distinguished intellect. Each succeeding day knit these two great souls more strongly and closely together; no cloud which might have arisen from the difference in their characters ever dimmed the clear, pure atmosphere of their friendship for a single day. Even in Goethe's domestic relations, which pressed so heavily on him at that period, Schiller, however deeply he lamented the position of his friend, honoured this noble feature in his character; and while Frau von Stein expressed the most violent indignation, in the most unworthy manner, Schiller conducted himself towards Goethe's wife in a way becoming both families. The rapidly increasing creative powers of Schiller, made him every day feel more freedom in this mutual friendship, and his self depreciating judgments were soon entirely at an end. At the beginning of their intercourse he had

frequently widely differed from Goethe, but he now allowed him to form his own opinions without contradiction; and it is a most mistaken idea when it is said, that the unconstrained flow of Goethe's compositions was impeded by such influence. At a time when one creation after another rapidly emanated from Schiller's energetic soul, Goethe, after "Herrman and Dorothea," produced no comprehensive poem except "The Natural Daughter." The grounds of this, however, lay in depths that I have no intention to fathom, but principally in the stormy aspect of politics, which was evidently more favourable to the born dramatist than to the lyric or epic poet. If Goethe's muse rested from her toils, after so many glorious productions both in youth and in maturity, this very repose lent her fresh charms, for it seemed as if she remained inactive herself, on purpose unenviously to admire the noble compositions of her kindred muse. To Goethe the vigorous mental faculties of Schiller, his fast fading life, became a poem, an Achilleis, in the contemplation of which he lost sight of all else once so eagerly studied; and not till that gifted being had passed away, till in never dying youth he had preceded his congenial soul, lighting up the dark valley of the shadow of death for that intellectual brother, whose tears for his loss were shed nightly, did Goethe's muse once more break forth into those lofty strains which had so long brooded within his heart, love and sorrow streaming forth in a touching lament. We shall transcribe but one of those strophes, which like the bright transparent atmosphere of Raphael's skies, bear his friend aloft in glorified transfiguration from this earth.

"Ye knew him;—ye have seen the giant tread
The full-accomplish'd cycle of his will;—
Ye have beheld him hopeful as he read
The dreary book of Time and human ill;—
And when he paus'd, and falter'd to the gaze,—
Our sympathetic natures caught the tone
Of anguish,—in these sad but sacred days:—
We sorrow'd with him;—for he was our own."

"For you," wrote Humboldt to Schiller, "we can only implore Fate to grant you a long life—youth and energy you can yourself secure." With the appearance of "Tell," renewed youth seemed to visit the poet. Although each of his dramas is worked out in accordance with the nature of the existing subject, yet "Mary Stuart," the "Jungfrau," and the "Bride," by the lyrical passages interwoven, and the use of trimeters, acquired a sensuous charm of melody, which might only too easily have neutralised the lofty purpose of the poet; to awaken the conviction of eternal truth in the souls of men through the medium of the sensuous. Shakspeare's rhyme, and the prose interwoven with it, form perhaps the two limits between which the construction of the drama may oscillate. Schiller, however, satisfactorily proved in "Tell" that mannerism had no power over him. The short ejaculations in Tell's monologue fully show this; from the simple talk of the shepherds and Gessler's myrmidons, up to the sublime prophecy of Attinghausen, all are in strict accordance with the grand style of nature; and the fragments of "Demetrius" testify that he would undoubtedly have remained true to this style; he would thus have attained that beautiful symmetry of proportion between his views, and the demands of the Beautiful in all its freedom and energy, betwixt Reason and Intellect, and that harmony which Körner had always so earnestly desired to see in him. He did acquire it, and without renouncing his youthful fire, or the natural and energetic impulses from which his first works sprung.

He lived long enough to witness the influence of his poetry, and its admirable success; and the more he saw that at the core the German people were sound, the more he was disposed to judge of them with forbearance; looking with patience to that future time when all that was false and hollow should be universally contemned as such, and all that was true and great more fervently admired as truth.

It is probable that this cosmopolitan spirit would not have

been satisfied by the reform of dramatic poetry. He considered a structure of true poetical liberty as the most perfect work of art; and though impressing vividly on all his creations the stamp of burgher freedom, and the love of country, yet in his treatise on the moral benefits of æsthetical principles, he proclaimed not only Art but Religion, as the anchor to which the chief good of mankind was attached. He defines his views more distinctly, in a remarkable letter to Zelter, in 1804; and we see Schiller pursuing the same course in which Lessing's bright star had preceded him. Zelter submitted to his friends a plan for the improvement of church music; in it he pointed out what good effects might be produced, by elevating the style of sacred music. Schiller was much interested in the subject, and as the scheme was to be laid before the government, he wished that it should be also enforced on the Church. "Few feel as they ought," writes he, "that it is high time to accomplish something for the benefit of art; it is quite evident that religion cannot remain in its present state in this country. In the dark days of superstition Berlin first kindled the torch of reasonable freedom, an action both necessary and commendable at that time. In these present days of unbelief another kind of fame is to be won, without detracting from the former. Fervour must now be superadded to light, to ennoble Protestantism, the stronghold of which this fervour must be."

Thus we see the poet, in full maturity, cordially devoted to the national spirit, and endeavouring punctually to realise all its forms; no critic could possibly pronounce such endeavours as these false idealism, unless his conceptions were formed by the recent shoots of young Germany, and of the Romantic school. Schiller's genius will, however, eventually vanquish these adversaries also, and the new era of political and religious development now dawning on Prussia and Germany, after having fulfilled its highest aims, will only have accomplished the ideal of Lessing and Schiller, which like the pillar of

the cloud and the pillar of fire, has led thousands of strong hearts through the wilderness of degradation in literature and in life.

I have only one more feature to add to my portrait; a vital change, which indeed the reader, among the many vicissitudes of our poet's life, may have possibly himself discovered. Schiller's domestic character had now become all love and gentleness, and sublimity; he enjoyed everything with the gladness and gaiety of a child; he acted like a man, and he suffered like a hero. It was only those who were evil, whom he caused to feel the weight of his superiority. Karoline von Wolzogen says, that in no human countenance did she ever see anything more attractive than the gentle expression of the poet's mouth, displaying a struggle between benevolence and sarcasm. With regard to his partialities and his antipathies, in which the peculiarities of the individual are chiefly revealed, we are only told of three. He loved lilacs and lilies, and he hated spiders.

Innumerable passages in his works are the best evidence of his delight in beautiful scenery, and his kindly feeling towards women and children. How could we indeed realise a poet without such attributes?

While Schiller was still working at "Mary Stuart," in the course of his reading for that purpose, he turned his attention to the history of a political impostor, as a good subject for a tragedy. In the reign of Henry VII. of England, a pretender appeared, called Perkin Warbeck, declaring himself to be one of the sons of Edward, whom Richard III. caused to be murdered in the Tower. Warbeck was principally made use of as a tool by the ambitious Duchess of York, who resided in Brussels, and was anxious to molest the King of England. In the course of this year Schiller constructed an entire plot, according to which the piece, contrary to historical truth, was to have a favourable catastrophe, and Warbeck, whose cha-

racter was a very servile one, after many inward struggles, was to withdraw his pretensions, on the true Duke of York appearing in Brussels. Such a subject as this could not possibly exhaust Schiller's energies.

We have here the description of the career of a political adventurer, whose type was not far to seek in real life, and singularly enough, Schiller's muse pursued the same path that Napoleon followed six years later. In the false Demetrius of Poland and Moscow, Schiller found a tragical subject. When he wrote in September, 1803, to Körner in Dresden, that he had received a diamond ring from the King of Sweden, Körner replied that he might acquire a more precious jewel by treating a subject from Russian history. Schiller obtained this jewel, independent of the one sent to him by the Empress Katherine, in token of her approval of "Don Carlos," in which she took great delight. The subject from Russian history was discovered, and on the 10th of March, soon after the completion of "Tell," he decided on "Demetrius." The plot, according to his sketch, was so full of episodes, that he probably would have suppressed some of them in the course of the work. But the main plot was simple, and connected in one mighty stream with the wonderful elevation, and subsequent downfall, of the principal character. In a letter to Körner, he calls his new work, in a certain degree, a pendant to the "Jungfrau." This hero also, was to be thoroughly imbued with a fervid resolution, but at the decisive moment, faith in himself forsakes him. When the murderer of the true Demetrius comes forward, he does not, like the Jungfrau, resign himself to this cruel blow, but madly pursues his career over crimes and corpses, in order to attain his aim, the throne of the Czar in the Kremlin. It is well known how Marfa, the mother of the true Demetrius, decided the affair. The exposition, which is all that we possess of this play, is truly admirable. The assembly of the states at Cracow, is depicted in the grand histo-

rical style; the misery of Poland portrayed, in accordance with the nature of the subject, in a few bold strokes.

Here also, the usurper, Boris Godunow, bore some resemblance to Demetrius and Romanow; the same kind of similarity that Tell bears to the parricide Johannes; or as the true York and Simnel may be compared with Warbeck; a mode of composition not unknown to the ancients, and which Shakspeare loved.

The subject in its outward action was thoroughly epic, but the character of the hero, and his inward struggles, were surpassingly dramatic, and by this light alone can Form be decided. Although he eagerly began his preparations for this work, yet after his journey, he once more laid aside "Demetrius," and by a memorandum of the 12th of July, 1804, we see, that he had now resolved on the "Princess of Brussels" (Warbeck). A melancholy occurrence, however, again snatched him away from this work also. After the terrific illness and mental depression from which Lotte had suffered after her last confinement, Schiller anticipated with distressing anxiety a similar event, shortly expected. He went with his beloved wife to Jena on the 19th of July, that she might be within reach of Starke's skill and experience. Here he was himself taken ill in the course of a few days. Too thinly clad, during a walk in the valley of Dornburg, he had caught a violent chill in the cool night air, which prostrated him on the 24th of July, and frightfully undermined his already fragile frame, or rather too clearly proved its irremediable state of decay. For some days he was tortured by the most acute sufferings; while he was lying in such agony, in a room upstairs, his heart filled with solicitude for his Lotte, her hour of trial passed over happily, and the joy of seeing his new born little daughter seemed to banish the father's illness, for he quickly rallied, his cheerfulness returned, and he seemed to enjoy the society of his Jena friends, to whom was now added, Johann

Heinrich Voss, and Graf Gessler, the two godfathers of little Emilie. The family returned in a month to Weimar, but Schiller was far from being restored. The tremendous heat of the weather tended to increase his weakness. His whole state had become more alarming, the colour of his face was fearfully changed, and had a shade of grey.

Not till the month of October did he begin to place some faith in his recovery. He was once more able to occupy himself, and when he could do that, he felt himself well. While vacillating between two dramatic subjects, another undertaking was urged on him. The arrival of the Grand Duchess was expected in November, and all at Weimar were preparing to give her a festive reception. The theatre alone, from which especial homage might have been expected, had arranged nothing. Goethe had allowed himself to be taken by surprise. In vain did he invoke his genial muse, and thus the task devolved on Schiller, which he accomplished in the course of a few days, with the aid of his accustomed homage to art, in the most simple, and yet unparalleled grandeur of form and thought.

The festival took place on the 12th of November, and Schiller's piece was given as a prologue to "Mithridates" by desire of the Court. But the labours of the suffering sickly poet were richly rewarded; for at the words,—

> "Swift is the magic wand of Love:—
> Where thou art,—is thy Fatherland,"—

the most touching emotion animated all present, and Voss says, "Never did any poet receive more gratifying homage, than by the enthusiastic burst of feeling, which broke forth so loudly from the audience. The Princess Royal wept from emotion and delight.

How cordially the magnanimous sufferer sympathized with the happiness of others, and what pleasure he took in the festivities which for the moment seemed to transform the small city

into a large one,—the gay tumult of the glad people enjoying for ten days, balls, fireworks, illuminations, and rejoicings! From the description given of the young Princess by Schiller to Körner, any governor of Princes might take a model and a lesson. Nothing escaped him in this charming person. Her amiability, uniting the most captivating courtesy with the most lofty dignity; her rich stores of knowledge; her intellect, which, though bright with all the gaiety of youth, was ever directed to lofty objects; her tact, and the self-possession with which she exercised her royal dignity. The only excitement that Schiller always found irresistible was joy. He could not resist joining the circle, however prejudicial such an exertion was to his health. Voss tells us, that shortly before Christmas, Schiller was with him and Riemer, and other friends, at the Redoute. "We had some champagne, and were as happy as possible. Schiller was precisely in the same mood in which he must have been when he composed the "Hymn to Joy." We remained together till three o'clock in the morning, and then we all duly escorted our Schiller home, who, at his own door, took a tender leave of us."

It was not surprising that he should atone for these pleasures by a violent cold. The winter was frightfully severe: his children, as well as his sister-in-law, were all ill, and Lotte obliged to nurse them. She had little presentiment of the blow which awaited her; but Goethe had a melancholy foreshadowing of the fatal truth. The sad change that had taken place in his friend did not escape his watchful eye. He murmured and mourned.

Heinrich Voss relates, that on the morning of New Year's day, Goethe wrote Schiller a note of congratulation. On reading it over before sending it, he found out that he had unintentionally written the date—"The *last* New Year's day," instead of the "present." Seized with a feeling of superstitious terror, he tore it to pieces, and began another. When he came

once more to the ominous line, he declared that he could with difficulty resist the impulse of again writing, "The *last* New Year's day." The same day he went to visit Frau von Stein, and told her what had occurred, assuring her that he had a sad presentiment that either he or Schiller would die in the course of this year. Indeed, superstition might well dwell on the concluding words of the actual New Year's day note which Goethe sent to his friend: "The end every day draws nearer." These words applied to the birthday of the Duchess Luise, for which Schiller—no longer equal to the toil of composition—had begun to translate Racine's "Phèdre." Goethe urged the invalid rather too eagerly to complete this task.

At this time Schiller received a most distressing piece of intelligence. Ferdinand Huber, the associate of early and happy days, died a cruel death, on the 24th of December, from phthisis. Schiller, from affection for Körner, had alienated himself from the unhappy man at the time when he broke off his engagement to Dora; but death, which finally severed Huber from the companions of his youth, also appeased every feeling of animosity; and emotions of sorrow and forgiveness filled both Körner's and Schiller's hearts—but too late. Schiller lost almost all courage to live.

Urged on, in the meantime, by the approaching birthday of the Duchess, he finished the translation of "Phèdre" in six and twenty days. He writes to Goethe: "Something has been accomplished, even in these days of misery; and I have both thought and done my duty." He endeavoured to resume his "Demetrius;" but the exertion was too fatiguing. His memorandum book shows us, that on the 24th of June he went to see "the children of the family." He struggled like a hero with his illness. In vain;—a catarrhal fever declared itself. It makes a most solemn impression to read in his note book, written with a firm hand: "Return of fever during the night;"

on the 11th of February,—"Attack of fever again." He felt that his vital powers were shaken to their foundation.

And yet he contrived, with amazing strength of mind, to conceal the extent of his sufferings from those he so dearly loved.

Goethe was seriously ill, towards the end of January, from some internal disorder. Young Voss, who watched alternately beside the sick couch of these two congenial spirits, narrates: "Goethe is rather an impatient invalid; Schiller, the very soul of mildness and patience. How this poor man did suffer, the first time I sat up with him!" One evening, when Voss was present, Lotte, who was much exhausted from nursing her children during their illness, remained with her husband till twelve at night. Schiller suddenly became uneasy, and begged her to go to rest. Voss goes on to say, that "when she rather hesitated, he urged her more vehemently, and at last with great impetuosity. Scarcely had she gone down stairs, when Schiller sunk back fainting in my arms, and remained for some minutes in a state of unconsciousness, until I rubbed his temples with a strong essence, which revived him. When he was once more sensible, he said: 'For Heaven's sake, tell me what brings you here?' I soothed him by gentle words. 'Did I talk deliriously?' asked he, with great anxiety; but I tranquillised him by the assurance that he had not done so. 'Did my wife observe anything?' When he had revived a little, he began to jest, comparing himself to Mohammed, who, during the time when he plunged his head into water and raised it again, had lived through a period of fourteen years. In the same way, he declared, that during his short swoon a hundred things at least had passed through his head."

A masquerade took place a day or two after. Voss came to watch beside Schiller, who, knowing what delight he took in a masquerade, would not hear of his staying with him, but Voss

entreated him, with tears in his eyes, to be permitted to remain. At length Schiller stretched out his hand kindly to him and said, "You really ought to have gone to the masquerade, and perhaps I might have crept in after you. What a fright you would have been in, for you would certainly have thought that I was dead, and my spirit come to fetch you home!"

He asked Voss to smoke, and to place himself so that the invalid could at least inhale the fragrance as a foretaste of returning health. Would that Voss had declined this service of affection. "When Schiller in some degree recovered six days afterwards," relates Voss, "how genial and gay he was; how he counted the morsels he ate, and rejoiced at the return of his appetite! He played with his little Karoline while taking coffee, took the infant Emilie in his arms, kissed her, and gazed at her fervently as if wishing to realise his happiness in possessing so sweet a child. How overflowing with joy he was the first time that I went out to walk with him. The leafless trees only caused him to look forward to an early spring. He connected plans of travel with the ensuing spring, health with his travels, and with health—work." His thoughts turned to the sea, to Switzerland, and to quiet Bauerbach, which was cherished by his heart in all the magic of the past. A journey by Aschaffenburg to his native home was quite decided on, for he longed once more to drink in the breezes of his fatherland. When he heard his dear ones forming distant plans for the future, he often said, "Any projects that you form for me must not exceed two years in duration." He thought of every possible means of preserving his health, and though unwilling to spend much on himself, he bought a horse with the intention of riding in spring.

The very first time that he was able to go out he went to see Goethe, who was still confined to his room. When they met once more, Voss, who was present, witnessed a most touch-

ing scene. The two friends fell into each other's arms, embracing affectionately before they could utter a single word. So entirely were they absorbed in the felicity of seeing each other again, that neither made the slightest allusion to illness.

"Our inward life," says Schiller's sister-in-law, "was very fruitful during this winter. An inexpressible gentleness pervaded Schiller's whole being, displaying itself in all his feelings and in his judgment of others. The true peace of God was in his soul. Humboldt, indeed, had never known him otherwise. It would, however, be a great error to attribute his gentleness to weakness. It was the strength which patiently receives the arrow, sped from the stern bow of necessity. His vigorous nature once more gloriously revived, and shook off as by a miracle, the chains of physical suffering. His friend, after such a severe and dangerous attack of illness, still continued to linger on in a sick room, but Schiller, by affectionate praise and loving kindness, incited afresh Goethe's ardour for composition. Goethe's criticisms, his edition of "Winkelmann's Letters," the Annotations on Rameau's "Nephew," must all be perused; indeed, he himself undertook negotiations with Göschen on behalf of his friend. In the beginning of March he also recommenced in earnest, working at "Demetrius." His imagination took a mighty flight into the enormous space of the kingdom of the Czar, and in this bolder circumference of human schemes, his subject hourly became more precious in his sight, and his new forms more congenial. Vain, fruitless efforts to cling to life! The cold waves were soon to precipitate the daring discoverer from the shattered vessel.

Life! the most common and most despicable of all gifts, when spent in eating and sleeping; the most precious and costly of vessels, when containing that precious substance which promotes the happiness and the welfare of humanity! The biographer is expected to relate Schiller's death, and *how* he died.—Be it so.

The month of April passed away in tolerable ease of body,

and in mental labour. Humboldt, Grass, Körner, all received affectionate letters from our poet. On the 24th of April he wrote last of all to Goethe, and in the concluding line he said, "Farewell! May all good be yours." On the 28th of April he went to Court: Voss assisted at his toilet, and was delighted with his healthy aspect, and his stately figure in his Court dress. On the 29th he went to the theatre to see "Klara von Hoheneichen:" he was on the point of setting out thither, when Goethe, whose convalescence had been retarded by the shock of two alarming conflagrations in the close vicinity of his house, and who had ventured out for the first time, now came into the room. His displeasure against the theatre prevented his accompanying his friend thither. They parted at the door of Schiller's house, little thinking that they were to meet no more. Schiller told his sister-in-law, who was with him, that his condition was singular, for in the left side, where for many long years past he had never been free from pain, he now felt it no longer. When Voss, at the end of the play, came to Schiller's box as usual, to accompany him home, he had such a sudden and sharp attack of fever, that his teeth chattered as if from severe ague.

Next morning Voss found him lying languidly on the sofa, in a drowsy state, between sleeping and waking. "Here I lie again!" said he in a hollow voice. On the 1st of May, his symptoms became those of a catarrhal fever, nevertheless he received some friends in his room,—among others, Cotta, who was on his way to Leipzig. He agreed, however, to defer all transactions with this friend till his return. As talking increased his cough, his wife and his sister-in-law endeavoured to keep him quiet; indeed he never was so happy as when those two, whom he so dearly loved, were alone with him. Heinrich Voss offered to sit up with him during the night, but Schiller preferred being left to the care of his faithful servant. Starke, whom he usually called in, was with the Grand Duchess in Leipzig, and his brother-in-law, von Wolzogen also. The

ladies were uneasy, though Schiller strove to tranquillise them, assuring them that his treatment should be precisely similar to that which Starke had pursued. He ardently longed, however, for Wolzogen's return.

There is a grief only experienced by active energetic spirits, an anguish equally profound and sublime, well calculated to draw forth bitter tears; the anguish of parting from unfinished creations. The dying man was mourning over his "Demetrius."

His head remained entirely unaffected till the sixth day. On the evening of that day he began to speak in broken accents, but was never wholly insensible. When Karoline came to him on the seventh evening, he wished, as usual, to commence a conversation on subjects for tragedies, and on the mode in which the loftier powers of man must be cultivated. Karoline did not answer with her usual vivacity, because she wished him to be quiet. He felt this, and sorrowfully said, "Well! if no one any longer understands me, I had better say no more." He soon fell into a doze, but rambled much in his sleep. "Is this your Hell? is this your Heaven?" he exclaimed just before he awoke, looking upwards, and gently smiling, as if a consoling angel met his sight. On the 8th of May he wandered a good deal. Towards evening he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air, at the bright rays of evening, Nature thus received his last farewell. When Karoline went up to his bed and asked how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer."

During the night he talked of "Demetrius" in his wandering fancies. The servant said that he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning he became insensible. The dying man only uttered some unconnected words, chiefly Latin.

In the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. When his noble nature at last succumbed, and a convulsion

disturbed his features, Lotte strove to place his head in an easier position: he recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression.—Lotte sunk down close beside him and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness.

After some violent convulsions he seemed peacefully to go to sleep. Lotte's hopes began to revive, and she went with her sister into the adjoining room. Lotte said to Karoline that she hoped his admirable constitution would yet triumph. At this moment the servant called them. The end of the dying man was near. Lotte in vain strove to warm his cold hands. Suddenly an electric shock seemed to vibrate through him, his head sank back, the most perfect peace lit up his countenance, his features were those of one calmly sleeping.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

SCHILLER'S FUNERAL.

I COULD not resolve to include any account of Schiller's funeral in his Biography. The remains of the great Idealist encountered adventures enough to furnish ample subject for the church-yard reflections of a Hamlet. The corpse underwent a *post mortem* examination, which showed the entire destruction of the left lung, and that all vital organs were more or less disorganised. The interment was conducted in a singular manner, though, according to the legal document referred to by Julius Schwabe, 1852, it appears in a less repulsive light, and much that has been hitherto considered proofs of want of sympathy in the city of Weimar is now accounted for by local customs. Such local customs, however, certainly denote very little sense of humanity or good feeling. In accordance with these regulations, it seems that it was by no means unusual to bury people at night, and without any singing of hymns; and though in the notification it was customary to say, "to be attended by the whole school, first class," this was only on paper, but it indicated a first-class funeral. Julius Schwabe also mentions that it was not customary to testify respect for the dead by following the coffin to its last resting-place, which we might have expected that the authorities, and all the members of the theatre, would have done on this occasion, in honour of the deceased; but that at the solemnity in church, appointed under the name of a *Kollekte* for the dead, a large assemblage of friends should appear. Finally, the church officials regulated the obsequies, and one of the tradesmen's guilds had the privilege of bearing the corpse to the place of interment. In accordance with this rule, the churchwardens ordered Schiller's remains to be carried to the grave on the 12th of May at midnight, by the Tailors' Guild, on whom this duty chanced to devolve on this occasion. No one made any efforts to break through the tyranny of custom. Goethe

was so ill, that there was great hesitation whether he should even be informed of the death of his friend, and the name of Schiller was carefully avoided in his presence for some days. The Court was absent. Schiller's wife, overwhelmed with grief, was more dead than alive. If any one justly deserve blame,—and the respect paid to Schiller from other quarters, on this melancholy occasion, certainly justifies such blame,—Riemer and Heinrich Voss were the persons who merit censure. The latter boasts of the confidential intimacy which he enjoyed in the Schiller family, and mentions that he was commissioned to order the coffin. He says that the poverty in which Schiller left his family, rendered the most strict economy necessary. What! were the Wolzogens poor? Could not Voss, even if his own means did not suffice, collect from others a moderate sum, to procure for a Schiller a decent coffin, that might at least have his name inscribed on it, and cost more than three dollars? Voss might, at all events, have done as much for his deceased friend as another shortly did, who, instead of displaying sentimental emotions, showed both good will and good feeling. A young lawyer, Karl Lebrecht Schwabe, returning from a journey on the afternoon of the 11th of May to Weimar, heard that Schiller was dead, and how and when he was to be buried. Thinking it more becoming that at least the coffin should be borne by other hands, he quickly assembled a small number of the poet's admirers, among them Heinrich Voss himself, Hofrath Helbig, the painter Jagemann, &c. According to Julius Schwabe's account, about twenty of these friends arrived the same night in the house of mourning. The night was bright and cold; with the exception of Schwabe's knot of friends, no one followed the coffin except Professor Froriep from Halle. When the procession halted in the market-place, to change the bearers, Schiller's brother-in-law, Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who had hurried home, on hearing of the poet's death, joined them (Julius Schwabe thought that Wolzogen had preceded them to the church-yard). The coffin was carried to the Jacob's Kirche, and lowered with ropes, *on the top of ten other coffins, into the old Kassengewölbe,* a huge damp vault. On the ensuing day the *Kollekte* took place in the Jacob's Kirche, to which the people of Weimar crowded in great numbers. Mozart's Requiem was sung, and a spiritual oration commemorated the deceased.

Twenty-one years later, the vault, in which innumerable coffins

had since been deposited, was ordered to be cleaned out; that is, the contents, just as they might be discovered, to be shovelled into carts, and taken away. Schwabe, who had in the interim become burgomaster, immediately thought of the mighty relics which reposed there. Having first obtained official sanction, in March, 1826, he instituted a search into the vault. When he descended into it, a horrible spectacle of decay and corruption was visible. The coffins, carelessly piled one on another, with few exceptions crumbled away at the first touch, bursting asunder, and scattering their mouldered contents on the ground. Schiller's coffin, even though the man who made it, Engelmann was present, could not be discovered. The Consistorium and also the public began to murmur, and to talk of desecration of the grave, and disturbing the peace of the dead, so that Schwabe was obliged to pursue his loathsome task secretly, and in the dead of night. At last twenty-three skulls and a mass of bones were collected. Among the skulls that Schwabe conveyed to his own house in a sack, one was recognised to be that of Schiller, by the aid of a plaster cast taken after his death, and also by measurement and other proofs.

The Ecclesiastical Court was much displeased by the whole proceeding, but Karl August and Goethe displayed the warmest sympathy. The question now was, where the skull was to be deposited. The following proposal was made. Karl August had bought Schiller's colossal bust (which Dannecker had generously presented to Schiller's heirs) for the sum of 200 ducats (about 45*l.*). At a meeting with Schiller's descendants, it was agreed to place the skull within the pedestal of the bust. This was done with a certain ceremony, in the presence of the Duke, and Goethe and Ernst von Schiller, on the 17th of September, 1826. The remaining bones of Schiller were sought out in the vault, and under the superintendence of Goethe, assisted by clever anatomists, they were measured, and at last the entire skeleton, with the exception of a few smaller bones, was put together, and in September, 1826, placed in a temporary coffin. It was the intention of the Duke, and Schwabe's long-cherished design, that the best spot in the new *Gottesacker* (church-yard) should be presented by the city, for a monument to be erected there to Schiller and Goethe. Coudray, by Goethe's desire, made a sketch of one. In this monument the coffins of both poets (Schiller's coffin containing his bones, and no

skull?) were to be visible from the outside. A change, however, occurred in this plan, when Lewis, King of Bavaria, visited Weimar, in the summer of 1827, who vehemently remonstrated against the isolated position of the skull. Karl August consequently commanded that it should be placed in a strong case, united to the rest of the fragments, and interred in the vault of the Royal Family. This was effected, in the most solemn manner, before the dawn of day on the 16th of December, 1827. (See also Stahr's "Weimar and Jena," which appeared at the same time with Schwabe's book.) Schiller's wish to provide for those he loved was amply fulfilled by Dalberg, the Grand Duchess, and the Weimar Court, but still more brilliantly by the immense sale of Schiller's own works. The German nation also, though sorely oppressed at this time by the exigencies of war, would not allow themselves to be surpassed in generosity by their princes. Zacharias Becker announced that it was proposed to give various performances for the benefit of Schiller's family, to insure a small provision for them. Benzel Sterman, Iffland, and many other directors, even of smaller theatres, gladly acquiesced in the project. In a short time the sum of 8000 dollars (about 1200*l.*) was collected, which Wilhelm von Wolzogen invested to the best advantage. The war probably swallowed this up; at least Schiller's heirs never received any part of it.

In the year 1838, on the 8th of May, Schiller's statue was erected in Stuttgart, and on the 3rd of September, 1857 (the centenary of Karl August's birth), the Dioscuri Group in Weimar.

THE END.

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